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FOURTH OF JULY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Now all ye jolly sports attend, and a story you shall hear,
About some men who have been dead for many and many a year,
But who have gained so high a place within the niche of fame
That all the rolling tide of years makes brighter every name.

The men of whom I sing are they who early occupied
The mighty land which is to day the freeman's boast and pride,
But which was then a minor part of Johnny Bull's dominions,
O'er which our sun-fed eagle bird scarce dared to spread his pinions.

In Philadelphia City you may any time behold,
On Chestnut street, a building which is very quaint and old;
There two and ninety years ago, the Fourth day of July,
Some five and fifty patriot men resolved to do or die.

They placed their names upon a scroll, where every one could see,
And then and there declared themselves and their descendants FREE;
They swore a solemn oath, my lads; and did they keep their word?
Go ask the wind that bleached the bones of the hosts of George the Third.

Upon the State House green a crowd assembled, and they all,
With aching hearts and straining eyes, looked to the little hall
Where the Continental Congress sat, deliberating on
The greatest deed that ever yet by human minds was done.

When Thomas Jefferson came up the populace made way;
The charter of a nation's life was in his hand that day.
John Adams smiled—he always smiled—but those who knew him best
Insisted that their smiling friend was ready for the test.

The great free sun in heaven looked down with fierce and fervid heat;
But fiercer, hotter beat the hearts of those who thronged the street.
I tell you, boys, this rough old earth saw never sight more grand
Than that which was enacted there in the quiet Quaker land.

"The Declaration's signed!" The news spread fast from mouth to mouth;
The north-wind bore it to the north, the south-wind to the south.
Defiantly the people spoke; the new flag was unfurled,
And the State House bell rang forth a peal that echoed round the world.

Now, all ye jolly sports, rise up and drink this toast with me:
"America, the land we love, God keep her always free!"
And here's to those who stand so high within the niche of fame
That each succeeding "Fourth" adds gems to every honored name.

H. J. D.

BOYLANCE-PURCELL, ENGRS.

SPORTS OF AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES. BOOMERANG EXERCISES.

For description read elsewhere in the CLIPPER.

SHE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS.

A TALE OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

PART THE THIRD.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ALARM—THE RESCUE—THE MANAGER'S SPEECH—THE MEETING—THE RIDE TO LIMEHOUSE—MRS. GRANT'S ALARM—THE MISSING DOCTOR.

"Fire!" It was a terrible word to ring through the busy hive of a theatre, where everything is constructed, as it seems, to court the advance of the terrible destroyer; where wood and canvas and inflammable matter of all kinds are recklessly exposed to the flame of hundreds of gas jets, which flicker and flare with every current of the draught which pours in through a thousand loop-holes.

A fearful sound to the troupe of girls who stand in the wings waiting their signal to bound on to the stage; one spark to their gauzy drapery and life might be the sacrifice. A cry of terror to a crowded audience, suggestive of tumult and panic, and danger; of trampling feet and rushing people, each intent on saving his own life, whether at the expense of his neighbor's or not. There was terrible excitement in the Albert Theatre as the cry arose. The assembled people could see the sudden flame and the confusion, and a rush of figures on to the stage, and then the heavy crimson curtains with their fanciful emblazonments fell hurriedly and hid everything from view. Then they rose *en masse*, and with wild haste those nearest the doors began to flee for their lives, deeming the theatre on fire, and spreading the report wherever they went, so that, when the performances were over, those who remained had to make their exit through a considerable throng, assembled to see something, they scarce knew what, and refusing to disperse though assured by their own eyes of the safety of the building. Those who kept their seats saw nothing, heard nothing, except a little confusion behind the curtain; there were no more screams, no more flames, and in a very few moments Mr. Adrian Wortley made his appearance, hat in hand, and trim and stylish as ever. His appearance was the signal for a good deal of applause; people began to think there could not be very much the matter, he was so very cool and composed; but then, perhaps, nothing that did not touch his pocket or injure his reputation as a manager would affect him much. Indeed, there were one or two people present who went so far as to say that the accidental burning of a *ballet girl* would have been nothing to him, supposing he were in no way to blame.

Be that as it may, he had something to say to them, and they prepared themselves to listen; the gentlemen setting him down as a snob and the ladies whispering behind their fans that they had no idea the manager of the Albert was such a handsome, gentlemanly man.

Certainly he looked to the best advantage by gaslight; his exquisitely fitting dress, his snowy shirt front sparkling with gleaming studs, his elaborately curled hair and white hand (for he had one glove off) a large hand it was, but very white and sparkling with rings, his thin boots, a marvel of faultless workmanship, the glossy hat he held so gracefully, all combined to give him an aristocratic and distinguished appearance.

He bowed—a most orthodox, managerial bow—and laid his hand upon his heart, so that the light might flash upon the fifty guinea diamond on his finger, and began in tones which faltered just to the right extent with his recent alarm and agitation, to assure his kind friends and patrons that all danger was over; that he was truly thankful to be able to inform them that the dear young lady had suffered from nothing except the alarm; that the fire had been instantly extinguished, and that if they would kindly pardon the delay the performance would begin immediately.

This speech was received with great applause, but there were a few uneasy spirits in the house who somehow did not believe in Mr. Wortley, and who demanded ocular demonstration of the young lady's safety.

Cries arose of—

"Where is she? Let's see her! Bring her on!" &c.

The manager was not in the least disconcerted; he had spoken truly and he smiled blandly.

"Certainly," he replied, bowing profoundly, and smiling so as to show his glittering white teeth, "he should be most happy; Miss Ross was necessarily very much alarmed, but they should see her since they were so kind as to wish it."

He left the stage, and in a very few moments returned, leading Maggie by the hand. She was wrapped in a large blue cloak hastily thrown around her by one of the ladies to conceal her burnt dress, and it had the effect of making her golden brown hair with its pendant dew-drops, and her fair arms and neck look more dazzling than ever.

She seemed to have taken no harm; the only trace of her recent peril was visible on the ends of her long hair, which were slightly blackened and scorched.

Mr. Wortley had said she was frightend, and she trembled visibly as she curtseyed, pleased and grateful for the kind applause she received, but there was a joyous sparkle in her eye and a tumult of glad emotion in her face which plainly told that some pleasurable sensation had replaced the fright before she was summoned to receive their congratulations.

And she made her final curtsey and withdrew, and the business of the evening went on; and people speculated among themselves how she could possibly have been saved from such imminent danger, and gave the management credit for having wet blankets and all sorts of appliances at hand for the prevention of such catastrophes, and remarked upon the admirable manner in which Mr. Wortley's theatre was managed.

And how had Maggie been saved? Whose had been the hand which had extinguished the climbing flames whose terrible heat she had felt upon her face and neck? How her heart beat with joy and agitation when she found it was Willie Burn's arms that encircled her, and his voice which whispered in her ear calling her his own darling Maggie, and bidding her look up and speak to him.

It was all a very matter of fact piece of business, the impulse of a quick perception to do the right thing at the right moment, though a grand story went the round of the papers afterwards, setting it forth as an "Accident at the Royal Albert Theatre—narrow escape—astonishing presence of mind."

There was a heavy cloak hanging on the wing by which he stood, ready for use in the next piece, and the young man seized it and sprang across the stage. The flame was extinguished in a moment, with no greater harm than a slight scorching of his hands.

Maggie could hardly believe her senses when she saw who was her preserver. She had heard of Willie, but had never seen him since his good fortune, and she fancied herself forgotten.

"Willie!" she said timidly, when she had recovered her breath and her scared senses, "is it possible?"

"Ay, Maggie, my darling!" he whispered, with a closer embrace, and his old well remembered smile. "Under heaven, becoming suddenly the means of saving you. We'll talk by and bye," he added, with a blush, conscious of the observant eyes around them. "You'll go home with me to Mrs. Grant's—you know her?"

"Yes," replied Maggie, in a whisper, and disengaging herself from his arms, blushing, as, all danger to their flimsy clothing at an end, the girls came flocking round, pleased and congratulating, and Mr. Wortley approached, stately and managerial, to thank the stranger who had been so prompt.

"You have done me a great service, sir," he said, "a very great service. Allow me to thank you in the name of all my company; the young lady will best speak her own gratitude to her preserver."

He spoke with a half consciousness that the young man's face was familiar to him, but the dress puzzled him. Willie laughed, and exclaimed—

"Why, Mr. Wortley, is it possible you don't know me? Am I so much altered as that? It isn't so long since I saw you."

"What, Burn!" said the manager, holding out his hand. "Mr. Burn, I should say now. I did not know you. I must congratulate you on your good fortune."

"Thank you, sir. I suppose I can take Miss Ross away for this evening? She will be hardly fit to appear again to-night."

"Certainly—certainly," replied the manager, noticing Maggie's face, from which the flush of excitement was rapidly fading; "I could not expect it from her. She will need a rest. Ah, I shall have to go and quiet them, I hear."

And he walked away to speak to the alarmed audience, while his company grouped themselves at the entrances to hear and criticise the "governor's speech," after the manner of theatrical companies generally.

Maggie stayed with Willie by her side for the same purpose, and it was well she did, for had she gone up to her dressing-room the manager could not have exhibited her in proof of his reassuring words. She was soon dressed and seated by Willie's side in a cab, and whirling away towards Limehouse.

Oh, how much they had to say to each other—how much they had to tell! But it seemed as if they could speak of nothing on that first meeting but their love and their joy.

Willie forgot all Barton's fancy, forgot the high fortune which might be in store for his darling, could think of no future but one of joyous life and happiness; and as for Maggie, business, danger, applause, the realities of her daily life, were all alike forgotten in the happiness of his return.

No more feeling alone in the world. No more envy of happier girls who had fathers, mothers, sisters, and loving brothers to go hand in hand with them through life. Had she not Willie Burn, her own Willie, unchanged in heart through all the long time since she had seen him? Willie, whom her father had liked, to whom he had promised to give her?

She wept with very joy when she contemplated the new light that had come upon her existence. She never asked him why he wanted her at Limehouse; she had not seen Mrs. Grant for a long time, and had no idea why she should be required there; she was going with him, and that was enough.

"You haven't once asked me why I want you at Limehouse," he said, when they drew near their journey's end.

"I never thought of it," she replied, blushing at the consciousness that she had not cared so as she was with him. "I was—"

"Too glad to see me, or too frightened, which, Maggie?"

"Oh, not too frightened," she said. "I was hardly frightened at all. It is far more terrible to look back upon. It was so soon over I hardly knew I was on fire till it was out. Oh, Willie, to think I should owe my life to you!"

"As much to yourself, dear; if you had not stood so still what I did would have availed nothing. You are sure you are not hurt?"

"Quite sure, not a scorch. I shall have to cut my hair, that's all; the ends are all frizzled."

"That's a pity," said the young man, caressing a stray curl which fell from under her hat, and looking playfully at the burnt ends. "Your hair is so nice. Do you know a Dr. Cameron, Maggie?"

"Cameron?" she said hesitatingly," I ought to know the name."

"Of Kinghorn?"

"Oh, I remember. But how do you know I ever lived at Kinghorn?"

"I came at the knowledge accidentally, Miss Matthews," he said slyly,

"Oh, Willie!" she said, in a half reproachful tone, as the name unheard for so many years fell from his lips, and the thought of all that was connected with it flashed across her mind.

"Have I pained you, dearest, by the mention of it?" he said tenderly. 'Forgive me if I did—forget that I used it, and I will never do it again."

"Oh, no," she replied, "you could not know all the sorrow, all the memories that the mention of it brings up. There was a dreadful reason for our changing our name. You'll know all about it, sometime. But why did you ask me about Dr. Cameron? He was a great friend, or, rather, perhaps I should say acquaintance of my poor father's."

"I know he was. He is here."

"Here?"

"Here, in London; Mrs. Grant is his sister. He is at her house and wants to see you."

"To see me?"

"Yes, particularly. I promised he should see you to-night; you mustn't be surprised at anything he says to you, for do you know, Maggie, dear, he seems to me very feeble and confused in his mind."

"He'll be an old man now; I remembered him always white haired and old looking."

"He's upwards of seventy. But see, here we are, that's the house. There's Mrs. Grant looking out. What's the matter with her, I wonder?"

For the second time that evening a cab stopped at the widow's door, to the great satisfaction of her neighbors, who began to spread all sorts of reports concerning the splendor of her visitors.

"Here's Miss Ross," said Willie, handing her out "and a great deal earlier than I expected to bring her—it's only ten o'clock, instead of twelve. But what's the matter, Mrs. Grant?"

"Oh, it's my brother, Mr. Burn. I'm so frightened! He went out two hours ago and isn't come back. He's lost himself, I know he has. I would have gone myself, only I can't leave Annie."

"Oh, he'll soon be found," said Willie, smiling. "There are plenty of people about, to say nothing of policemen; people can't be very well lost in London, unless they're taken ill, or something of that sort. He'll ask his way from some one, never fear."

"I don't know," said his sister, shaking her head. "I'm afraid something's happened to him; he's not well, I'm sure. He talked very oddly before he went out. He seemed dazed and stupid, I fancied, and I thought the air would do him good; I wish I hadn't let him go."

"Oh, we'll go and seek him," said Maggie, "and bring him back safe and sound, never fear. Which way did he go?"

"Down to the water; I watched him through the window."

"Very well, we'll go to the water, too," said Willie, and drawing Maggie's arm through his, they started on their errand.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. BARTON'S SECRET—CHECK—A CHANGED MOOD—THE SECRETARY'S DEPARTURE—THE PROPOSAL—A DINNER IS PROPECT.

Mrs. Saville rose from her seat with the card in her hand.

"Excuse me for a few minutes, gentlemen," she said, turning round with her most fascinating smile; "I will see this person, though I cannot think what he wants with me. "I am not going on the stage again."

"The stage!" said the duke, inquiringly.

"Yes; it is Worthy's secretary, or whatever he calls himself. What can he mean by coming here?"

"Get rid of him as soon as you can," said one of the gentlemen; "we cannot spare Mrs. Saville to any low fellow that comes to ask for her."

"Oh, stuff!" said the lady, as she left the room. "Where have you shown the gentleman?" she asked the footman, who waited her orders at the door.

"Nowhere, ma'am; he is in the hall."

"To the drawing room, then, directly, and say I am coming."

"Yes, ma'am."

In a very few moments she walked into her exquisitely furnished drawing room, and Mr. Barton started with almost as much surprise as John Thomas had exhibited only a short time before at her appearance and dress. He saluted her with a great show of respect, though any cultivated mind would have felt the contempt that lurked beneath.

"I must congratulate you, Mrs. Saville," he said, scrupulously adhering to the name she had chosen. "You seem to have dropped into a capital thing here; better than playing Juliet to a shilling gallery, or dancing at Cremorne, eh?"

"If that was all you came to say to me," she replied, with a half offended air, "you might have stayed away. I could have given myself that valuable information."

"I always thought you had deuced good taste," he continued, without heeding what she said;" I knew you'd be certain to do the thing tip top. This is better than St. John's Wood and the brougham and pair. Lord Lorraine couldn't do the thing like this."

"Better," she said, with a light laugh. "I should think it was. Brougham and pair! I might have a brougham and ten now if I chose to make such an exhibition of myself. Lord Lorraine had neither money nor taste. Money's no object here, I can tell you."

"So it seems. Again allow me to say, I congratulate you."

She curtsied with mock gravity, and gave him the full benefit of her lustrous blue eyes. He noticed with a sudden alarm the traces of serious indisposition about her; her trembling hand, her labored breathing, not hidden by her assumed gaiety.

"Can she be going off like that girl, Grant?" he asked himself. "If she is, I've no time to lose."

"You don't seem to have much to say to me," she remarked, noticing his look. "Have some champagne? It will set your wits to work, for I don't suppose you came all this way to compliment me on my taste or congratulate me on my good fortune."

"Neither one nor the other, believe me. I will have a glass of champagne. It won't be the first you and I have taken together, Miss Lennox—I beg pardon, Mrs. Saville."

"Neither the first nor the last, I hope," she said, ringing the bell and ordering in the wine, of which Mr. Barton was excessively fond, or pretended to be, because he thought it stamped him a man of taste, though in his secret heart gin and water would have been far more to his liking.

"I have something very particular to say to you; are you sure the flunkey isn't listening?"

Madeline rose with an impatient gesture and flung the door wide open.

"Satisfy yourself," she said shortly. "My servants are well trained and have neither eyes nor ears for what does not concern them."

"Ah, it's all right. I declare you queen it as if you had trained servants all your life. But they will do it; it's always best to be on the safe side."

"You are on the safe side now. Go on."

"Do you know, Mrs. Saville, I think that I have discovered a secret about you?"

"About me?"

She spoke perfectly quietly, but her heart gave a great bound as she thought of what she had heard so lately.

"Barton has found it out somehow," she thought to herself. "He'll try to trade on it, or I don't know him. I'll checkmate him if I can. I can better deal with the other than with him."

Perhaps not, had she but known the two men better. Barton would have sold his secret; not so John Thomas. Poor as he was, all her wealth would not have brought it from him after what had passed between them. He would reveal it some day, but not to *her*.

"Yes, about you," her visitor replied. "Are you sure you are the daughter of John Thomas, the showman? You see I know more of your early history than most people. Do you really think he was your father?"

"I know he was not," she replied, looking steadily at him, and seeing in a moment he was not prepared for her words. "That, at least, is no news."

"Confound it," he muttered, 'how has she discovered that? Can that fellow have seen her? No, that's impossible; he was going to tramp it and he couldn't have been here anyway till to-morrow. Ay, but I have other news," he continued aloud. "I have reason to believe—that is, I have discovered almost for a certainty—that you are not only not John Thomas' daughter, or his wife's either, but that you are the child of wealthy parents."

"Really, Mr. Barton, you are not at all happy in your projects to-night; you were to tell me some news; I have heard none as yet."

Barton was enraged, but he did not suffer it to appear.

"Of noble parents," he went on. "The proofs will be in my keeping before to-morrow night, and it rests with myself whether I give them up or destroy them."

"And you came to see what I would pay for the chance of a noble name and a princely fortune. Was not that your errand here to-night?"

"Something like it," he replied. "Your father would give anything to hold the proofs of his child's existence in his hand and look upon her face; your mother yearns for her daughter, whom she has believed dead for twenty years, and one word from me would bring the meeting about. You know me, Miss Lennox, and I know you. Shall I make a bargain with you, and give you what proofs exist of your birth, and let you appeal to your mother's heart with them, and lead her to take the most lenient view of what has passed in her daughter's career—or shall I go to your lordly father with my merchandise, and tell him to seek his long lost child in his friend's keeping?"

"Don't aggravate me, Barton," she said, with a touch of sadness in her tone. "You have told me yet nothing I did not know before. I should be a poor object to ask for a mother's love; I, who flung away all the affection I might have had years ago. You may keep your secret; six months hence it will be worth nothing to you."

Her defiant mood had passed away, perhaps some twinge of pain, some inward warning of the fell destroyer who had already laid his icy hand upon her young life had mutely spoken and reminded her how little chance she had of ever enjoying the fine things promised her; perhaps some remembrance had come over her amid her recklessness of what she might have been had she not willfully thrown away all her chances of love and happiness. The tears stood in her eyes as she spoke.

"Leave me as I am," she said. "I heard all you can tell me and more, an hour ago. Could you place me on a throne, mine by right of birth, you could not make me other than I am; could you make me a queen you could not force my subjects to respect me."

She covered her poor, thin face with its pink cheeks with her wasted hands, and wept silently and bitterly.

"Go away, James Barton," she said, at length. "Go away. Wait a little while, only a little while, and my mother will thank you more for showing her the plate of my coffin lid, the sculptured name on the tomb that covers me, than for taking her—her living child."

He was touched in spite of his coarse nature by her grief and remorse, and took her hand gently in his own.

"Don't touch me," she said. "Don't pity me. I have chosen my own path—the path that you, with the rest of the world, have helped me to walk in, with your flatteries and misrepresentations—leave me to walk in it. I little thought that I should ever weep again; it won't be for long, not many months, but I will die as I have lived, envied and gay—as gay as Madeline Lennox has always been."

She coughed frightfully when she had finished speaking, and he rose in alarm and laid his hand on the bell.

"No, no," she said. "It is nothing. I am often so; I shall die so some day. Do not leave me; have you anything more to tell me?"

"Yes, one thing, perhaps the strangest of all in this most strange affair. I believe you will not be alone in your suddenly acquired greatness. You have a sister."

"A sister?"

"A twin sister, as like yourself as you are both like your mother."

"Oh, don't say any more. I feel who it is; I know her; I hate her."

"Hate her?"

"Yes; it is that girl, Ross, is it not?"

Mr. Barton bowed.

"I knew it. I was sure from the first moment I saw her face that her fate and mine were bound up together. Her life was a living reproach to every one in the theatre, Barton."

"She was a good girl, I think."

"Good! she deserves all the good fortune that can befall her. Bah!" she exclaimed, some of her recklessness returning, "pour me out a glass of wine."

He did so and she drank it.

"Another!"

The second followed and she was herself again, with sparkling eyes and steady hand.

"The doctor (I was obliged to have a doctor the other day, do you know?) told me I was never to taste champagne; it was too exciting, he said. Exciting! What would life be but for the bubbles on the surface? The deep, dark water would overwhelm us soon. What makes you think this girl is my sister?"

"Because twin daughters existed. I can prove you to be one, and she bears on her hand the mark of the ancient family to which you both belong."

"It's quite a romantic affair," she said. "But when——"

She was interrupted by the entrance of a servant with:—"Mr. Saville's compliments, and would Mrs. Saville be detained much longer? They wanted her decision on something of importance."

"Directly, Robson," she replied, and the man withdrew. "I must go," she said, "I cannot stay any longer now. When shall I see you again?"

"Whenever you choose," he replied; "but you seem to know all I can tell you."

"Perhaps I do, but promise me one thing."

"What?"

"Not to take any step in the affair without at least letting me know. Hark, there is some one coming out of the dining room; I must go."

And hastily bidding him "good night," she left him with an expression of something very like fear on her face.

"It is a life of slavery, after all," he said to himself as he went out of the prettily arranged garden.

"Whether women find it all sunshine is a problem, I should think. Do nothing till I hear from her, or let her know; it won't matter to her for long. Poor little thing! how fast she has gone. She's led a precious fast life, she has. Well, well, I've Maggie Ross yet. She's a daughter a queen might be proud of."

Mrs. Saville rejoined her protector and his guests, who loudly complained of her desertion.

"Another moment and I should have come after you myself," he said, making room for her to sit down beside him, and filling a glass for her.

"I've been very much inclined to order Robson to pitch Mr. James Barton out at the window for the last half hour."

"He didn't deserve so hard a fate," she said, sipping her wine; "he came to talk to me about business."

"Business, ha! ha!" said Mr. Saville with a laugh, "the idea of you having business. We've got some business for you to settle; haven't we, Sephan?"

"Oh, most important," replied the gentleman addressed, "involving the date of a dinner, and the consumption of an unlimited quantity of edibles. A dinner at Blackwall has been proposed and seconded, and only waits your royal approval to become a pleasant anticipation."

"Oh, my royal approval is soon granted," she replied, lightly, "so consider it settled; and when?"

"Whenever you please; the sooner the better. The evenings will be drawing in soon, we are nearly into September. I don't think Blackwall is much fun, though."

"Oh, isn't it? It's glorious fun sometimes, but you shall choose if you like. Would you prefer Richmond?"

"Oh, I'm tired of Richmond, and I don't know so much about Blackwall; we'll go there."

"And the day?"

"Oh, how you bother me. Can't you fix for yourselves? Any day you like."

"This day week, then?"

"Yes, that'll do; at the Swan, at Blackwall, this day week; and here's to your merry meeting, gentlemen."

She raised the tall glass with its pinky contents to her lips as she spoke, and cast her eyes round the circle, making every one feel as if her glance had been meant for him alone, and they sat and talked on far into the night of the coming pleasure party by the river side, that silent highway which has secrets hidden in its own bosom, deeper than the one James Barton had thought to tell the fair mistress of Rose Villa, and only to be revealed in its own good time.

On the morning following the entertainment the duke and Mrs. Saville took equestrian exercise in the park, and the horse of the latter, while passing a terrace, became restive and reared so high that had it not been for the gallantry of a young passer-by, who caught the bridle, the rider's life would have been imperiled.

CHAPTER X.

THE DOCTOR'S SECRET—THE EVENING WALK—THE WOULD-BE SUICIDE—THE RECOGNITION—THE POLICE OFFICE—WILLIE AND MAGGIE—THE NEW AFFLICTION.

Mrs. Grant and her brother had a long talk over old times when her lodger had left them—of days when, little children, they ran happy and barefoot about the heathery hills of their simple Scottish home—of later times when her marriage separated them, and she left the north and all the pleasant associations of her girlhood for a few brief years of married prosperity and happiness, and a long dreary time of solitary privation and widowhood.

"No more privation, Mary," her brother said, gently, when she had finished her story. "I haven't made a fortune in all my years at Kinghorn, but I've something and you and Annie shall share it. I came to London on purpose to see about it."

"Such a long, hard journey," said his sister, pressing his hand.

"Such a happy one as I hoped it would be," he said, musingly, "such a joyous visit as I pictured to myself."

"And was it not a happy journey, brother? Was our meeting not joyous to you?"

"Yes, dear Mary, yes, but not unalloyed as I hoped it would be. Sister, twenty years ago I committed a crime."

"A crime! Oh, brother, it cannot be!" she exclaimed, in wonder.

"Ay, a crime, though heaven knows I did evil with a good intent. Had I not done what I did, or rather, had I not suppressed something which I knew, a mother's life might have been sacrificed. I only meant the deception to last a single night, and it has remained for twenty years."

Mrs. Grant looked at him in astonishment. She began to think his brain was surely wandering, and her voice had a soothing tone as she answered him.

"You deceive any one?" she said, earnestly; "you commit a crime? Impossible."

"Not impossible, sister. I did it. I allowed a weak, suffering mother to receive an infant not her own, in place of her dead child, and another to think that her babe was no more. I did it to ensure her a good night's rest, which was almost life to her then; but I was never able to undo what I had done; and now, after twenty years, a proof of the wrong I did exists to confound and ruin me."

"A proof, brother?"

"Yes, a proof—a mark existing only in the family whose child I suffered to be stolen. Surely my sin has found me out."

"And did no one know of it besides yourself?"

"Only one person, and she has gone to her account long since without revealing the secret."

"And the mother of the child?"

"The real mother knows not of her daughter's existence; the other—the woman for whose life's sake I sinned so deeply——"

"Well?"

"Is, if she be still alive, one of the lowest and most degraded waifs of this great sinful city. I have not heard of her for some time, but a year ago there was no company too degraded for her, no haunt too vile and foul to be her hiding place."

"How dreadful!" said Mrs. Grant, hardly knowing whether or not to attribute all she had heard to some delusion of her brother's fancy, or to believe in it as a truth. "What can you do about it now, at this distant time?"

"I will do all that I can," he replied, earnestly. "I can restore a daughter to a mother and give one whom I hear spoken of as a good and deserving girl a princely home and splendid fortune."

"And who is it?"

"Some one you know; you will see her to-night. There, don't be curious," he said, more cheerfully. "There's Annie calling; I'll stroll out while you attend to her."

"Don't lose yourself, then," she said, as she left the room. "My poor brother; he's certainly under some strange delusion."

She went to her suffering child and the doctor took up his hat and walked out into the little street. The rays of the setting sun gleamed on the opposite houses and lit a little peep of the river, which could be seen from the end of it into ripples of living gold. There are times when nature can find her way, even into the slums of mighty London; and that patch of shining water sent the old Scotchman's memory back to the broad Forth, with its fresh, clear depths, and the rocks and hills around his home. Backward went his thoughts through many a quiet uneventful year to the night of the birth of the three infants in James Matthews' house, and of the events which had followed. He was standing, looking down upon the water, the many sounds of seafaring life around him falling unheeded on his ear, when shrieks and screams mingled with shouts and jeering laughter roused him from his reverie and he turned and looked. Coming towards him was a crowd, a ragged, idle, dirty, unsavory crowd, the trim blue coats and shining buttons of policemen looking quite sumptuous by the contrast.

In the midst was something borne along and held by many hands, from which came the screams, and howls, and imprecations which rose far above the mingled laughter and remarks of the mob. Doctor Cameron was puzzled, and asked the first straggler in advance if it were an accident.

"An accident?" he replied, with a short laugh, "no, it's no accident; it's only screeching Meg."

This was so much Greek to the worthy doctor, and he looked his astonishment, which another of the unwashed perceiving, volunteered an explanation.

"We calls her screeching Meg because she allers screeches that way when she's drunk. Some on 'em takes their drop quiet, some's obstropolus other ways, but she allers makes for the river, she do, when she gets the tremmles."

"Makes for the river!" exclaimed the doctor, only half understanding, with some faint idea that *delirium tremens* was spoken of under the title of "tremmles."

"Ay, and wops herself in head first if there aint no bobby near; they're allers fishing her out of the mud like a drowned rat. Here she comes. My, aint she wet, just! Go it, Meg, go-o it!" and with a whoop responsive to the senseless howls of the drunken object the doctor's informant joined the procession.

The old gentleman looked on, and the mob parted, a little urged thereto by the greasy personage with whom he had spoken, and who had an eye to a pot of beer. There was a sudden stop just then; the lady had screamed and twisted till there was every prospect of her rolling off the stretcher and a halt was proclaimed to secure the plunging, fighting wretch, who seemed a match in her delirious strength for any two of the men around her. Truly she was a miserable object; dripping with the horrible mud of the Thames from every thread of her wretched attire, from every hair that hung in lank disorder from her restless head. Doctor Cameron felt an uneasy sensation as he looked; her face recalled a confused mass of recollections; he listened again, but her voice told nothing; it was harsh and coarse as the screech of an owl. Unconsciously he drew nearer and watched the policemen successfully strapping her down.

"Now we shall do, Bill," said one. "She won't smash in the crown of your hat now."

The crowd laughed, and indeed the article in question bore tokens of recent and severe mal-treatment.

"Up with her," said the policeman. "Ah, I thought we should quiet you, my lady."

The woman was staring at the figure of the doctor, who was looking on with a sorrowing face. Her mood had changed, and suddenly she raised her head, and looking him full in the face said with a piteous wail:—

"Where is my baby? Why dont you bring me my baby!"

The crowd shouted and laughed, but the doctor knew her now. Yes, that half-drowned, drunken drab, tied hand and foot, on her way to spend a night of delirious horror in the nearest police cell, was James Mathews' darling Maggie! The young wife he remembered so well in her happy home, who had seemingly loved her infant with such idolizing affection; the mother for whose sake he had suffered such years of repentance and remorse. He turned shuddering away as again and again the cry rose far above the ceaseless clatter of the crowd—

"Give me my baby. My little Maggie!"

"Do you know her?" asked a bystander, struck with the expression of his face as his eyes followed the throng.

"I think so; that is, I think I did years ago. Can anything be done for her?"

"Nothing," replied the gentleman; "I have been connected with the police in many ways for the last twenty years, and this woman is known at every office in London as the most notorious and troublesome prostitute and drunkard that can possibly exist."

"She was beautiful once," said the doctor, half to himself.

"So I have heard. I had a gentleman pointed out to me the other day as having brought her to town on account of her great beauty. Major Banks; you have heard of him, I daresay. She calls herself to this day, sometimes, Mrs. Banks."

"Then it is Maggie," Dr. Cameron said, sadly. "You are *sure* nothing can be done? I am a stranger in London——"

"So I perceive."

"And if any refuge could be found for this poor misguided creature——"

"She would break out of it in a week, as she has done already from half the reformatories and Magdalenes in England. No, no, my dear sir; it will be a happy day for every one connected with her when there is no one by to save her miserable life—when she throws herself into the Thames, as she has done to-night."

The old man sighed, and so sad an expression passed over his face that the stranger marked it.

"Some near relation maybe, poor old fellow," he said to himself. "I am going to the office," he continued aloud. "Would you like to step as far with me? If you are interested in this most deplorable case, you can get more information there."

"Thank you, thank you," replied the doctor; and he followed his new acquaintance, muttering to himself, sadly and wearily—"And it was for this woman I have kept the secret so long! God forgive me!"

At the office there were the officials, and the crowd of chattering idlers, and the policemen with their dismal burden—asleep now, or quiet at any rate. The inspector was directing what was to be done with her, and Dr. Cameron pressed forward to satisfy himself that he had made no mistake. It was dark by this time—long past ten o'clock—and the flaring gas lit up a strange group.

"You are sure you know her, sir?"

"Yes," he replied; "quite sure. Her name was——"

"Oh, there he is!" said a voice in the doorway; and stopping suddenly he saw Willie Burn with a young girl—very pale—on his arm.

"Back! back!" he cried, in an excited tone. "Take her away! Don't let her come in here!"

"No, it's no place for a lady," said the inspector, shortly, though with a certain kindness in his tone, as he caught sight of the young girl's face. "It's no good wasting any more time; men, take her away. Reserve 64, you'll have to stop by her after they've seen to her a bit."

"Yes, sir."

And the dripping, draggled form was lifted again, and removed to rouse under the manipulations of the attendants and the touch of the doctor, and to make night hideous for all within hearing by her fearful imprecations and screams, subsiding now and then into the plaintive wail which had gone to Dr. Cameron's heart, for her child, her baby, her little Maggie. Twenty years were erased from her poor, distempered mind, and she was living over again the happy, honest, upright portion of her life. Her old friend sank down upon a bench as she was removed.

"You should not have come here," Willie said to him. "Mrs. Grant is terrified about you; you were not fit for a scene like this. This is Miss Ross."

But he did not take the hand she held out to him, shaking strangely as she looked at him, and shrinking, as it seemed, from her touch. Willie called a cab, though the distance was so short, and assisted him into it, greatly alarmed at his appearance and manner. Mrs. Grant met them joyously.

"Oh, I was so frightened," she said, "he did say such odd things before he went out, and he has been gone over two hours."

"I am afraid he is ill," said Willie, almost lifting him down; "he had got into a crowd, but I'll tell you all about it when you have got him to bed."

They placed him in an easy chair and brought wine, but he shook his head, and thinking to rouse him, his sister pulled Margaret Ross forward and bid her speak to him.

"I have not forgotten you, Dr. Cameron," she said, "though it is so many years since I have seen you. Don't you remember me, Maggie?"

He looked at her with a strange, wild expression, moved his lips as if to speak, and with a low moan fell forward at her feet.

"He is dead," shrieked his sister. "Oh, David, David! have you come to me for this?"

"Oh no, not dead," said Willie Burn, raising his head. "Over tired, excited, ill, but not dead."

Mrs. Grant helped to raise him. Maggie, with a quick perception of what was most wanted, rushed to summon assistance. It was quickly found and medical aid was soon on the spot, the nearest surgeon, very close at hand and luckily at home. He came, pronounced it paralysis, applied all the remedies he could and promised to speak with more certainty in the morning. So Margaret Ross was again a watcher by a sick bed, in the house of Mrs. Grant, and she listened wonderingly as the sufferer babbled indistinctly and unceasingly of branded hands and changed infants and drunken women, without once imagining how near she had been that night to the mother she had promised her dying father to seek. And ever and anon Willie, her own Willie, met again at last, would come to her side and whisper of love and a bright, happy future, and Maggie would go off into some golden waking dream, till roused again by the sad reality before her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3,863 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISING must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

STAKEHOLDER, Boston.—"A person owns a horse which another person says has been owned by him (the second person) within three years ago wagers $20 that such is the fact. The wager is accepted, and the money put up. The party making the wager, being about to leave by the train, says, 'I will call around in the morning.' Nine (9) months have elapsed and he has not made his appearance; being a stranger in this vicinity we are unable to find his address, although advertised for, he having put up $100 Treasury note by mistake. First party produces a bill of sale, showing that the horse has been in his possession more than three years previous to wager, perfectly authentic and satisfactory to the stakeholder, and claims the money. Should stakeholder pay him the money ($40) and what should he do with the remainder of the deposit, $80?".....The stakeholder should pay the bet to the first party and retain the balance until called for.

MEMPHIS.—We do not understand your question. You say that Beauty won the race in two straight heats; if so, how could Elgin win the first, and Wilhausen the second? If you mean that Beauty won the race by taking the third and fourth heats, then the bet between Elgin and Wilhausen is determined by their relative positions in the fourth heat; each having previously won a heat.

CAYUGA CHIEF, Auburn.—1. We cannot inform you who will visit you this season, as there are several in the State at present. 2. No other papers in the country, and the CLIPPER is the only reliable one. 3. Have not got that number. 4. Not traveling at present. 5. The locomotive Hamilton Davis, with six cars attached, is said to have made 14 miles in 11 minutes on the N. Y. Central road in 1855.

A. L. M., Davenport, Iowa.—"In billiards is it ruleable, when two object balls are near together, to push the cue ball between them, thereby touching both before withdrawing the cue?"..... Yes. When the push shot was first permitted in the American game, however, such a stroke was foul. The player was then not allowed to dwell on the stroke, but had to push hard and quick.

WILLIAMSBURGH.—"Four men make up a pool of $5 each and mark time on a race. A marks 2:21½, B 2:21¾, C 2:22¾, D 2:23. B and D go into partnership in the pool. Afterwards D sells out half of his interest in his mark of 2:23 for $1.25 to E. The mark 2:23 wins the pool. How much does E win?.....E wins $2.50.

PANARGES, Pittsburgh, Pa.—1. We believe that the parties do business on the square; but of course we cannot assume the responsibility of their business transactions. 2. Michael Phelan's work on billiards, with the rules of the various games, are endorsed as authority. You will find out how to address by reading Phelan & Collender's advertisement in another column.

W. O. A., Marshallown.—It is the privilege of the opening player to require the striker to play out of the "string." He may, however, elect to play at the balls as he finds them; and in the second case cited by you would, of course, be entitled to one point for the miss.

OAR, Philadelphia, Pa.—If you bet on the *day* on which the time was to be taken, the party who bet on the 19th wins, as that was the day the horses were won. If, however, the bet is on the *actual time* made, it had better be drawn, as the time given is not sufficiently authenticated.

H. S. B., Baltimore.—Henry Perritt never ran a mile in 1:39½ on the Metairie Course. It was at one time generally credited that he ran a mile in 1:42¼ over that course, but the time was not officially taken, and is not regarded as authoritative, and does not go upon the record.

FRIENDS, Philadelphia, Pa.—1. A was quite right in taking four holes for the sequence of nine, ten, knave, and one for last card. 2. At five card cribbage the non-dealer of the first hand is entitled to three points at any part of the game; but the best and most correct way is to take them at the beginning.

HUBTS, Boston.—Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Florence are sisters, but Mrs. Chanfrau is in no way related to them. Pray was their maiden name. Mrs. Williams was born in 1828, and was first married to Charles Mestayer, and is the eldest. Mrs. Florence was formerly Mrs. Littell.

NOVICE, Washington.—1. Francis Glassey Leon is his name. 2. The feat of swallowing a sword by parties who travel with a circus side show is actually done and no deception. 3. They will not visit your city, at least for several months.

N. E. NEWS COMPANY, Boston, Mass.—1. The fastest one-mile time was made by Richards and Lang, in a dead heat, viz:—4 minutes 17¼ seconds. 2. Mills ran a mile in 4 minutes 20¼ seconds.

REFRLVED, Kansas City.—Mrs. Jon Wood is still in England, and took part in a performance recently given in London by "royal command." She does not intend to return to New York for some time.

J. C. J., Philadelphia.—C. Miller rode Stonewall Jackson; Durham rode McMahon; W. Henry, Connolly; Gilpatrick, Raquette; Converse, Maid of Honor; Palmer, Gen. Yorke; and Gray, Enchantress.

SIGNOR, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Address John S. Fargis, No. 2 Reade street, this city. He manufactures and erects telegraph wires and machinery.

J. W. B.—The fastest authenticated two mile sculling time in this country was made by Josh Ward, viz, 13:53; three miles in 22:27, by James Hamill.

FRANK H. S., Fort Harker, Kansas.—We cannot say positively, but New York and New Orleans do the most business with Cuba.

NERO, Springfield, Ill.—Your items, if late and fresh, will be acceptable. Those sent did not reach us in time for last week's issue.

A. D. B.—If you can make an eight mile stretch out of three, then your friend may be right; but as you only went three miles that is the actual distance you rowed.

A. M. A., Troy, N. Y.—Your bets involve no question in the game, consequently we must leave it to yourselves to decide in regard to the payment for beer.

W. S., Norfolk, Va.—Jerome Park was opened in October, 1866. There never was any other race course of that name near New York.

W. H. MALONE.—The Heathwood fowls are so named after their breeder, Tom Heathwood, of Lowell, Mass. They are not a Derby, but a cross.

O. B. L., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.—The boys would be only too glad to visit your pleasant mount if they could be assured of a remunerative reception.

MISS A. F. S., Philadelphia.—The managers did not start out the western concern owing to their losses at the Barnum Museum fire. The regular show went on an eastern tour.

E. R. S., Bridgeport, Ct.—You are quite right, but the error is in consequence of a misprint. The question was "three deuces, *one trey* and one six." Now count 'em and then bet.

R. F., Boston.—John E. Owens was born in Liverpool, Eng., and his *début* took place at the National Theatre, Philadelphia, under Burton's management.

OLD CIT.—Bill Jones, the eccentric old fellow, who was a member of 16 engine, and was noted for never having worn a hat or coat, is still living and resides on West Twentieth street.

BOWLER.—Take the Hunter's Point boat from James' slip, or the Fourth avenue cars to Thirty-fourth street ferry, and thence by rail to the course.

W. F. W., Annapolis, Md.—Running, 29 feet 6 inches by John Howard, in England. No record of best three standing jumps.

ASA M. A. H., Providence, R. I.—It is not probable that you will find backers until you give ocular demonstration of your ability to perform such a feat.

W. C., Newburgh, N. Y.—1. Finlay's Track is located at the corner of 72d street and Bloomingdale Road, this city. 2. The tournament takes place on the 27th inst.

G. W. C., Washington, D. C.—1. You are right—three deuces, one five and a six, count twelve at cribbage, viz., six for fifteens and six for pair-royal. 2. See answer to C. R. S.

A. B., Covington, Ky.—All bets on the McCoole and Coburn match are off, and the stakeholder must return to each man the amount he deposited with him.

B. T., Marion, O.—1. We have Nos. 4 and 7, but none of 8. 2. Who the best billiard player is, is a question that remains in abeyance.

E. H. L., Malone, N. Y.—The time given was the fastest ever made on American waters, but as it is not reliable the bet should be drawn.

F. B. S.—When they each make the number constituting "game," in some rooms they charge extra for three-handed games of "French." There is no fixed custom.

CONSTANT READER.—1. No, he did not. 2. It would require more research to answer that question than it is worthy of or we can devote to it.

PETROLEUM, Petroleum Centre.—The fastest authenticated mile time in America, with the proper weight, was made by Legal Tender, at Cincinnati, in 1:44. This will answer Rochester.

R. S., Pittsburgh.—All bets on the boat race stand, as the referee had no power or authority to declare them off after the fouling on the first day.

SHORT STOP, New York.—1. It means just what it says, and the rule is quite plain. 2. Yes, if it has been previously agreed to.

GEARY, Philadelphia.—1. You are right. 2. In the event of what you mention taking place, they will stand Keystone first, Olympic second and Geary third.

MURRY JAKE.—John Biglin is no longer connected with the fire department.

SHORT STOP.—Bates, the cricketer, is on the Metropolitan Police force, Harlem district.

CANARY.—The old Bowery Theatre has the largest stage, but the new Stadt Theatre will seat the largest number of people.

CHOPS.—The party betting that the coin is on the bottom of the tumbler loses, as it is in reality on the top at the time.

T. S., Manayunk.—The bird, having once been out of bounds, could not be scored, even if gathered in bounds subsequently.

CLIPPER READER, Providence.—1. A, who bets that Dexter's best time is 2:17¼, wins. 1. No.

IRISH, St. Joe.—The party who cut the Jack is entitled to the deal.

S. R. M., Little Rock.—The work has never appeared in book form, and the CLIPPER containing it are out of print.

WM. L. B., St. Louis.—None of the papers you inquire for can be had.

A. B. C., Factory Point, Va.—Bull terrier dogs are preferred for their pugilistic properties and propensities.

J. M., Washington Heights.—Ethan Allen and running mate's fastest time was 2:16, Dexter's 2:17½.

W. T., Pawtucket.—B takes the second money, as a horse winning a heat is better than one not winning one.

OLD PITCH, Cleveland, O.—1. If C buys the pitch, of course he has the privilege of making the trump. 2. We will try to do so.

CONSTANT READER, Providence, R. I.—Jack Rooke's first recorded fight was with T. Lane and he won it.

D. J. S., Lynn, Mass.—There is no authority published in this country.

A. F. A., Vincennes.—For gaffs you can write to W. Walton, East New York, L. I., who will furnish you with them.

ALPHA.—We have no reason to doubt the integrity of the Lubin Brothers.

CAPTAIN JINKS.—No, the dealer does not lose the deal, for that would deprive the elder hand of his beg.

SPORT, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Address John S. Fargis, No. 2 Reade street, N. Y.

W. C. B., Williamsport.—Sam Patch lost his life at the Genesee Falls, Rochester, N. Y.

ACROBAT.—Adolph Gonzales, the Chillian acrobat, is with Cramer's Circus, traveling through Illinois.

J. F. G., Williamsburgh.—A deposit should have accompanied your offer to ensure a customer.

A FAIR FISHER.—We do not know the law in the district you name.

HERBERT, Boston.—An advertisement of 22 lines will cost you $3.30 for each insertion.

HUMPTY DUMPTY.—A man is eligible if he has any religion at all.

SUCKER, Chicago.—A wins the bet, as 3 did not produce a genuine $100 bill.

BRENNIGAN, Washington, D. C.—See answer to G. W. C. and C. R. S.

M. P. C., Pittsb'g, Pa.—Playing at pool is playing at billiards, consequently C should pay forfeit.

A. B., Cincinnati.—"Beauty and the Beast," "Fortunio," or the "Invisible Prince" are all good.

E. W., Boston.—Dooney Harris was whipped on his merits by Tommy Chandler.

BIRD'S EYE.—James H. Coffey, of South Boston, never fought any one of account in or out of the P. R.

YANKEE BILL, New Orleans.—You must use your own judgment in the matter; we cannot advise you.

S. F. S., Youngstown, O.—A is first in order, and takes his seat at No. 1.

GOBBY, Baltimore.—A wager cannot be won on such a quibble, and the party who bet that the wine was from Ireland loses.

PIONEER, B. B. C., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Accept our thanks for the honor conferred.

J. G. C. Philadelphia.—B wins, as bets go with the stakes. The referee had no power to declare bets off.

G. W. S., Washington, D. C.—1. Nineteen rounds. 2. Frank Ambrose. 3. We have not got time to answer such questions.

QUICKSTEP, Springfield, O.—According to the new rules the pitcher can take a step forward when he delivers the ball.

A. R. C., Milwaukee. 1. It is hard to decide. 2. Hatfield.

C. N. L., Philadelphia.—The Atlantics defeated Central City, of Syracuse, 20 to 14.

INDEPENDENT, JR.—1. Yes. 2. It is optional with them.

MUTUAL.—Jewell is the new catcher.

O. H.—He is out with a company traveling through the west.

AMBITION.—Respectfully declined.

NEW YORK.—Counts three.

READER, Covington.—The bet is drawn.

G. H. C., Pawtucket.—See answer to W. T.

W. B.—Never heard of it.

J. D., Norfolk, Va.—Two dollars for the *Guide* received.

RUGGY BUG, Baltimore.—See reply to Gobby.

J. H. B.—Suit your own convenience.

F., New Haven, Conn.—Yes.

R. S. & D. S., Pittsburgh.—The backer of Hamill wins.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

The present number of the CLIPPER bears date of the fourth day of July; a day celebrated beyond all other days in our national annals as the one on which the United States of America was born. Ninety-two years ago such of our grandfathers as chanced to have been here at that time chose representatives to the Continental Congress—a body which met at the old State House in Philadelphia. These worthy gentlemen, with their powdered wigs and knee breeches and buff vests, made an eminently respectable organization; but they were not quite certain what they wanted to do nor how they were to do it. It is truly a very big thing to start a nation. It requires talent to run the side show of a circus; more yet to run the circus itself. Genius is requisite to construct a single play that will prove a genuine success; great genius to manage through thick and thin, through all its ever varying fortunes, a popular theatre. What, then, shall we say of those who, on the theatre of the world, launched a nation? Well, we shall not say much, for we do not desire to steal the thunder of the buncomb orators whose sole capital consists in the glorification of the old patriots, but we may be excused for repeating our own classical thought that it is a big thing to start a nation.

Amongst those who assembled at Philadelphia in 1776 was John Hancock, a Boston merchant, who graduated from Harvard before its students had learned that handling an oar and swinging a bat are essential portions of an education. John was a plucky boy. He was very rich and was doing a large wholesale and retail business in the City of Notions; but he remarked once:—"If it be necessary in the cause of liberty, I say burn Boston and make John Hancock a beggar to-morrow." Had he been a modern politician he would have preferred to burn New York, because he didn't live there. Benjamin Franklin, too, was in the Congress.

Ben. had already proved himself sharper than lightning, for he had bottled up that troublesome element more securely than ever Butler was bottled. We are not much surprised at this, for we recollect that Ben. was a printer, and some of his fellow-craftsmen to this day—so malicious rumor says—play with lightning in the province of Jersey. It comes in bottles.

There, too, was Benjamin Rush; but we do not learn from the reports that Ben. jammed in to rush things to the extent that some of his colleagues did.

John Adams was also there. Both he and his son subsequently took a turn at the Presidency, and his grandson and great grandson are now open to negotiations for the same position. These there were and many more in the Continental Congress; but, as we have intimated, they didn't exactly know what to do. Finally, after much deliberation, they concluded that they might as well take their chances with the people of the earth and break the bonds which bound them to old England. So Thomas Jefferson read his famous Declaration of Independence; and there, on that midsummer day, in the red heat of war, our country was born.

The new nation proved a great success from the very first. It whipped its mother, coquetted with France, framed a Constitution, inaugurated a President and passed through several local squabbles before it was thirteen years old. From that time forth its position as a permanency was secured beyond peradventure. When in 1812 its flag was insulted by Great Britain it didn't hesitate at all to ask her out to fight, and when she accepted the invitation it did not fail to give her a merciless flogging. And now the child that was led forth by liberty from the State House less than a century ago has grown to be a vigorous matron, her broad arms stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, her vigorous footsteps threading all the space between Maine and Florida.

It is surely not improper that once yearly we should indulge in a little national bragging; that we should set apart a day specially for that purpose. We have too few holidays at best; perhaps we cannot as truthfully add that we have too little bragging, but we have large cause for self-glorification. We have maintained the integrity of our Union against foreign assaults and domestic insurrections. We have grown from three to forty millions. We have invented the steamboat, the telegraph, the printing press and the sewing machine. We have the strongest men, the prettiest women, the fattest babies, the fastest horses, the biggest corporation "ring," the longest railroad, the noisiest orators, the "loudest" leg-drama, the largest territory, the heaviest taxes and the goldarndest politicians in the world! We have whipped ourselves and healed the wounds, impeached our President and acquitted him, dodged the revenue on whiskey, sent a collector to the penitentiary, laid out the Central Park, created a number of new States and given a hearty and cordial support to the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

For all these things it is good and proper to blow the bassoon and sound the big drum—to fire cannon and explode torpedoes—to read poems and indulge in orations. Some of our political friends (all parties are our friends when they behave themselves) propose to celebrate the day by a little love-feast or camp meeting, or whatever you choose to call such a gathering as is to meet at Tammany Hall on Saturday. We hope the boys will have a good time, and that they will not get into any fight, and that if they do, there may be a fair field and no favor, and that the best man may win. We would again remind them of the proposition made in these columns some weeks ago; that is, to nominate the Hon. John Morrissey for the Presidency and thereby win our support.

On the Fourth of July let the editor drop his pen, the printer his stick, the lawyer his brief, the clergyman his text, the laborer his spade, the workman his hammer, the doctor his pills, the merchant his goods and the broker his shorts, and let us all be gay and festive, "positively for one day." But in our gaiety and festivity let us not forget the debt that we owe to our country, the mighty mother of us all, for the inestimable blessings of "*Life*, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

OUT OF TOWN.

We have never failed to remark the pertinacity with which New Yorkers cling to the habit of "going out of town," as it is termed in fashionable phraseology, during the summer months. If this custom had been invented solely for hygenic purposes, we should regard it as worthy of commendation if not absolutely laudable, for a few weeks breathing of the pure air of the mountains will perform miracles towards reinvigorating a citizen condemned habitually to wander amid piles of brick and mortar. But "going out of town" with four-fifths of our people means nothing more nor less than leading a hotel life for a month or so at some fashionable watering place or other resort, where the female birds of the *beau monde* can display, in mutual admiration, their millinery and plumage. In fact, so far from proving beneficial to the health of a citizen, sojourns of this character almost invariably prove as detrimental to his comfort as to his purse.

As a general thing the hotels at these watering places and fashionable resorts are kept with the main idea of exacting a most exorbitant price for the meanest possible accommodation, and, as it is taken for granted that the guests are of a class migratory in their habits, none of those limits to imposition which are to be found in city establishments can be detected at these caravansaries, whose location is ordinarily within a region the reverse of everything rural. Indeed, the very nature of the establishments carries with it the evils of a city life with none of the comforts or delicacies of a civic condition, and in many instances they tempt the sojourner, through association with or example of others of the guests, to the commission of indescretions or follies which would never be dreamed of within the limits of reputable society.

It is singularly ridiculous in persons who, when at home, occupy spacious mansions, garnished with all the appliances which comfort, taste and ingenuity can suggest, going to seek health in an ill-furnished room on the top floor of a watering place hotel, peopled with individuals of a mixed order. But when we add to this inconvenience and almost total deprivation of household comfort, the unbounded insolence of those whom you are forced to accept to do your service and the extravagance in charges for everything you desire and covet, we can only arrive at a conclusion that the mere passion for personal display has turned the heads of those infatuated citizens who would delve the earth in patent leather boots or undertake to fish in white kid gloves. The insolence of waiters, who, aware of the scarcity in supply of that animated commodity, hold their presumptive masters in comparative subjection, has passed into a settled maxim, and yet people, arrogant and domineering within their own domicils, meekly submit to affronts and impertinences, fearing, perchance, that they be deprived of a few of the privileges by them dearly purchased. And yet, with all these facts staring them in the face, scores of families annually migrate to the seaside and the inland towns, and there expend handsome incomes in the name of health seeking, but in reality to indulge in a frivolous fashion, which can scarcely be repaid by the luxuries of starvation and wax candles.

If people go in search of health and relaxation amid the green fields and balmy mountain breezes of the rural districts, why not do so in a rational manner? It is highly proper, and in many instances imperatively necessary for townsfolk to seek relief during the more sultry months, through a visit to the country. As a medical remedy, change of scene, of air, of diet has proven of greater efficacy than the prescriptions of a half score of physicians; while to the man in good health, whose mental energies have been overtaxed by the cares of business, a visit to the rural regions, and there subsisting in accordance with the custom of their inhabitants, will recuperate his energies within an incredibly brief space of time. It is not alone a change of air the invalid demands, but a change of daily habit and of diet. In fact, four-fifths of the ills affecting mortal flesh when confined within city limits are the immediate product of the injudicious course of daily life in which we are educated, and in which we persist, notwithstanding the experience of our predecessors. Can the city belle, who, turning day into night, breathes the noxious midnight air, be compared in vigor, physically or mentally, with the buxom country lass, who retires to rest with the setting sun, and arises from her couch at early dawn, to drink in freshening draughts of the new born morning air? Again, can the condiments and confections with which our hotel tables are laden compete in daintiness with the rough, rugged, wholesome fare upon which the farmer husbands vitality and strength? And yet, in despite of all these admitted facts, our citizens persist in carrying city habits and city proclivities with them into the country, to which they journey nominally as pilgrims in search of health.

If a family desires to benefit its individual members by a summer visit to the country, they should seek out a respectable farm house, and while tarrying at it adapt themselves, as far as lies within their power, to the habits and tastes of its permanent inmates. There are hundreds of such farm houses located in the most picturesque and health bestowing regions of this and the adjacent States, both inland and along the seashore, the owners of which could be induced, for a moderate compensation, to receive city guests as temporary inmates of their households, provided they agree to accommodate themselves to the manners and peculiarities of their hosts. At one of these agricultural homesteads, the beauties of nature in its purity are unfolded to the wondering eit. The mysteries of that good old country life which made gentlemen of the school of Sir Roger de Coverley are unveiled to his observation; the relaxation of field sports, the pleasure of the gun and rod, are forced upon his notice, and after a month or so's tuition he returns to town a far more healthy, and, we venture to add, a much wiser man.

To female residents of a city a farm-house experience presents most beneficial results, as any who once tried the experiment cannot fail to admit—that is, those who have adapted themselves to the internal economy of a farm life. It was to the simple expedient of enforcing observance of the daily habit and diet of a yeoman farmer by medical authority, aided by the balmy atmosphere of the Welsh hills, that the managers of the famous Malvern Water Cure establishment were enabled to gain a world-wide reputation for its cures. And yet by a little resolution any invalid in this country, at a farm-house, could accomplish of his own will a like result.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

THIS is fourth of July week, and the metropolis is already boiling over in anticipation of "the good time coming." Once more we have the extreme felicity and ecstatic beatitude of greeting you with a "Hurra for the Fourth of July;" not, be it understood, for one fourth, or quarter of the month, but the entire "day we celebrate;" the day our forefathers got up especially for our enjoyment, to enable us to go on excursions, shoot off fire crackers, despite Mr. Kennedy's official objections, and to allow the Democratic Convention to meet and let off *their* fireworks in the form of Chase-ers. It is a great day, and the fires of our eloquence and braggadocia will burn the brighter in that great day, because it is a national heater—a day in which all races enjoy themselves, particularly boat races; when the laziest our shuns nothing, not even excursions; when the devil seems to get his due, and is not slow to do all who come within his reach; when our youngsters become veterans by smelling powder; and our thirsty friends, being dry 'uns, take heavy wets, and thereby become wetter-'uns, but as they are almost always inveterate tasters, they manage to keep themselves in tolerably fair condition. Everybody must be gay on the irrepressible 4th, because it is our *fete;* although some call it a gala day, probably on account of the blowing indulged in by our patent orators. As we not only shoot folly as it flies, but aim at everything that comes within our reach, foolish or wise, we presume we must have our little say about the "glorious," and to this end present you with the compliments of the season and a few verses on

"THE FOURTHER JULY."

'Tis the birthday of our nation, one may with full truth say,
Because a soldier at its birth ranked General Holiday,
And as through it our country grew a free one, and made laws
And canons, on that day we hear loud cannons for its cause.

The day must suit most every one—East or West, or South or North;
The orator 'twill surely suit, for he can then "hold forth."
The druggist should, than all the rest, on that day shout the louder,
Because so many need his help and take a "little powder."

The hungry it must please, because on that day they have backers,
And hunger not, since on that day the streets are filled with "crackers;"
And even he who ridicules, and lightly the cause handles,
Must be delighted, for all hands make light of "Roman candles."

The soldiers who do like to fight where money can be made,
Must like the 4th, for on that day they make a grand "pay-rade."
Oh! 'tis a day that does, we think, of gratitude require works;
'Tis right it's made a holiday, since nothing, then, but fire works.

IN BLISSFUL REPOSE.—According to reports from the seat of war, McCoole and Coburn are treated more as guests than prisoners in Lawrenceburg. In fact, their forty days and forty nights are one steady reign, while there is a perfect deluge of sympathy for them.

HORRIBLE BUTCHERY.—It is said that the stock raisers in Illinois have such a superabundance of beef that they generally have a roast and a broil at opposite extremes of the table. That may be merely prudential, however—to "make both ends meat."

A SAD STORY.—Within the space of a few short weeks, the wife and child of Harry Hazleton, a writer of fiction, died in this city. The afflicted husband and father may learn something to our advantage by calling at this office.

THE IMPEACHMENT COMMITTEE mean to increase the tax on tobacco, seeing that they were so unceremoniously "Shook" by a Woolley Weed.

A SUMMER MEETING at Jerome Park is announced to commence on Tuesday, June 30. Isn't it a trifle too soon after the first meeting?

POOL SELLING on the Democratic nomination for President is becoming quite popular. Many go over head and ears into these pools.

JUSTICE.

A great deal has been said in the Philadelphia papers concerning the recent rowing match on the Schuylkill, between Hamill and Coulter, and much undeserved censure cast on Hamill because he did not return to the starting point when Coulter broke his oar, and make a fresh start. The writers of such articles know little or nothing about sporting matters, and only show their ignorance when they attempt to report or comment on events of the kind. Hamill did right in pulling over the course after he had once received the word, as Coulter's mishap was not chargeable to him. In a horse race, or trotting match, should any unforeseen accident happen to one of the contestants after the start is effected, the other continues on until the winning goal is reached. So, too, in a yacht race; it frequently happens, when the wind is high, that a yacht is disabled by the carrying away of a spar or some other accident; how foolish it would be to insist upon the others returning until the damage should be repaired, and a fresh start effected. Such a proceeding would but open the way for another system of roguery, and surely we have enough of that already. It has also been stated by some of the papers that Hamill never intended to row, that he meant to win by accident, or something of the kind. We happen to know a little better, and we will tell you why. By the articles governing the match between him and Coulter, each man should have had the total amount of his stake in the hands of the stakeholder five days before the day fixed upon for the race, or forfeit the amount already up. Hamill's money was up ten days before the time; but Coulter's last deposit did not reach us until the Monday before the race, and Hamill became entitled to the forfeit. We visited Hamill at Belmont Cottage, on the Schuylkill, as in duty bound, to apprize him of this fact, and to ascertain his intentions. We asked him if he meant to claim forfeit. "No," replied he; "I don't want to take any advantage of Mr. Coulter; and I don't want a dollar of the money unless I win it according to the referee's decision." Mr. Hamill meant racing, and nothing else, for had he been desirous of getting out of the match, he could have claimed forfeit, and it would have been allowed, according to the rules, and that would have ended *that* match. Mr. Hamill has made enemies of certain of the "betting fraternity" because he will not permit himself to be used by them. Throughout his rowing contests his conduct has been strictly honest, much to the discomfiture of "the betting ring," who are too often permitted to rule and ruin our sporting events. We should certainly like to see Mr. Hamill give Mr. Coulter another chance, in so far as the result of the late meeting leaves the question of superiority still undecided, but as far as the late match is concerned, Hamill won the stakes fairly.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

The glories of Vauxhall and Cremorne are revivified in the Central Park Gardens, where summer night festivals and garden concerts, under the leadership of Mr. Theodore Thomas, the Julien of our time, are all the rage and draw a large attendance. This is as it should be. Can anything be thought of more delightful than these *al fresco* entertainments, where youth and beauty combine to heighten the attraction, and the air is heavy with the odor of natural flowers? A refreshing breeze sweeps in from the grassy heights of the adjacent park, and fans, ice creams and strawberries are eagerly sought after. The *baton* of the conductor is like the wand of Prospero, and throws over the listening crowd a spell of rare enchantment. The same old scene of flirtation is carried on under the chandelier that we used to witness in the days of our youth, when nothing pleased us better than an ice at Niblo's and a sentimental *tete-a-tete* with some favored fair. All the pretty girls of that day are married and settled; some are fat and forty, with troops of curly haired children playing about them; some have marriageable sons and daughters, who, perhaps, will go to the Central Park Gardens as we went to Vauxhall and Contoit's in our prime. The *bal champetre* connected with this establishment is an institution in itself, but the mere idea of dancing in this weather sets one in a shiver to think of; yet there are thousands of young folks who are not to be deterred from waltz and quadrille by anything short of death and quarter day, and so at the festival a few nights since quite one hundred and fifty couples took the floor and footed it merrily to the music of Strauss and Offenbach. For those who prefer more moderate exercise the promenade concerts are just the thing. The *Jardin Mabille*, which is patronized by all the *lorettes* in Paris, has not taken root as yet, and the *cancan*, so liberally practised there, finds no favor here except on the boards of a theatre. Terrible things are said of this *cancan*, which we presume to be nothing more nor less than a reproduction of the old Kentucky breakdown, and it is but little understood by our rapid youth, but when they are fairly inducted into its mysteries they will undoubtedly take to it as naturally as a duck takes to water. Ah, *messieurs* the composers! you have much to answer for. The mischief created in sympathetic souls by your ravishing music on moonlight nights, amid the jingle of spoons and glasses, the flapping of fans and the perfumes which arise on every side like incense, may not be readily computed. To the garden scene a very long way, but not many years will elapse before that in itself will be "down town," and the rising generation will be obliged to resort to Fort Washington or Harlem for a summer evening's amusement. So mote it be!

ON THE ROAD.

"Hi! go 'long there!" The turfites have had a fresh accession of energy infused into them by the example of Leonard Jerome, and are investing their money in horseflesh at a rate which casts into the shade all that has been done in that line for many a day bygone. The enthusiasm is shared by the general public, who visit the course in crowds. In Central Park the turnout of elegant vehicles is surprising. All the way to High Bridge you encounter dashing vehicles, driven by men of aristocratic appearance, who handle the reins in a manner to provoke the envy of professional "whips." Regular sportsmen may be recognized at every turning. They are in high spirits, for the season is propitious; there is plenty of money, and the stock now offering is some of the finest that has been put on the track for years. You may pick out the knowing customer of the livery stables by the reeking condition of his nag, which he has lashed and driven into a lather, and by the recklessness he throws into his manner. Besides these there are the expressman, the butcher and the grocer, whose overworked animals seem only too delighted to scamper along the highways at all sorts of gaits, and to toss their manes freely in the freshening breeze. It is noticed that an immense improvement has taken place in the quality and variety of the equipages, from the common chaise to the pretentious four-in-hand. The family carriage rumbles along as if with a sense of its dignity, and is almost driven out of the path by the butcher's cart, which clatters past with noise enough to arouse the Seven Sleepers. Horsemen abound and ladies are seen by the score. All is excitement of the most intense description, but confusion there is none. He who has not taken a ride or a drive on the roads during the present season does not know what real pleasure is, and has missed a sight which is worth one's while to witness.

PHILO JACOBY, editor of the *Hebrew*, of San Francisco, and member of the Olympic Club, of that place, arrived here a few days since, to attend the Schutzenfest.

IT HAS just leaked out that the reason why we look over a stone fence is, because we can't "see through it."

SHOULD A FORSAKEN LOVER put on gallus airs merely because he is gal less? Zu haben? Yaw.

A SONG for some of Brigham Young's discarded wives:—"When you and I were Young."

WESTERN PAPERS are endeavoring to "work up" a match between Heenan and McCoole.

Sporting Squibs.

— Somebody says that a party of English sports recently went to the Catskill Mountains to hunt the buffalo. So far they have not caught much.

— Henry Bergh, the anti-cruelty to animals sport, is said to be opposed to the horse race—as an amusement. Bergh is favorable to the human (e) race.

— They are reckless betters in Cleveland. Recently seven young men, while enjoying a drop of good beer in a saloon, made sundry wagers on political matters, the total bet amounting to $642,000! All the capital possessed by the crowd was fifty cents.

— A new lifeboat built for the purpose of crossing the Atlantic, passing through the lakes and St. Lawrence river to St. Johns, N. B., made a trial trip on Lake Michigan on the 21st ult., capsized, and three persons were drowned.

— The Brooklyn Yacht Club will hold their annual Fourth of July regatta this year as usual.

— The yacht Corning was launched by Messrs. Poillon in Brooklyn, on the 25th ult. It is sloop rigged, 62 feet long, 25 broad, and 45 tons measurement. W. B. Nichols, of the Atlantic Yacht Club, is the owner.

— An English pedestrian is reported as having run 40 miles in 4 hours 53 minutes, recently, "without much fatigue."

— Ockford, of Detroit, Mich., is announced about to "shoot" Niagara. How will he "shoot" it?

— Salmon are said to be entering the bays and streams of the St. Lawrence and Bay of Chaleur districts in great numbers this season.

— A horned toad of the Mexican species was recently caught in the streets of Dayton, Ohio.

— A horse fair is to take place this week at Denver, Colorado.

— Wm. Jones was arrested in Philadelphia on June 28th, with ten pairs of base ball shoes, lot of caps, bats, etc., supposed to have been taken from some club house. He was committed to answer.

— The Atlantic Yacht Club will hold their annual cruise during the latter part of the current month.

— The Boston Yacht Club "Year Book," just published, shows an aggregate of 155 members, 10 schooners and 13 sloops.

— A running race, trotting race, mule race and foot race, are to take place at the Paterson, N. J., race course on July 4th.

— Steamship Crescent City made the passage from New Orleans, to this city in six days four and a half hours, arriving here on the 26th June.

A BIRD FANCIER MURDERED.—Marcus Swerlein, a professional bird fancier, was murdered near a wood at West Seneca, Buffalo, N. Y., on June 21st. The murdered man was also cut to pieces. The assassin has not yet been discovered.

AQUATIC.

REGATTA OF THE BOSTON YACHT CLUB.

GOOD WEATHER AND EXCELLENT RACING.

Saturday, 27th ult., was

BASE BALL.

THE ATHLETICS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The Pennsylvania Champions arrived at Erie, Pa., in the old Keystone State, after a three weeks' absence, on Thursday evening, the 25th of June. The Erie City Base Ball Club were out in force at the depot and gave them the right hand of fellowship. On the morning of the game (Friday) the Athletics were invited to join the Erie City members on a fishing excursion on the lake, which diversion was enjoyed by those who participated in the amusement. The game was announced for 2:30 P. M., but it was three o'clock before the players got down to their work. The grounds are new, never having been used before, and, of course, were open to the objections of all new fields. The field is a very level one and the accommodations superb. In a year from now the Erie City Club will boast of as fine a field as any in the State, excepting only the Olympic's grounds, Philadelphia. A member of the Williamsport Base Ball Club was selected as Umpire.

The Erie City players, having won the toss, sent the Philadelphians to the bat. The veteran Hayhurst led off, and sent a ball whizzing to second, which Vanderlier fielded to first, and the "Vet." was compelled to take a back seat. McBride and the five strikers who succeeded him got runs, when the second hand was retired, Sensy going out at first on a ball fielded by Whitehead. Schaffer and Hayhurst scored afterwards, McBride making a base, where he was left through John Radcliff popping up a fly that Vanderlier took charge of.

The Erie City players failed to chalk, Reed alone making a base, Norris, Irwin and Haines being victims, the first named to Cuthbert on the bound, and the two latter to Radcliff and McBride at first.

The Philadelphians scored four runs in the second innings. Wilkins, the first striker, had a life given him by a muff of Whitehead's, but he was afterwards retired at second, being forced by Fisler, who drove the ball to Vanderlier, who held it, Fisler getting his first and scoring afterwards, as did Berry, Cuthbert and Sensy. Schaffer was left at third through Hayhurst and McBride falling victims to Whitehead and Gifford. The Erie City Club scored five runs, but got some assistance from Wilkins and Fisler. The victims were Hubbard, on a fly to Fisler; Irwin, on a throw of McBride's to third, and Haines, taken on the bound by Cuthbert. The Athletics scored six in the third innings, but Hubbard won the signal honor of making a double play. He took a fly off of Hayhurst's bat and fielded it to first in time to prevent Schaffer recovering his base, from which he had run. The feat was appreciated by the spectators and deservedly applauded. McBride was afterwards taken on the fly by Whitehead and the Athletics retired to the field.

The Erie City Club scored only three runs after this, making them in the sixth innings, while the Philadelphians scored eight runs. The Erie City players were pleased, however, over having kept the score of the "champs." below that of the Forest City, of Cleveland, while the Athletics expressed themselves more than delighted to find so able exponents of the game as the Erie City players proved themselves to be in the northeast corner of the State. The Erie boys excel as throwers, the superiors in this particular of any club the Athletics have met outside of Cincinnati and Allegheny. Appended is the score:—

Athletic.	H. L.	R.	Erie City.	H. L.	R.
Hayhurst, r f	4	5	Norris, 1st b	2	2
McBride, p	5	3	Irwin, 3d b	2	0
Radcliff, 1st b	1	6	Reed, l f	2	0
Wilkins, s s	2	6	Haines, c f	5	0
Fisler, 2d b	2	6	Lee, r f	5	1
Berry, 3d b	3	5	Whitehead, s s	2	1
Cuthbert, c f	3	6	Gifford, c	3	1
Sensenderfer, c f	4	5	Hubbard, p	3	1
Schaffer, l f	3	4	Vanderlier, 2d b	1	2
Total		46	Total		8

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Athletic	8	4	6	4	7	1	4	10	2—46
Erie City	0	5	0	0	0	3	0	0	0—8

Fly balls captured—Athletic—Cuthbert, 4; Fisler, 1; Berry, 1; Schaffer, 1; Radcliff, 1; Sensenderfer, 1; Hayhurst, 1; total, 10. Erie City—Vanderlier, 1; Hubbard, 2; Whitehead, 2; Reed, 2; Irwin, 2; Gifford, 1; Haines, 2; Norris, 1; total, 13. Foul bounds captured—Gifford, 2; Cuthbert, 3. Put out on bases—Athletics, 12 times; Erie City, 13. Struck out—Haines, 1. Umpire—J. Nichols, Williamsport Base Ball Club. Scorers—John Kahmer, Henry Stevens. Time of game—Two hours and twenty minutes. Passed balls—Cuthbert, 5; Gifford, 25.

N. B.—The Athletics left at 7:30.

ATHLETIC vs. NIAGARA.

The Athletics had a sharp and interesting game with the Niagaras on Saturday, June 27th. The Philadelpians arrived in Buffalo on Friday evening, 26th, and were very cordially received by the Niagaras and their friends. A large crowd had assembled to witness the match. A number of the friends of the Athletic—prominent among whom were Joe Rainer, of Newcomb's Minstrels, Cincinnati, and the members of the Erie City Base Ball Club—assembled at the Tifft House to accompany the Athletics to the ground. Carriages had been provided by the Niagaras, in which the party was conveyed to the scene of conflict. The "boys in grey" on making their appearance on the field were loudly cheered. An umpire—a member of the Niagara Fall Base Ball Club—was selected, though the Athletics were a little disappointed; they had hoped to have had the services of the umpire who had officiated in the Atlantic-Niagara match, but he was not present.

Game was called at a quarter after two o'clock, the Niagaras going to the bat. Holley, the first striker, was the first hand out; he drove one to Fisler, which the latter put quickly to Cuthbert, and which Neddy held. It would be as well to state here that Atwater was suffering from an injury to his right hand and another of the Niagaras was disabled, but the Athletics were short the services of Reach. Hawley, the next striker, got his first on a hit to left, but Emerson, who followed him, hit a fly that Berry took, and which Tom fielded to second in time to head Hawley off, making a double play, the Niagaras retiring for a goose egg. Hayhurst got his first on a muff of Van Velsor's and his second on an over pitched ball, stealing his third, and home on Wilkins' bat; Hayhurst alone scored. McBride was very handsomely taken on the fly by Holley at centre field; Radcliff was a victim of Van Velsor's on a foul fly; and Wilkins, who had made his first, was fielded out at second by a throw of M. Holley, catcher.

The Niagaras received their second whitewash in the next innings, Emerson giving Berry a chance that Tommy improved by fielding to first. Cowing put up a fly that Sensy took in the field, while A. Holley fell a victim to Fisler on a throw to Cuthbert. The Athletics were also whitewashed—Berry alone making his base; Fisler ran over first on his strike, Van Velsor holding the ball that had been fielded to him by McDonald. Cuthbert and Sensy were both victims of M. Holley on the bound, leaving Berry waiting on third.

Atwater second in the third innings. He popped up a fly ball that McBride endeavored to secure, but as Dick stood in the line of Atwater's run for the base, the little pitcher of the Niagaras jostled Dick by running into him, causing John Dickson to spill the milk, and Atwater getting his base and eventually home. Burt made his first on a good hit to right field, and had got as far as third, where he was left, as was Van Velsor at second, through Holley and Hawley both hitting fly balls that Cuthbert and Sensy appropriated. Radcliff had, previous to this, in a splendid catch, retired McDonald. The game stood a tie, the Athletics having an innings, though. Schaffer, the first striker, got his second on a muff of Emerson; Hayhurst by a good hit got his first, from which he stole to second; McBride was a victim of Burt's in a throw to first; Cuthbert and Schaffer made home, Hayhurst taking charge of third. Radcliff got to his second and Hayhurst home on a badly thrown ball to Van Velsor. Wilkins secured his first on a muff of A. Burt; Fisler sent one that bounced over the third baseman's head, on which West got his first, and Radcliff home; on a wild throw of M. Holley to Burt, Wilkins got home, Fisler running to third, where he was left through Berry being taken on the bound by Holley, Cuthbert going out at first on a throw of Hawley's, the innings yielding the Athletics four runs.

The Niagaras made three runs in the fourth innings. Berry muffed a ball sent him by Emerson, and on which Emerson got his first; Cowing was given his first on called balls; Al. Holley gave Fisler a chance that West neglected; and on passed balls the above strikers helped themselves to a base, taking advantage also of the errors committed by the Athletics, and succeeding in getting home. Atwater put a ball to Wilkins that the latter fumbled, while A. Burt sent one to Hayhurst that the veteran would have gobbled but for a huge rock that stood directly in his path. McDonald, at this juncture, put up a fine fly that Radcliff took care of; Van Velsor was taken on the bound by the little Jerseyman; while McBride took a ball off of M. Holley's bat, and fielded it to first in time to retire the spunkey little catcher of the Niagaras—the Niagaras scoring three tallies, with two men on the bases. "Sensy" alone of the Athletics scored, he getting his base on a good hit, and preventing a whitewash by stealing from third home. Schaffer, Hayhurst and McBride were all victims of M. Holley on the bound.

The Niagaras were whitewashed for the third time in the fifth innings, little Radcliff doing the work. Hawley made his first on a good hit to right field; Emerson and Cowing were both taken on tips, while Hawley, in attempting to steal his second, found the ball there in advance of him, Captain Radcliff having taken the precaution to put it there. Radcliff only scored on the Philadelphia side; he made his second on a good hit, and got his third and home on a passed ball; Wilkins was a victim to M. Holley on a foul fly; Fisler, after having a life given to him by a muff of E. Hawley, was put out at second by a throw of Holley's; Berry got as far as second, where he was left through Cuthbert going out on a fly to Emerson.

The Niagaras secured five runs in the sixth innings, three of their runs being secured by the wild throwing of Cuthbert and Radcliff. "Steady," said Dick, as he noticed Cuthy's eye flashing with excitement. Steady it was, for the two next strikers, Van Velsor and M. Holley, were both victims of Fisler, as Cowing had been previously. The Athletics wanted three runs to beat this "streak of luck" of the Niagaras, and they made them, Sensy, Hayhurst and McBride scoring, Schaffer, Radcliff and Wilkins being the victims.

In the seventh innings the Niagaras were again whitewashed, Wilkins, Fisler and Cuthbert making a double play, retiring Emerson and Cowing, Hawley having previously been retired at first by a throw of Cuthbert—who ran after the ball—to McBride. The Athletics succeeded in getting five runs, which gave them a lead of six, and then until the game closed they widened the breach. The Niagaras made a rally in the ninth innings, but the Athletics, in going to the bat, got one of their spells on them, and exhibited their ability as heavy hitters. The Athletics won the game by a score of 34 to 14. Annexed is the score:—

Athletic.	H. L.	R.	Niagara.	H. L.	R.
Hayhurst, r f	3	5	Holley, c	4	1
McBride, p	5	2	Hawley, s s	4	1
Radcliff, c	4	3	Emerson, l f	4	3
Wilkins, s s	3	4	Cowing, r f	4	2
Fisler, 2d b	3	4	A. Holley, c f	2	3
Berry, 3d b	1	4	Atwater, p	2	1
Cuthbert, 1st b	3	4	Burt, 3d b	0	1
Sensenderfer, c f	2	5	McDonald, 2d b	4	1
Schaffer, l f	4	3	Van Velsor, 1st b	3	0
Total		34	Total		14

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Athletic	1	0	4	1	1	3	5	6	13—34
Niagara	0	1	3	0	5	0	0	5	0—14

Umpire—O. P. Moore, of the Niagara Falls Club. Time of Game—Three hours.

THE ATHLETICS DEFEATED.

On Monday, 29th ult., the Athletics encountered the Excelsior Club, of Rochester, N. Y., and after an exceedingly interesting game, witnessed by a large concourse of spectators, the Philadelphians were obliged to acknowledge defeat by a score of 26 to 20.

HOOSIER BALL TOSSING.

The Active and Western Clubs of Indianapolis, Ind., were opponents in a match played on the 25th ult., the score of which is subjoined:—

Western.	H. L.	R.	Active.	H. L.	R.
Daniels, p	4	2	McVey, p	3	5
Sulgrove, 3d b	3	3	Bussell, c f	1	6
Stoner, s s	3	3	Brown, r f	3	5
Norwood, 2d b	1	3	Thayer, s s	4	4
Williams, l f	3	2	Dean, c	2	5
McDonald, r f	4	1	Smithers, l f	2	3
Webster, 1st b	4	1	Butler, 2d b	5	1
Blane, c f	2	2	Morrison, 3d b	5	1
Fisher, c	3	3	Spann, 1st b	2	5
Total		21	Total		35

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Actives	5	3	7	1	2	3	3	8	3—35
Western	2	0	6	1	0	1	5	2	4—21

Fly balls caught—Western, 13; Active, 5. Fly balls missed—Western, 6; Active, 3. Left on bases—Western, 5; Active, 8. Home runs—Brown, 1. Umpire—Mr. Riggs, of the Mutual Club. Time of game—Three hours and thirty minutes.

CINCINNATI VS. XENIA.—These two clubs played their return game on the Union grounds, Cincinnati, on Saturday, the 27th. The game was very slow and tedious, neither club playing up to its average. At the end of the 7th innings the score stood Cincinnati 60 to 13. The game was then called owing to the late hour. Mr. Thurman, of the Xenias, a son of Senator Thurman, sprained his leg badly in the sixth innings.

"PLAY ACTERS" BEATEN.—The Rough and Ready Club, of South Bend, Ind., played a return game with the nine of Forrester's Theatrical Troupe on the 19th ult., and defeated them by a count of 52 to 23. On the 2d ult. they obtained their first victory by scoring 55 to 29.

TOUR OF THE ATLANTIC CLUB.

THEIR GAME IN DETROIT.

On Monday, the 18th ult., the Atlantics reached Detroit, Mich., from Cleveland, where they had defeated the Railway Union by a score of 47 to 12, as announced in last week's CLIPPER. The reputation of the ex-champions had preceded them, and a large crowd collected at the ground of the Detroit club to witness the encounter. The playing of the Atlantics rather astonished their opponents, who did not look for so bad a defeat. But the Brooklynites, nettled at their defeat by the Buffalo club, were determined to retrieve their prestige. The pitching of Pratt, the catching of Mills and the fielding of Start, Smith and Crane attracted considerable attention. The Detroit players, with the exception of Hirschman, did not do justice to themselves; in fact, they seemed to be completely demoralized, and were perfectly at the mercy of their skillful opponents. The score follows:—

Atlantic.	H. L.	R.	Detroit.	H. L.	R.
Pearce, s s	4	4	Brown, 2d b	4	1
Smith, 2d b	2	6	Clark, 1st b	2	1
Start, 1st b	2	6	Lane, p	4	0
Chapman, l f	5	5	Burroughs, s s	2	1
Crane, c f	3	4	Phelps, c	4	0
Mills, c	1	6	Folsom, l f	3	1
Ferguson, 3d b	2	5	Bissell, c f	2	1
Pratt, p	4	3	Lathrop, 3d b	3	1
Zettlein, r f	6	1	Hinchman, l f	1	1
Total		40	Total		7

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	5	6	5	5	2	5	6	2	1—40
Detroit	0	3	0	0	1	1	2	0	0—7

Umpire—Mr. Prendergrast, of the Athletic Club, of Philadelphia. Scorers—Messrs. Pearce and Delaney. Time of Game—Three hours.

ATLANTIC vs. CENTRAL CITY.

On Thursday the Atlantics left Detroit for Jackson, Mich., and were escorted to the depot and lustily cheered by their late antagonists. On the 19th they met the C. C.'s, and in an exciting game came off victors by the handsome score of 56 to 8. As will be seen by the score a change was made in the nine in this game. Mills, who had pretty thoroughly used himself up, gave way to Ferguson, Macdonald going into the nine. The result of this change was very beneficial. The entire nine batted and fielded as they never did before, and fairly astonished the Jacksonians by the scientific display. The Central Citizens, like their Detroit brethren, became somewhat demoralized in the early part of the game and played badly. Following is the score:—

Atlantic.	H. L.	R.	Central City.	H. L.	R.
Pearce, s s	3	7	Conely, 1st b	3	2
Smith, 3d b	2	7	Crittenden, l f	2	2
Start, 1st b	2	8	Powell, c	2	2
Chapman, l f	4	6	Wilkinson, 2d b	2	1
Crane, 2d b	3	7	Cooley, s s	3	0
McDonald, c f	3	6	Deland, c f	4	1
Ferguson, c	3	7	Welling, 3d b	4	0
Pratt, p	3	3	Inmon, r f	3	0
Zettlein, r f	4	5	McCord, p	3	0
Total		56	Total		8

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	5	3	3	8	15	6	3	2	8—56
Central City	0	1	3	0	0	0	1	3	0—8

ATLANTIC vs. EXCELSIOR.

The Atlantics arrived in Chicago on the 20th and were taken to the Briggs House. Here the excursionists met the Athletics, and of course were soon hobnobbing with Al. Reach, Dick McBride and the rest. Their game with the Excelsiors, in the afternoon, was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators, the advent of the two crack clubs in one week having given the Chicagoians the ball fever in its worst form. Of course another victory was put to the credit of the Atlantics, but not by so large a score as the game of the previous day. The Illinois champions, who have lately added Lax and Hoyt, two fine eastern players, to their nine, made a gallant fight of it, but had to succumb to the superior science of their opponents by the score of 49 to 17. The score is appended:—

Atlantic.	H. L.	R.	Excelsior.	H. L.	R.
Pearce, s s	1	8	Foley, c	2	4
Smith, 2d b	5	5	Taylor, c f	2	3
Start, 3d b	0	6	NcNally, 2d b	4	1
Chapman, l f	4	6	Zeller, s s	2	3
Crane, c f	6	3	Budd, l f	2	0
Mills, c	2	7	Hoyt, 3d b	5	0
Ferguson, 1st b	2	7	Fields, r f	5	0
Pratt, p	3	4	Stearns, 1st b	3	2
Zettlein, r f	4	5	Lex, p	1	4
Total		49	Total		17

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	9	1	6	1	5	10	8	4	5—49
Excelsior	3	3	0	1	3	0	1	3	3—17

ATLANTIC vs. CREAM CITY.

Monday, June 22d, the Atlantics of Brooklyn, met the Cream City Club, of Milwaukee, on the grounds at Camp Reno. The Atlantics were received with enthusiasm as they stepped from their carriages, and little time was lost before the game began, the Cream City going to bat at precisely three o'clock, but when the Cream City went out without having made a run, the hope of winning had certainly grown no stronger, and the Atlantics made six consecutive runs, from Pearce to Ferguson inclusive, before MacDonald was out on a foul, and Zettlein and Pearce on flies, leaving Pratt on the third base when his side went out, and the Cream City went to bat on the

Second Innings.—Clarence Smith took the bat, and sent the ball flying among the carriages, while he made a run which assured his return home. His successors were not so fortunate, and no other run was made by the club. Smith, of the Atlantics, sent out a fly, which was finely caught by Sweet, and Start got home—the only run made by the Atlantics. This result was cheering to the Cream City, who had now recovered confidence, and Sweet took the bat at the

Third Innings—and, with Wood, was gradually getting around, when Larkin sent the ball whizzing out of reach, securing three runs for the Cream City. The Atlantics made two runs during this innings.

Fourth Innings.—The Cream City here made the score of a cypher, Wells going out on a foul, and Sweet and Wood on flies. Start went out on the Atlantics, to begin with; Larkin took a fly finely from Pratt, and Zettlein finished their business after they had got seven runs.

Fifth Innings.—In this innings the Cream City made two runs and the Atlantics five.

Sixth Innings.—Crane took a fly handsomely from Wells, and Sweet having been forced from the first base by a bat of Wood's, the two latter were out, and the Cream City retired to field without having made a run. The Atlantics now began to show their peculiar mettle, and made eleven runs, in the course of which Norris took two beautiful and difficult flies, eliciting enthusiastic cheers from the audience.

Seventh Innings.—Runs were made by Norris, Smith and McFayden, and on going to the field Hooley and Wells exchanged positions. The Atlantics made six runs before resigning the bat.

Eighth Innings.—Goose egg for the Cream City. Atlantics made twenty-four, including a home run by Chapman, with so much fine playing as makes it impracticable to particularize.

Ninth Innings, and last, resulted in a score of four for the Cream City and five for the Atlantics, giving the game to the latter by 67 to 13.

After the game was over a throwing match came off between the contending clubs for a purse of $25, Redington's throw of 336 feet being the best. Messrs. Chapman and Smith's throws, respectively, 319 feet 9 inches and 310 feet. The following is the score:—

Cream City.	H. L.	R.	Atlantic.	H. L.	R.
Wood, 1st b	5	1	Pearce, s s	5	5
Larkin, c f	2	2	Smith, 3d b	6	5
Redington, c	4	1	Start, 1st b	2	8
Norris, l f	3	1	Chapman, l f	5	6
Smith, p	0	4	Crane, 2d b	3	8
McFayden, s s	2	2	McDonald, l f	0	11
Hooley, 3d b	4	1	Ferguson, c	1	10
Wells, r f	5	0	Pratt, p	2	7
Sweet, 2d b	3	1	Zettlein, r f	3	7
Total		13	Total		67

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Cream City	0	1	3	0	2	0	3	0	4—13
Atlantic	6	1	2	7	5	11	6	24	5—67

Passed balls—Cream City, 11; Atlantic, 7. Called balls—Cream City, 21; Atlantic, 8. Passed on called balls—Atlantic, 3. Fly catches—Cream City, 13; Atlantic, 12. Time of game—Three hours and a half. Umpire—M. Tredway, President of the Capital City Base Ball Club, Madison. Scorers—Messrs. Allen and Delaney.

ATLANTIC vs. ATLANTIC.

On the 23d inst. they met their namesakes of Chicago, and polished them off by a score of 51 to 7. Another change was made in the nine in this game, Start retiring and Mills going in. Zettlein played first and Mills right field. The Atlantics again got their batting muscle up, while their fielding was magnificent. The Atlantic Chicago Club struggled hard to reduce the disparity in the score, but their efforts were useless. the Athletics, Champions, meant business from the first, and walked away from their opponents. The "Charmer" did good service at first, and Start was not missed. Crane led at the bat, followed by McDonald. The following is the score:—

Atlantics of B.	H. L.	R.	Atlantics of C.	H. L.	R.
Pearce, s s	4	6	T. Burton, 2d b	3	2
Smith, 3d b	4	6	E. Scates, l f	2	0
McDonald, c f	2	7	Cragin, r f	5	0
Chapman, l f	2	6	O'Neil, 2d b	4	0
Crane, 2d b	1	6	Holmes, p	4	0
Mills, r f	3	5	B. Burton, 3d b	1	2
Ferguson, c	3	5	C. Scates, c	2	0
Pratt, p	2	6	Stambaugh, s s	4	1
Zettlein, 1st b	6	4	Shannon, 1st b	2	2
Total		51	Total		7

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantics of Brooklyn	6	11	3	0	6	4	15	3	3—51
Atlantics of Chicago	0	1	1	0	2	0	0	0	3—7

Umpire—Mr. Oliver, of the Excelsior. Scorers—Messrs. Delaney and Kenzie. Time of game—Three hours.

ATLANTIC vs. FOREST CITY.

Our account of this game has not reached us up to the time of going to press. The telegraphic reports in regard to it do not help us along much, as two different scores have been published. The first despatch gave the result at 85 to 11 in favor of the Atlantics, but a later report states that they had all they wanted to do to win a ball from the club whom the Athletics defeated by a score of 94 to 13, and gives the real score as 31 to 29, which latter is probably correct.

ATLANTIC vs. BLOOMINGTON.

Bloomington, Ill., was reached on the 26th inst., where they played the club of that name. The contest came off on the fair grounds, in the presence of an interested assemblage of citizens. The Atlantics had no difficulty in running up another large score, while their opponents did better than the crack clubs of Chicago. Zettlein pitched, and the Bloomington boys found him easier to hit than Pratt. The score of the game is as follows:—

Atlantics.	H. L.	R.	Bloomington.	H. L.	R.
Pierce, s s	3	8	Hastings, 2d b	2	2
Smith, 3d b	3	6	Keenan, p	3	3
Start, 1st b	2	6	Lackey, 3d b	2	4
Chapman, l f	2	6	Cheeney, c f	3	2
Zettlein, p	7	3	Clark, s s	2	1
Pratt, r f	3	5	Smith, l f	3	2
Mills, c f	0	9	Dennison, r f	3	1
Crane, 2d b	3	6	Ives, 1st b	0	3
Ferguson, c	5	5	Thomas, c	4	1
Total		57	Total		19

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	5	11	4	5	7	3	6	12	4—57
Bloomington	2	1	3	3	2	1	2	1	4—19

Umpire—Mr. Delaney, of the Exercise Club, of New York.

ATLANTIC VS. UNION.—On Saturday, the 27th, the Atlantics defeated the champions of Missouri, the Unions, of St. Louis, by a score of 68 to 9. On the 29th they were to have played the Empire Club, of St. Louis, and to-day, Tuesday, 30th, the Active, of Indianapolis.

A CHAMPIONSHIP GAME.

For the second time the Union and Empire Clubs, of St. Louis, Mo., rivals for the State Championship, met on the 24th ult., at the Park, on Grand Avenue. The play of the Empires was careless, while that of their antagonists was more than usually brilliant, and gained for them the victory by the subjoined score:—

Union.	H. L.	R.	Empire.	H. L.	R.
Freeman, c f	3	5	Wirth, 1st b	3	2
Greenleaf, 3d b	3	5	Fruin, 2d b	3	1
Lucas, p	6	2	Roberts, l f	4	2
Oran, c	3	5	Barron, s s	2	2
Melton, r f	2	5	O'Connell, 3d b	3	2
Easton, 2d b	3	4	Shockey, r f	2	3
Duncan, s s	3	3	Fitzgibbons, p	4	1
Smith, l f	2	6	Hazleton, c f	3	2
Cabanne, 1st b	2	4	Murray, c	3	2
Total		39	Total		17

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Union	2	6	2	0	7	8	6	3	5—39
Empire	0	0	1	4	6	2	4	0	0—17

Umpire—John M. Young. Scorers—A. Miltenberger, Jr., of the Union, and H. G. D. Barklage, of the Empire. Time of game—Three hours and ten minutes. Home runs—Roberts, 1; Shockey, 1; Oran, 1. Fly catches—Oran, 2; Wirth, 2; Barron, 2; Murray, 3; Fitzgibbons, 1; Roberts, 1. The Empires, dissatisfied with the decision made by the umpire in the eighth innings of the first game, played on the 18th ult., have appealed from that decision, and unless the decision be reversed and that game declared null and void, the above game decides the Unions still bearers of the championship honors.

THE ATHLANTIC AND ATHLETIC AVERAGES.

As considerable interest is evinced by ball players to know which of these two crack clubs has excelled in averages on runs to a match in their encounters with their western brethren we give below the score of each game they have played up to the latest advices, Saturday, 27th inst. It will be seen by these figures that the Athletics have excelled the Atlantics in this respect. In the 17 games they have played, the Athletics have made 787 runs to 194 by their opponents. This gives them an average of 46 runs to a match and 7 over. The Atlantics have played but twelve games, in which they scored 533 to 171, giving an average of 42 runs to a match and 29 over. The following tables give the totals of each game:—

ATHLETIC.

Athletic	37	Olympic, of Pittsburgh	5
Athletic	27	Allegheny	18
Athletic	79	Xenia	8
Athletic	22	Buckeye, of Cincinnati	8
Athletic	30	Cincinnati	13
Athletic	51	Louisville	3
Athletic	58	Active, of Indianapolis	21
Athletic	54	Union, of St. Louis	12
Athletic	54	Empire, of St. Louis	6
Athletic	31	Bloomington	6
Athletic	33	Excelsior, of Chicago	13
Athletic	94	Forest City, of Rockford	13
Athletic	37	Eureka, of Chicago	18
Athletic	30	Detroit	17
Athletic	85	Forest City, Cleveland	11
Athletic	46	Erie City, Erie	8
Athletic	34	Niagara, Buffalo	14
Total	787	Total	194

ATLANTIC.

Atlantic	20	Central City, of Syracuse	14
Atlantic	30	Young Canadian, Woodstock	17
Atlantic	15	Niagara, of Buffalo	19
Atlantic	47	Railway Union, of Cleveland	12
Atlantic	40	Detroit, of Detroit	7
Atlantic	56	Central City, of Jackson	8
Atlantic	49	Excelsior, of Chicago	17
Atlantic	67	Cream City, of Milwaukee	13
Atlantic	31	Forest City, of Rockford	29
Atlantic	51	Atlantic, of Chicago	7
Atlantic	59	Bloomington	19
Atlantic	68	Union, of St. Louis	9
Total	533	Total	171

Where the Athletics and Atlantics have played the same clubs the result has been as follows:—

Athletic.			Atlantic.		
Detroit	17	30	Detroit	7	40
Union	12	54	Union	9	68
Bloomington	6	31	Bloomington	19	59
Excelsior	13	33	Excelsior	17	49
Forest City	13	94	Forest City	29	31
Niagara	14	34	Niagara	19	15
Total	75	276	Total	100	262

COLLEGE GAMES.

TOUR OF THE NASSAU CLUB, OF PRINCETON, N. J.

On the 22d of June the University nine of Princeton College started on a week's trip to play with their brethren of Harvard, Williams and Yale. The nine were accompanied by about twenty of their fellow students, and arrived in Boston on the 23d ult., where they were met by the reception committee of the Harvard Club, and taken to Cambridge in a four-horse omnibus. Afternoon saw the students mingling fraternally on the ball field, getting themselves warmed up a little previous to the grand trial of skill. At 2.30 play commenced, and it soon became apparent that the Harvards would have their hands full. Nassau took the lead in the second innings and held it to the eighth, when the Cambridge, by a splendid effort at the bat, scored eight runs. This still left them one behind, but they obtained two in the ninth and whitewashed their opponents, winning the game by a score of 17 to 16. This was a lucky escape for Harvard, but it was more by good fortune than good play. The misplays were few, and the contest was an excellent exhibition of the beauties of the game. The score follows:—

Harvard.	H. L.	R.	Nassau.	H. L.	R.
Shaw, 1st b	2	3	Rankin, c	5	0
Smith, 3d b	3	2	McKibben, p	4	1
Honniwell, p	3	2	Fox, 1st b	3	3
Aimes, 2d b	4	1	G. Ward, 2d b	0	4
Bush, c	1	4	Ely, 3d b	3	2
Willard, s s	2	2	Nissley, s s	3	1
Sprague, c f	4	1	Buck, l f	4	1
Rawle, r f	4	1	F. Ward, c f	3	2
Bowditch, l f	4	1	Mellier, r f	2	1
Total		17	Total		16

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Harvard	2	0	0	1	1	3	0	8	2—17
Nassau	1	2	4	2	0	0	4	3	0—16

Fly catches—Nassau, 12; Harvard, 10. Left on bases—Nassau, 4; Harvard, 5. Umpire—John A. Lowell, of the Lowell Club. Scorers—Messrs. Ireland and Holbrook.

After a supper, at which speeches were made, sentiments given and songs sung, the excursionists took their departure for Williamstown, Mass., where they arrived on the morning of the 24th. The game which came off in the afternoon was quickly played, and resulted in the success of Nassau, with a score of 24 to 14. The batting and fielding of the Nassaus was fully up to their reputation. A pretty running fly catch by Buck, of the Nassaus, was the only feature of the fielding worthy of special notice. An elegant supper followed the game, and in the evening the party started for New Haven. The score is as follows:—

Williams.	H. L.	R.	Nassau.	H. L.	R.
Woodward, c	4	2	Rankin, c	2	4
Van Ingen, 2d b	4	1	McKibben, p	2	3
Pratt, s s	1	3	Fox, 1st b	2	4
Smith, 3d b	3	1	G. Ward, 2d b	3	2
Knight, l f	2	4	Ely, 3d b	3	3
Lansing, 1st b	4	0	Nissley, s s	5	2
Fargo, r f	4	0	Buck, l f	4	2
Ketcham, c f	4	1	F. Ward, c f	2	2
Billings, p	2	1	Mellier, r f	5	1
Total		14	Total		24

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Nassau	6	5	2	0	1	3	5	1	1—24
Williams	0	0	4	0	2	0	4	0	4—14

Fly catches—Nassau, 9; Williams, 9. Left on bases—Nassau, 9; Williams, 6. Umpire—E. C. Mitchell, of the Union Club, of St. Louis.

On the 25th inst. Nassau met the Yale nine and suffered its second defeat. The night trip had affected the Princeton boys to such an extent as to render them incapable of contending successfully against so strong a nine as Yale put forth, fresh and full of life. They opened the game with a fine lead, however, and ended it pluckily, scoring 9 to 4 in the last two innings. The 12 runs scored by Yale in the fourth innings were too much to overcome and the Princetonians acknowledged the corn. The batting was very heavy on both sides, but the fielding could be improved upon. Following is the score:—

Yale.	H. L.	R.	Nassau.	H. L.	R.
Buck, 1st b	4	3	Rankin, c	2	3
Burrell, r f	3	3	McKibben, p	4	2
Condict, c	4	3	Fox, 1st b	4	2
Cleveland, 3d b	4	3	G. Ward, 2d b	4	3
Hooker, p	3	4	Ely, 3d b	5	1
McCutchen, s s	4	3	Nissley, s s	0	5
McKlintock, c f	3	4	Buck, l f	4	3
Deming, l f	3	5	F. Ward, c f	4	2
Seldon, 2d b	2	3	Mellier, r f	3	3
Total		30	Total		23

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Yale	3	2	1	12	3	5	0	1	3—30
Nassau	4	6	1	2	1	0	0	6	3—23

Fly catches—Nassau, 16; Yale, 6. Left on bases—Nassau, 7, Yale, 7. Umpire—Mr. Hudson, of Hartford. Scorers—Messrs. Falconer and Holbrook.

Unlike their sister institutions, Yale did not feast the strangers, and the Nassau Club returned to New York by the evening boat, pleased with their reception by Harvard and Williams, but disappointed at their cool reception by Yale.

BUCKEYE vs. LOUISVILLE.

On Saturday, the 20th, the Buckeyes, of Cincinnati, visited Louisville, and won a ball from the club of that city by a score nearly equal to that of the Athletics. They played their full nine, with the exception of McMullen, who was not a member sufficiently long. Fisher pitched well, as well as McBride, in the estimation of Louisville. Dockney was charged with but two passed balls. He is quite over his injuries.

Buckeye.	H. L.	R.	Louisville.	H. L.	R.
Dockney, c	2	5	Pope, 2d b	4	1
Brookshaw, s s	1	6	Symmes, 1st b	3	0
Meagher, l f	6	1	Powell, r f	3	0
Sweasy, 2d b	2	3	Booth, p	3	0
Leonard, 3d b	2	5	Tracy, c f	4	0
Doyle, 1st b	3	1	Lyman, c	3	1
Wright, c f	6	1	Robinson, l f	3	0
Jones, r f	3	1	Anderson, 3d b	3	0
Fisher, p	2	4	Dickens, s s	4	0
Total		28	Total		4

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Buckeye	12	3	0	4	0	0	1	3	5—28
Louisville	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	3	0—4

Time of game—One hour and twenty-five minutes. Umpire—J. C. Ives, Olympic Club, of Louisville.

CINCINNATI vs. YELLOW SPRINGS.

The Cincinnati Club had a very pleasant excursion to Yellow Springs, O., on the 20th ult., remaining over Sunday at that pleasure resort. They played the Miami Club, of Antioch College, on Saturday afternoon, and after getting used to Birch's swift pitching, which bothered them at first, ran up a big score:—

Cincinnati.	H. L.	R.	Miami.	H. L.	R.
How, s s	3	9	Elliott, 3d b	2	3
Wright, p	2	8	T. Carr, r f	2	2
Johnson, l f	5	7	Beals, 1st b	3	1
Gould, 1st b	3	7	Wickoff, s s	4	1
Hatfield, c	4	7	Turpin, c	3	1
Grant, r f	5	6	Stone, c f	4	1
Brainard, 2d b	1	10	W. Carr, l f	2	1
Waterman, 3d b	1	9	Birch, p	4	0
King, c f	3	8	Speed, 2d b	3	2
Total		71	Total		12

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Cincinnati	0	11	2	5	8	20	5	7	3—71
Miami	0	0	3	0	0	5	0	4	0—12

Home runs—Waterman, 2; King, 1; Wright, 1; Gould, 1; Johnson, 1. Total—Cincinnati, 7; Miami, 0. Umpire—E. P. Hooven, Xenia Club.

UNION vs. GRAMERCY.

The champions played one of the prettiest fielding games of the season on the 27th ult., on their grounds at Melrose. Their opponents were the young Gramercy Club, of New York, and the game resulted in the defeat of the latter by the following score:—

Union.	H. L.	R.	L.	F.	Gramercy.	H. L.	R.	L.	F.
Austin, c f	3	4	0	0	Bass, c	2	2	0	1
Stearns, r f	3	4	0	0	Harrison, 1st b	5	0	0	2
Pabor, p	3	4	0	0	Joines, 2d b	3	0	0	1
Wright, s s	2	4	1	0	Brown, r f	4	0	0	1
Birdsall, c	4	2	1	3	O'Connor, s s	1	2	0	0
Shelley, 3d b	2	3	1	0	L. French, c f	2	1	0	0
Reynolds, l f	4	2	0	2	H. French, l f	3	0	0	0
Geer, 2d b	5	1	0	0	S. Wright, 3d b	4	0	0	2
Goldie, 1st b	1	4	1	1	Jackson, p	3	2	0	2
Totals	27	28	4	6	Totals	27	7	0	9

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Union	5	4	0	0	6	5	7	0	1—28
Gramercy	0	2	1	0	1	2	0	0	1—7

MUTUAL vs. MOHAWK.

Having several new players whom they wished to introduce, these clubs had a practice game on the 27th, which resulted as follows:—

Mutual.	H. L.	R.	L.	F.	Mohawk.	H. L.	R.	L.	F.
R. Hunter, r f	2	4	2	1	Kelley, r f	2	3	1	1
Stockman, s s	7	1	0	1	Samuels, s s	4	2	0	3
Jewell, c	3	2	2	3	McCrea, 3d b	4	2	0	2
Flanly, 2d b	3	5	0	2	Tracy, c f	3	2	1	0
McMahon, c f	2	5	0	2	Lennon, c	2	2	1	3
Bearman, 1st b	3	3	1	0	Forker, 1st b	4	1	0	0
Swandel, p	3	4	1	0	Hall, l f	3	2	0	1
Pike, l f	0	6	1	1	Cummings, p	3	1	2	1
Devyr, 3d b	3	4	0	0	Weeks, 2d b	2	2	1	1
Totals	27	33	7	11	Totals	27	17	6	13

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutual	0	1	3	2	4	6	0	4	12—33
Mohawk	3	0	6	1	1	1	2	3	—17

Out on fouls—Mutual, 2; Mohawk, 7. Home runs—Pike, 2. Umpire—Mr. E. Jewell, of the Excelsior Club. Scorers—Messrs. Dongan and Steiner. Time of game—Two hours and forty minutes.

CHAMPION vs. RESOLUTE.

These Jersey City and Elizabeth (N. J.) clubs contested for supremacy on the 26th ult., the result being as follows:—

Champion.	H. L.	R.	Resolute.	H. L.	R.
Denmead, p	2	6	Forsyth, 3d b	4	2
Snowden, l f	3	4	Kirk, p	3	2
Brown, c	3	1	Fipp, 2d b	3	2
Tilden, s s	4	1	Meeker, 1st b	6	0
Johnson, 3d b	5	0	J. A. Ritter, c	2	3
Dexter, c f	4	2	J. Ball, c f	5	1
J. McMann, 2d b	2	4	J. H. Ritter, l f	2	3
Edwards, 1st b	2	4	Emery, s s	3	2
Dingler, r f	3	2			
Total		24	Total		16

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Champion	1	4	1	1	1	2	0	10	4—24
Resolute	0	4	3	0	2	0	0	3	4—16

Umpire—Mr. Jewett, of the Mutual Club. Scorers—Messrs. Cook and Ritter. Time of game—Two hours and forty minutes.

STAR VS. YALE.—On July 4th the Star, of Brooklyn, is to play a game with the Yale, at New Haven, Conn.

STAR vs. INDEPENDENT.

The first, a home and home game, between these South Brooklyn clubs, came off on the 27th at the Capitoline Grounds. The game was closely contested, and some excellent play was shown. The score is as follows:—

Star.	H. L.	R.	L.	F.	Independent.	H. L.	R.	L.	F.
Rogers, c f	4	2	0	3	Lewis, p	2	4	0	1
Manly, 3d b	2	4	0	1	A. Brown, 1st b	2	4	0	0
Brown, l f	2	3	1	3	Noyes, s s	2	1	1	0
Werth, s s	1	4	2	2	Fenniman, c	2	3	1	0
Thomson, c	4	2	0	1	Bates, l f	2	2	2	0
Wadcell, 1st b	4	2	0	1	R. Edwards, r f	3	3	0	1
Griffiths, r f	5	2	0	1	McCoskrey, 3d b	3	2	0	0
Macdiarmid, 2d b	3	2	0	1	H. Brown, 2d b	3	0	3	4
Leland, p	2	3	0	1	H. Edwards, c f	6	1	0	2
Totals	27	24	3	14	Totals	27	20	7	8

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Star	1	11	5	0	2	1	3	3	0—24
Independent	5	0	1	0	6	1	0	6	1—20

Umpire—Mr. W. Griffiths, of the Excelsior Club. Scorers—Messrs. Sterling and Noyes. Time of game—One hour and forty-five minutes.

ACTIVE vs. WESTERN.

Indianapolis was the scene of a contest between these crack Indiana clubs on the 25th ult. The Actives are the champions of the State, and have not met defeat yet this season, except at the hands of the Athletics and Atlantics. The Westerns contested the game very fairly with them, but were not equal to the task of defeating them, as the appended score will show:—

Western.	H. L.	R.	Active.	H. L.	R.
Daniels, p	4	2	McVey, p	3	5
Sulgrove, 3d b	3	3	Bussell, c f	1	6
Stoner, s s	3	3	Brown, r f	3	5
Norwood, 2d b	1	3	Thayer, s s	4	4
Williams, l f	3	2	Dean, c	2	5
McDonald, r f	4	1	Smithers, l f	4	3
Webster, 1st b	4	1	Butler, 2d b	5	1
Blane, c f	4	2	Morrison, 3d b	5	1
Fisher, c	3	3	Spann, 1st b	3	5
Total		21	Total		33

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Active	5	3	7	1	2	3	3	8	3—34
Western	2	0	6	1	0	1	5	2	4—21

Umpire—Mr. Riggs, of the Mutual Club. Time of game—Three hours and thirty minutes.

GREAT WESTERN vs. COPEE.

In Cincinnati, on the 26th, the Great Westerns sustained a surprising defeat at the hands of the Copees, of Covington, Ky., a recent junior, but now senior club, the score being as follows:—

Copee.	H. L.	R.	Great Western.	H. L.	R.
Taylor, c	4	5	Beggs, 2d b	3	2
Barnes, 2d b	3	5	Black, p	4	2
Scott, s s	3	4	Thompson, 3d b	3	2
Graham, l f	4	5	Baker, r f	2	3
Reed, c f	4	3	Kalish, c	2	4
Brosmore, p	1	7	Riemeyer, 1st b	4	0
Grant, 3d b	2	7	Stiles, s s	3	1
Sheap, r f	6	3	Liebern, l f	2	1
Beam, 1st b	2	5	Gartick, c f	4	0
Total		44	Total		15

Umpire—Fred. Waterman, Cincinnati Club.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH AND OUR BALL CLUBS.—As usual, the ball clubs of this vicinity and in fact of the whole country, are making extensive preparations to celebrate the anniversary of Independence Day in an appropriate manner. From present appearances more match games will be played on that day than on any other occasion during the season. Thanksgiving Day is generally looked upon as a great holiday among the ball tossers, but the Fourth of July will beat it this year by long odds. The following games have been already announced:—

Gramercy, of New York vs. Trimountain, at Riverside Park, Boston; Oriental of Brooklyn vs. Princeton, at Princeton, N. J.; Atlantics vs. Buckeye, at Cincinnati; Oriental of New York vs. Riverside of Norwich, Conn., at Norwich; Star of Brooklyn vs. Yale College, New Haven; Alert of South Norwalk vs. Harmonic of Brooklyn, at Norwalk; Harmonic vs. Alert (second nines), at Norwalk, Conn., 10:30 A. M.; Lone Star of Middletown vs. Monticello Club, of Monticello, N. Y. The Allegheny Club of Pittsburgh, Penn., will visit Detroit, Mich., on the 4th, where they play the Detroit Club. There will be a local base ball tournment at Salem, Wis., on the 4th. A purse of $50 is offered as a prize for the best club in the county. There will be the Onalaska, Salem, Lewis Valley, and perhaps other clubs there to contend for the prize.

TOUR OF THE ECLIPSE CLUB, OF CHESTER, PENN.—The Eclipse Club left home on the 23d June, on their annual tour through the State. They arrived in Philadelphia on the 24th, where they played the Commonwealth Club, the result being a victory for the Eclipse by 25 to 23. Harrisburg was reached on the 25th, but the Tyroleans not being able to muster a nine, they left for Lebanon, where they met the Lebanon Club. The meeting ended in a signal victory for the Eclipse, the score being 35 to 15. Not being able to get on a game with the Westmoreland Club, at Greenburgh, they next turned their attention to Pittsburgh, and on the 26th inst. played the Olympic Club, of that place. The game came off at Union Park, Allegheny, and the Olympics were the victors by the handsome totals of 35 to 19. This was the final game of the trip, and the Eclipse boys returned home on the 27th inst. well satisfied.

THE KEYSTONE, of Philadelphia, has accepted an invitation from the Pastime, of Baltimore, and will play them on Saturday, July 4th. They will take the 11 P. M., train on Friday evening, and will witness the game between the Maryland and Olympic clubs, to be played in the morning. Cope, Dick and Woods, late of the Keystone, now play with the two last mentioned clubs.

THE PASTIME CLUB, of Norfolk, Va., beat the District of Columbia Club, of Old Point, at the latter place, on the 18th inst., by a score of 23 to 19.

A BAD DEFEAT.—The Paragon Club, of Baltimore, Md., took a trip to Havre de Grace on the 20th ult., and suffered defeat by a score of 71 to 47.

BIG BEAT.—On Thursday, 25th ult., the second nine of the Cincinnati Club beat the second nine of the Great Westerns by a score of 72 to 11.

A PRACTICE GAME.—The first and second nines of the Passagassawakeag Club, of Belfast, Me., played a game on the 20th ult., which resulted in the success of the former, who scored 63 to 29.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF MISSOURI.—On Thursday, 25th ult., the second game of the series between the Union and Empire Clubs, of St. Louis, Mo., for the State Championship, took place, and resulted in the success of the former by a score of 39 to 17.

THE CLIPPER, OF LOWELL.—This club won nine balls and four bats last year, instead of three balls and two bats, as previously stated.

MONITOR VS. GRANT.—The former, of Indiana, Pa., and the latter, of Chambersville, Pa., recently played a game, which the namesakes of the iron-clad won by a score of 77 to 21.

HARVARD COLLEGE VS. PRINCETON COLLEGE.—The nine of the former and the Nassau Club, of Princeton (N. J.) College, played a game on Jervis' Field, Cambridge, Mass., on the 22d ult. At one time the score stood 7 to 13 against the Harvards, but the indomitable pluck and coolness of the nine, with the nervousness of some of the New Jersey batsmen, saved them from defeat by 17 to 16.

BALL PLAY IN CINCINNATI.—On the 19th ult., the Great Westerns beat the Walnut Hill Club after a remarkably close contest, by a tally of 13 to 11......The Buckeyes' second nine won a trophy from the Greenwoods of California, O., by a score of 32 to 20, on the afternoon of the 20th ult......On the same day the Cincinnati Juniors got away with the Avondale Club, scoring 55 to 23.

ST. LOUIS CHAMPIONSHIP.—A game for the championship, between the Union and Empire Clubs, of St. Louis, was played in that city on the 19th ult., the Union winning by a score of 21 to 18......The Juniors of the same club also had a match recently, which the Junior Unions won by a score of 42 to 39.

AN UNDECIDED GAME.—The Pacific and Lone Star Clubs of Indianapolis, Ind., played a match upon the grounds of the latter on the 20th ult. Upon the termination of the eighth innings, the Pacifics, who were one run ahead, the score standing 32 to 31, refused to play any further. We give the innings:—

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Pacific	6	3	7	6	3	2	2	3—32
Lone Star	1	2	4	4	9	2	7	2—31

GAME IN ALABAMA.—In Selma, Ala., a few days since, a match was contested by the Central City and Athletic Clubs, of that place, the first game resulting, Central City, 57; Athletic, 23. The second game stood:—Athletics, 47; Central City, 20.

THE TURF.

Horse Fair at Mystic Park.

A LARGE ATTENDANCE AND EXCELLENT RACING.

The second grand National Horse Fair, at Mystic Park, Mass., was inaugurated on Wednesday afternoon, 24th ult., under circumstances of the most auspicious character, the attractive programme announced for the opening day, aided by the beautiful weather, having had the desired effect of drawing together an immense number of the citizens of the Hub and vicinity. Shortly past noon the visitors began to assemble, and from half past one o'clock until three, the favorite drive from Boston to the Park was lined with vehicles of various descriptions, while the trains back and forth on the Lowell railroad brought many to the scene. Probably never before did such a multitude of lovely women and brave men gather at this track since it was first opened to the public. The fact that Col. Sprague's promising stallion, Rhode Island, had been entered for the purse of $1,500 against Patchen and Mambrino Prince, induced the attendance of a number of turfites from Providence. In the pool selling Rhode Island brought $150, Patchen $55, and Prince $25. In drawing for position the favorite won the pole, Patchen had second place and the Prince the outside. The judges were W. R. Babcock, of Providence, O. Hamilton, of Boston, and W. G. Bishop, of Long Island.

FIRST RACE.

First Heat.—On the fourth attempt they got off evenly, Rhode Island leaving his feet just after leaving the stand, and Prince taking the pole. The latter led by two lengths at the quarter, and increased it to three at the half mile pole, Rhode Island about two lengths ahead of Patchen. After entering upon the homestretch Rhode Island began to creep upon Prince, lapped him half way down, passed him and won by a length in 2:28¾, the quarter being made in 37½ secs., and the half in 1:13¾.

Second Heat.—The second attempt got them off, Prince leading, Patchen second and the favorite third. Rhode Island quickly made the running, took up the lead, and was never headed, although hard pressed on the back-stretch by Prince, winning by three lengths in 2:31¾. Patchen second.

Third Heat.—The pool selling was now confined to the winner of the second purse, Patchen being the choice. Rhode Island led from the start and won easily by two lengths. Summary:—

MYSTIC PARK, Wednesday, June 24. Purse $1,500—$1,000 to first horse and $500 to second—free to all trotting stallions; mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

Dan Mace named br. s, Rhode Island	1	1	1
Budd Doble named br. s, Mambrino Prince	2	3	2
W. Borst named br. s, George M. Patchen	3	2	3

Time, 2:28¾; 2:31¾; 2:22¼.

SECOND RACE.

This was the principal event of the meeting, was for a purse of $1,500, and the entries comprised those celebrated fast steppers, Lady Thorn, Lucy and Rolla Golddust. Lady Thorn was a strong favorite in the pools, selling for $300, Lucy $61 and Rolla $21.

First Heat.—A fine send-off was secured on the third essay and the horses trotted almost head and head for about sixty yards, when Lucy and Rolla left their feet and Lady Thorn made the first turn a length and a half ahead, which Lucy had reduced to one length at the quarter pole in 35 seconds. They kept these positions until nearing the half mile pole, when Lucy again skippped and the Lady went by it with an increased lead in 1:11. Recovering her feet, Lucy again made a desperate attempt to obtain the lead and once had reached Thorn's wheel, but here the driver of the latter called upon her, and answering nobly, she went away again and won by a length and a half in 2:22½. Rolla acted badly and was distanced.

Second Heat.—The betting now ruled at 4 to 1 on Lady Thorn, whose praises were loudly sounded. At the second trial an excellent start was effected, an exciting brush taking place to the quarter pole, which Lucy passed a neck ahead. The gait was increased on the back straight, Lucy opening a gap of a length which she had slightly increased when she went by the half in 1:10. A break shortly after caused her to lose a trifle, but she more than made up for it by a fine burst, which enabled her to show two clear lengths in the van. Lady Thorn now increased her pace and gained inch by inch upon Lucy, who in her attempt to keep ahead broke, and when she had recovered, Thorn was less than a length distant. She shortly broke again and Thorn went by her and won by a length and a half in 2:24¾.

Third Heat.—A fine start and a close race to the first turn, the horses so close that it was difficult to tell which led, but Lucy again passed the quarter pole a neck ahead, in 35¾ seconds. A skip shortly after gave Lady Thorn a lead of a length and a half. The latter was never deprived of the lead, winning by a length and a half, in 2:25¼. Summary:—

MYSTIC PARK, Thursday, June 25.—Purse $1,500; $1,000 to first horse and $500 to second; open to all horses; mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

Dan Pfifer named b m Lady Thorn	1	1	1
Budd Doble named b m Lucy	2	2	2
L. L. Dorsey named ch g Rolla Golddust	dist		

Time, 2:22½; 2:24¾; 2:25¼.

THIRD AND FOURTH RACES.

The number present upon the closing day was considerably less than upon the two previous, the races being considered of less import. We give the summaries:—

FRIDAY, JUNE 26th.—Purse, $700; $500 to first horse and $200 to second, for horses that never trotted better than 2:30; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

Dan Mace named b g Col. Maynard	3	1	1	1
R. A. Champlin named br g McClellan	4	3	2	2
Wm. H. Borst named b g John J. Bradley	5	4	3	3
J. J. Bowen named blk g India Rubber	1	2	4	dis
H. Brock named s g Sorrel Dan	6	5	dis	
M. Carroll named b g Lexington	5	6	dis	

Time.	Quar.	Half.	Mile.
First heat	0:35	1:11½	2:29½
Second heat	0:37¾	1:14½	2:29
Third heat	0:36½	1:13	2:27½
Fourth heat	0:36½	1:12½	2:27

SAME DAY.—Purse, $300; $200 to first horse and $100 to second; open to all horses that never trotted better than 2:34; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

Wm. Woodruff named gr m Nellie Locke	1	1	1
J. J. Bowen named b m Lady Walton	2	2	2
Hiram Woodruff named gr m Gideon Welles	3	3	dr

Time.	Quar.	Half.	Mile.
First heat	0:37	1:14	2:32½
Second heat	0:37	1:13	2:31½
Third heat	0:37½	1:13½	2:32

Trotting at Chicago.

DEXTER PARK, Chicago, Ill., June 19.—Trot for a purse of $1,000, free for all horses; $700 to the first, $200 for the second, $100 for the third; mile heats, best 3 in five, to harness.

O. W. Dimmick entered s g Silas Rich	1	1	1
M. Golvin entered b s Pilot Temple	2	3	2
H. S. Compton entered b g Kirkwood	3	4	3
Andy Daniels entered b g Palmer	4	5	5
A. W. Fawcett entered c s Bashaw, Jr.	5	2	4
E. Price entered b g Jim Rockey	dr.		

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First Heat	0:37	1:13½	2:25¾
Second Heat	0:37½	1:13	2:26
Third Heat	0:37½	1:13¼	2:27¼

As per announcement the horse Silas Rich was led on the track and the auctioneer, Mr. Jessell, asked for bidders. Only two or three gentlemen showed any disposition to bid for the horse, and he was finally knocked down to G. A. Jessell for $6,000. This was only a "blind," however, that gentleman having bid that amount to save the owner. It is stated, however, that the horse was sold afterward at private sale to George P. Maynard, of Chicago, for a sum greater than $6,000.

A NEW RACE COURSE FOR NEW YORK.—Mr. S. N. Pike, the owner of the new Opera House in Eighth Avenue, in this city, is now engaged in constructing a new race course of immense extent, for both trotting and racing purposes. Its location is between the Hackensack and Passaic Rivers; the originally swampy land having been effectually reclaimed by drainage, by the use of Driggs' Patent Iron Plates, and 4,000 acres are now dyked and all water excluded. Two lines of railroads run direct through the land, and will afford cheap and easy access to New Yorkers.

THE BUFFALO FAIR.—The Buffalo Driving Park Association offer an additional purse of $2,000 for the horse fair to be held this month—$1,000 to any horse making Dexter's time (2:17¼) and $1,000 if in those trials any horse shall make a quarter of a mile in 30 seconds.

TROTTING NEAR PHILADELPHIA.—A spirited trot in harness for a purse of $500, mile heats, best three in five, took place at Point Breeze Park, a short distance from the City of Marble Stoops, on the 22d ult., between Blue Dick, Sunbeam, Seven Sides and Kate Mann. The first named won in three straight heats. Time, 2:37; 2:35¼; 2:37. This was followed by a five mile dash for a purse of $250 between Fanny, Dan and Prince, the latter winning. Time, 14:54.

THE RING.

THE INCARCERATED GLADIATORS.

A VISIT TO COBURN AND McCOOLE IN PRISON.

THEIR PRESENT CONDITION AND FEELINGS.

WHAT McCOOLE HAS TO SAY ABOUT HEENAN.

On Tuesday, 7th inst., three days from the date of our present issue, the allotted term of imprisonment of the rivals for the pugilistic championship, Joe Coburn and Mike McCoole, will expire, and with its near approach there is a perceptible increase of the interest manifested in their undecided match. The public are anxious to know what the final *denouement* will be, and the movements of the principals, after they are once more at liberty to go and come as they list, will be closely watched, and their words and actions be universally commented upon. As we said last week, the men entertain strong hopes of being granted their freedom ere the recurrence of the natal birthday, that they, in common with the balance of our native born and adopted fellow citizens, may join in the festivities attendant upon its annual celebration, and reap the benefits accruing therefrom, but whether or not these "fond hopes" will meet with realization time alone will tell. As soon as they are released a meeting of the men and their backers will be called by the final stakeholder, and then, and not until then, will some definite arrangement be made in reference to the matter. Coburn and McCoole are now the sole occupants of the jail, the Teuton arrested for "pinching" his better-half and the two mokes having served out their terms, and both are gaining flesh rapidly, the western man being more inclined thereto than his companion from Gotham. Up to last week we understand that not a word had passed between them in regard to their engagement, each seeming desirous of avoiding any subject calculated to irritate them, and striving to make the "best out of a bad bargain" by acting in a friendly manner toward each other, indulging in frequent trials of skill at the seductive game of draw poker—at which both are adepts, but Joe generally managed to get the best of his antagonist—eating, smoking and drinking together, Mike usually wrestling with "pure old Monongahela rye" or "Martelle brandy," and Joseph sticking pretty closely to Scotch ale. Some persons are disposed to regard this state of affairs as indicative of "something" not at all creditable to the principals, but any one who views the matter in the proper light will admit that such a course is very commendable, situated as they are, for, being compelled to pass the hours together whether they will or no, it would be the height of folly to allow their personal feelings or professional rivalry to intrude and render all the more unpleasant their period of imprisonment. All this will be, in all probability, speedily brought to an end when they are released and their respective factions get hold of them—then will commence a war of words which will let all know what their wishes are to the letter and revive the interest which has lain dormant since the first few days of their incarceration. In connection with this we herewith reproduce the following interesting communication, clipped from the columns of the Cincinnati *Inquirer* of the 25th ult:—

"To gratify our curiosity as to the manner in which the celebrated exponents of the fistic art, McCoole and Coburn, fare at their quarters in the Lawrenceburg jail, we yesterday paid them a flying visit. On alighting from the cars we proceeded to the jail, and were welcomed by Colonel Arnold, the efficient Sheriff of the county. On making known our errand we were shown to a side room, where we found McCoole sitting in an open window reading a paper. He looked as fresh as he did on the morning of May 27, when he shied his castor into the ring at Cold Springs, Indiana, and claimed the battle money. On that day he weighed two hundred and five pounds, and now turns the scales at two hundred and forty-six pounds—a gain of forty-one pounds in twenty-six days. He is in excellent health and spirits, although he says he would rather give $100 a day than remain in his present position. He is very anxious to have the matter decided by a fair fight. In regard to the prospect of a mill between himself and Heenan, (a rumor to that effect having been ventilated in a western paper,) McCoole stated that he had received no direct challenge, but it had been intimated that he would soon receive it. This, however, he did not believe. He had no idea that Heenan meant fight, for if he did he would have issued a challenge in the regular manner, and deposited a forfeit to back it in the hands of some responsible person in New York. He said he had no idea that Heenan ever intended to appear in the ring again. We then asked him, "provided" Heenan does challenge you, will you accept? To this he replied that he did not desire to make any more matches until the present one had been brought to a satisfactory termination. After that he would be willing to meet Heenan, O'Baldwin, Allen, Elliott, or any other man who desired to encounter him. McCoole considers the numerous challenges issued by the latter as worth nothing, and states positively that he does not believe Elliott wants to fight anybody. After pursuing the subject a little further, McCoole said that he was almost getting tired of the business of fighting, and after the termination of the affair with Coburn, if no challenges were awaiting his approval or disapproval, he had almost made up his mind to retire entirely from the ring and attend strictly to the business of his saloon in St. Louis. He says that during the past three summers he has idled away most of his time in training, &c., with very little profit to himself. This, he says, was particularly the case during the past four or five months. From the tone of his conversation it is not at all improbable that after the close of the engagement with Coburn he will be booked on the retired list of pugilists.

"We inquired for Coburn, and were told by McCoole that he was asleep in one of the rooms occupied by Sheriff Arnold and his family. He soon made his appearance, however, whistling a negro minstrel melody. He is very much improved in his physical condition, and stated to us that he was never in better condition in his life than on the day on which the fight was set, for his weight was only 147 pounds. Since that time he has gained thirty pounds, making his weight yesterday 177 pounds. He is also exceedingly anxious for the fight to come off, and—so we should judge from his conversation—seems much pleased with the prospect of an early day being set for it by the referee. He denies having been sick on the day set for the fight, and claims that he would have gone into the ring in good condition had it not been for magisterial interference. We think, however, that Coburn is mistaken as to his health on that day, as a large number of those who saw him will testify. He was quite unwell, but would no doubt have done his best had he been permitted to face the western champion. He might even have vanquished the latter. Nothing is, of course, known as to what would have been the result of the battle had it occurred, and it is useless to pursue the subject any further. They will then come to this city, and after remaining a day or two will proceed to New York, Denny O'Brien accompanying McCoole. As a place for meeting, Coburn would prefer Canada. To this McCoole objects, and would like to name some quiet place in West Virginia, or the interior of Kentucky. Both McCoole and Coburn express themselves highly pleased with the gentlemanly treatment of Sheriff Arnold and a large number of the citizens of Lawrenceburg. They are deprived of nothing which their appetite or taste could desire, except their liberty, and this only in part. They are never locked up in a cell, and are allowed to roam about the city day or evening, at their leisure, in company with one of the deputy sheriffs. This treatment is certainly all they could expect."

A DISTINGUISHED PUGILISTIC ARRIVAL.

JEM WARD, EX-CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, IN AMERICA.

During the past winter and spring our shores have been visited by many professors of various branches of sport from the land of the rose, all of whom have received a generous welcome, and, as long as they have conducted themselves properly, have met only with kind treatment upon all hands, and generally found their worldly condition to have been greatly improved by their venture across the billows of the stormy Atlantic. The latest and decidedly the most important arrival has been that of the celebrated ex-champion gladiator and quite famous painter, James Ward, a member of that school of which Cribb and Spring were honored exponents, and who was in his prime when "the institution," in Britain, was fostered and patronized by the better classes, and those who entered the ring to contend for "the belt" fought more for the honor attending the victory than for the amount of filthy lucre dependent on the result—when matches were made and carried out in good faith and "barneys" were of seldom occurrence. Americans who have visited Liverpool and had the good fortune there to form the acquaintance of "Old Jem" cannot forget the warmth of the welcome he ever extended nor the hospitality which he was always foremost to offer to those who came to him, strangers in a strange land, evincing a kindness of heart and generosity of nature seldom encountered, and which should be highly prized whenever it is found. He always seemed to feel that he was unable to do enough for those who called upon him, continually trying to discover some little additional favor to show them and doing all in his power to render their sojourn in a foreign land pleasurable. Appreciating this disinterested kindness, and anxious to reciprocate in some manner, those who have partaken of his hospitality have for a long time been trying their utmost to induce the veteran to visit the New World, frequently making very brilliant offers, but, although desirous of acceding to their wishes, a deep rooted repugnance to a voyage across the briny deep has until now kept him at home. At last, however, after withstanding these temptations for years, he felt that he should not die happily unless he had planted his foot upon the shores of a country of which he had heard so much, and the sons of which had so liberally patronized and treated him with so much respect in his own country, and accordingly at the earnest solicitation of a few very particular friends he made up his mind to come, and booking himself on board the City of London, on her last trip from England, arrived at this port on the 28th ult., after a very pleasant voyage. Upon his arrival he was met by his staunch friend, Tom Dent, of the Phœnix Hotel, 69 Main street, Brooklyn, and several others, although had the vessel not arrived sooner than was anticipated the "reception committee" would have been much larger.

Mr. Ward was born December 25, 1800, and fought at 175 lbs. His first fight was with D. Acton, for £25, which he won in 6 rounds, lasting 14 min. 30 sec., June 12, 1822; next encountered Burke (brother to Woolwich Burke), whom he also beat, in 7 minutes, £20, Sept. 10, 1822; fought a draw with Bill Abbott, £50, 22 rounds, Oct. 22, 1822; beat Ned Baldwin, £5, 19 minutes, 20 rounds, Feb. 4, 1823; beat Rickers, £60, 15 minutes, 8 rounds, July 4, 1823; beat Jemmy, the Black, purse, 18 minutes, 8 rounds, Aug. 20, 1823; beaten by Josh Hudson, 100 gs., 36 minutes, 14 rounds, Nov. 11, 1823; beat Sampson, £100, 48 minutes, 25 rounds, June 21, 1824; beat him again, £100, 37 minutes, 30 seconds, 27 rounds, Dec. 28, 1824; beat Tom Cannon, £1000, 10 minutes, 10 rounds, July 19, 1825; beat Phil. Sampson, turn up, 10 rounds, June 30, 1826; beaten by Peter Crawley, £200, 26 minutes, 11 rounds, Jan. 2, 1827; beat Jack Carter, £100, 32 minutes, 16 rounds, May 27, 1828; forfeited £100 to Simon Byrne, March 10, 1829; beat Byrne, £400, 77 minutes, 33 rounds, July 12, 1831. On the 14th of July, 1831, a champion's belt, not transferable, was presented to Mr. W., at a testimonial benefit tendered Harry Holt, familiarly known as the "Cicero of the Ring."

Although now in his sixty-eighth year, Mr. Ward looks many years younger, his iron constitution seems but little impaired by the lapse of years, and he retains much of the vigor and skill which distinguished him in youth. He will remain among us for sometime, making his home while in the City of Churches with Mr. Dent and will probably pass much of his time and see his friends, while in the metropolis, at Ed. Wilson's, on Bleecker street, one door from Greene. He will doubtless visit various parts of the country during his sojourn, and we bespeak for him a most hearty American welcome at the hands of all who admire honesty, fair dealing and true worth. In our next issue we propose to give a portrait of Mr. W., that all who may not have a chance to see him in person may, at least, look upon his counterfeit presentment.

GAME BATTLE BETWEEN TYROS.—For sometime past considerable animosity has existed between a couple of up-towners, "Yellow" Davis and Tim Crowley, and for the purpose of deciding their differences and settling once for all who was the better man with nature's battering rams, they mutually agreed to disfigure each other's physiognomy for a one hundred dollar purse, contributed by a number of those who admire fistic displays and thought that here was an excellent opportunity to see some sport worth the witnessing, which the sequel proved to be the case. The principals and those who were entrusted with the secret, not many in number, *rendezvoused* at the National Hotel, Hunter's Point, L. I., on Saturday night, close on to the "witching hour," and at break of day set forth for the chosen *locale*, near the toll-gate at Dutch Kills, where a suitable spot had been picked out. A few minutes before four o'clock all was ship-shape and the combatants entered the circle, Davis having for seconds Johnny Drumgoole and Teddy McAuliffe, and Crowley being waited upon by Mike Coburn and Pat Barrett. The weight of the former was 150lbs., while the latter lowered the beam at 160lbs., each being in tolerably good condition, having made good use of what little time they had to train. The speculation was about even at the commencement of the fight, but the superior skill and judgment exhibited by "Yaller" during the first score of rounds had the effect of influencing the betting largely in his favor, he having during that time gained first blood and first knock-down. They kept battering away at each other with the utmost gameness for one hour and forty minutes, during which they contested one hundred and four rounds, with considerable damage to both, when Davis delivered a foul blow and Tim was declared the victor. The crowd was very orderly and the affair conducted so quietly that the police failed to even scent the battle afar off.

THE ASSASSINATION OF TIMOTHY HEENAN.—In the Philadelphia Court of Oyer and Terminer, on June 27th, Gerard Eaton and William Neill were jointly arraigned upon an indictment found the day previous, charging them, together with James Trainor, with the murder of Timothy Heenan on the 12th of the month, and pleas of not guilty were entered. Their counsel then moved for a continuance for the term, which was resisted by the District Attorney, who said that this case grew from a crying outrage committed almost within a square of this court, and in the public highways, and the only remedy for this thing was a speedy and proper punishment of the perpetrators. This course had checked the butchery of old women, and if vigorously pursued it would put a stop to murders in the streets. Counsel for defense replied that while he favored speedy justice, he strenuously disapproved of injustice and undue haste. This was a most important case, the trial of which should be approached with caution and care. The bill of indictment had been found only the day before, and by any day of this week he could have prepared a proper defence. Eaton, upon being sworn, stated that several eye-witnesses most important to the defence were at present absent from the city, but were expected to return within a week or two. Judge Ludlow said that the Court, while agreeing with the prosecuting officer in his views of necessity of speedy trials in aggravated cases, yet could not ignore the rights of any defendant, and determined to investigate every such case as this with the most deliberate and calm consideration. Here the prisoner had sworn to the absence of material witnesses and had thus brought himself within the rules. The case should, therefore, be continued for the term.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE LIGHT-WEIGHTS.—On Wednesday, 1st inst., the final instalment of $250 a side in the interesting match between Sam. Collyer, the experienced ring artist, and Billy Edwards, the accomplished manipulator of the la'ricades, has to be deposited at this office before four o'clock, P. M., upon which occasion the toss for choice of ground will take place. Collyer arrived in this city on Saturday, 25th ult., and appeared that evening for the benefit of Tony Pastor, in a spar with Dick Holliwood, which drew a goodly number of the sporting fraternity to the Opera House and was one of the best sets-to we've witnessed in a long time, occupying half a dozen rounds, during which each was "warmed" in a manner highly uncomfortable at such a sultry season of the year. Sam. left for the Hub of the Universe, in company with Tony's *Corps*, on the evening of the 28th, but will have a representative present on Wednesday to stake and toss for him. Edwards returned from Boston—where he and Dooney Harris gave an exhibition to an exceedingly small audience on the 20th ult.—last week, and will very likely be present to see to matters in person. Billy has not yet settled upon any place whereat to take his exercise, but will early ensconce himself somewhere in the neighborhood of the metropolis.

MILLING IN JERSEY.—Early on the morning of the 28th ult. a couple of heavy-weight novices from the land of sweet potatoes, named respectively Harry Vinton, of Hudson City, and Bill Stackmaster, of Jersey City, met at a retired spot near Pen Horn and proceeded to settle a dispute by an appeal to muscle and skill in the use of their mawleys. Each man has seen his thirtieth birthday, and neither is far from two hundred pounds in weight. The first few rounds were all in favor of Stackmaster, but now he fell away, and until the twentieth bout each gave as good as he received, when Vinton began to take the lead, having gained his second wind, and treated his antagonist to repeated severe falls. He shortly dropped away weak again, however, and upon time being called for the 34th round neither man showed any desire to resume, and it was decided to call it a draw. Both men were severely punished, several of Vinton's ribs being broken.

LITTLE FIGHT IN VIRGINIA.—A brace of well known residents of Jefferson Ward, Richmond, Va., named respectively Pat Lee and Jack Wren, had a little "difikilty" on the evening of the 22d ult. at the York depot, the issue of which was the emanation of a challenge from one of the parties and its prompt acceptance by the other, with the proviso that it should be decided in accordance with the *code fistique*. The men, with a few friends, took their departure at an early hour on the morning of the 23d ult. for a spot on the south side of the James river, out of the jurisdiction of the municipal authorities, where a ring was formed, and Pat quickly stepped in, accompanied by Bill Pearsley and Jack Finn, being followed soon afterwards by Jack Wren, having as attendants his brother Dan and Bob Allen. Bill Holmes officiated as referee. They fought seventeen rounds in a determined manner, when Lee, who administered a number of severe body blows, was hailed the victor.

THE FIGHT FOR THE 2D INST.—The one thousand dollar match between Johnny Blackey, of this city, and Hank McCotter, of Albany, has to be decided on Thursday, 2d inst., at a point not more than two hundred nor less than one hundred miles from the cities of New York and Albany. "Good men and true," who wish to take the affair in hand can find out all requisite particulars without our giving them here. Excellent accounts concerning the condition of the men come to us from their respective quarters. Butt Riley has had charge of McCotter and Jack Sheffield of Blackey ever since they went into training. The betting is strongly in favor of the Albanyite, made so principally by the fact that he is a much larger framed man than his opponent, and attributable to some extent to the coolness and self reliance which he exhibits, while many think that, although confident, Johnny's nervous and excitable temperament will operate to his disadvantage and tend to make him commit some violation of the rules. However this will, we trust, be satisfactorily settled ere another issue of the CLIPPER.

GOOD BATTLE BETWEEN NOVICES.—The ring goers of Leeds and district had a rich treat afforded them on the 16th ult., in the shape of an off-hand mill for £5 a side, between Teddy Carney, of York, and Patsey Gillan, of Leeds. The meet was at Swillington Bridge, near Woodlesford, about six miles from Leeds, Eng. They speedily got to work, and fought twenty-seven rounds in one hour and eight minutes, when Gillian received a smasher on the ivories from Carney's right, which sent him to grass, and his party then threw up the sponge. Both men fought well and were very ably seconded, the winner bearing sundry marks on his frontispiece, which was rather swollen, owing to his being too fleshy, while Gillan received his share of the punishment on the ribs. Gillan obtained first blood, and Carney was credited with the first knock down blow.

GOING 'OME.—Doony Harris contemplates visiting his native city, London, Eng., should Edwards win the coming fight with Collyer. The question is, will he go?

ED. TUOHEY, who has been in the hospital under treatment for pulmonary complaints for the past three or four weeks, is, we are glad to learn, out again, having been pronounced convalescent.

PATSY SHEPPARD desires us to publicly tender his acknowledgments to John Lord, Bob Wardle, Larry Healey and others, who behaved so handsomely to him during his late sojourn in the City of Elma. He won't forget 'em.

MIKE CARR AND BOB SELLERS are still confined in Providence jail, awaiting their trial, which will not take place until the last week in August. Their health is reported as good as could be expected under the circumstances.

HARRY MORGAN had a rousing benefit at Laramie City, D. T., lately, winding up with a set-to between him and Jimmy Reed, who fought Fitzgerald. Morgan is said to have tried all he could to get on with Johnny Hickey before leaving Omaha, but owing to the latter's alleged misconduct he couldn't get backers.

JIM FOX, the popular east side boxer, is wasted to a mere shadow by consumption, and is not expected to live the summer through.

☞ We have letters for Barney Aaron, Sam. Collyer and Mr McElroy.

BILLIARDS.

ANOTHER PROPOSITION FROM MELVIN FOSTER.—John McDevitt having declined to accept either of Foster's propositions as to playing the championship match over, for the pending amount, or twice as much, the latter now comes out with a suggestion, that, in order to put at rest the question of superior skill, McDevitt play him for $2,000 a side, in some city midway between Chicago and New York. Foster says he will play any game of billiards whatever.

MATCH FOR $40 IN MONTREAL.—On the 18th ult., at McVittie's Royal Billiard Room, Montreal, there was a match for $40 between Alponse Lafortune and John Hickey, in the course of which the following score was made:—

Hickey.—0, 10, 11, 6, 20, 0, 0, 0, 20, 0, 0, 24, 10, 0, 0, 15, 24, 12, 25, 7, 0, 2, 0, 15, 4, 0, 0, 0, 2, 4, 0, 0, 0, 16, 10, 3, 4, 26, 2, 43, 3, 0, 5, 8, 2, 2, 8, 6, 0, 2, 8, 0, 0, 5, 10, 3, 2, 12, 4, 7, 0, 0, 13, 10, 0, 0, 0, 3, 7, 7, 0, 21, 6, 11, 16, 0, 0, 0, 5.—Total, 501. Average, 6¾.

Lafortune.—0, 11, 0, 10, 0, 0, 2, 0, 0, 9, 2, 14, 6, 9, 13, 2, 0, 6, 0, 0, 2, 4, 26, 1, 12, 12, 0, 15, 8, 3, 0, 12, 0, 7, 2, 20, 1, 0, 13, 7, 10, 3, 0, 6, 4, 0, 0, 0, 8, 13, 0, 16, 0, 0, 4, 13, 7, 8, 3, 2, 5, 10, 0, 14, 0, 0, 0, 34, 2, 0, 8, 0, 4, 35, 22, 3, 10, 5.—Total, 442. Average, 6 1-20.

EXHIBITION IN HUDSON STREET.—The opening of the new room at 500 Hudson street took place on the 22d ult., when Michael Phelan and Frank Dennison gave an exhibition of billiards proper, and also of fancy shots. The only game played consisted of 500 points, which Dennison, having made two runs of more than 100, won by about 250. Both then tried their hands at fancy shots, which were creditably executed. The room, which has four standard American tables, and presents a fine appearance, is kept by Mr. Thomas Horner.

PROSPECTIVE OPENINGS.—The billiard room of the Metropolitan Hotel, Long Branch, is to be opened in the course of the present week. The grand room of the brothers Dion, on Great St. James street, Montreal, is to be opened on the 10th inst. Michael Phelan and other experts from the States will assist.

LEFT PHILADELPHIA.—John Deery is again in this city, having given up business at the corner of Tenth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia.

AN INJUNCTION ON THE STAKES.—Melvin Foster will not give up the stakes until John McDevitt consents to accept of arbitration. As yet no decision as to whether McDevitt is entitled to the stakes has been arrived at. The stakeholder has declined to give up the money until a decision be given. Whether one will be given or not depends altogether upon McDevitt, who thus far has refused to afford a chance for any decision.

ST. LOUIS BILLIARDS.—A match game of billiards, one thousand points, was played at the Eldorado Billiard Hall, St. Louis June 19th, for fifty dollars a side, between Harry Wyman champion of amateurs, and Billy Christian, ex-champion, resulting in the defeat of the former by 48 points. Much excitement was manifested by the friends of both parties, and considerable outside betting was done.

MY WIFE'S TEA PARTY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Last Thursday night, my wife took it in
To her head to have a party;
There was Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith,
Both stout and jolly and hearty;
And Mrs. Jenks and Mrs. Rice,
And the two old sisters, Walker,
And, of course, she had young Mrs. Grey,
She is *such* a beautiful talker.

And besides all these were twenty more
Of old and young beginners,
And some were pretty good looking ones,
And some were as ugly as sinners;
But at one thing all were pretty well matched—
To talk they were all quite able—
And there were as many different tongues
As were heard at the tower of Babel.

My wife, of course, was all ribbons and smiles—
You know she's a fine looking creature;
But Mrs. Jenks, she looked sour and cross,
As though she'd be happy to eat her;
My wife passed the tea, and the cream, and the toast,
And the tea things beginning to rattle,
The talk and the tumult, the din and the noise
Was like that of a terrible battle.

"My dear Mrs. Jones," said the grim Mrs. Jenks,
"I'm all of a heat and a flutter."
"What at, Mrs. Jenks?" "At the news, Mrs. Jones—
Will somebody pass me the butter?"
"What is it—what news?—pray tell us, be quick!"
They were all of them anxious and nervous;
Mrs. Jenks shook her head, gave a grunt and a groan,
And muttered—"O, goodness preserve us!"

"You all of you know that Miss Watkins—the bold
And impudent Sunday School Teacher—
Well, she's gone and she's done it—she's cut and run
Away with young Tompkins, the preacher!"
A hush of a moment, then shrieks and then yells—
None seemed for a moment to doubt it;
And if they didn't have just the jolliest time
Then I don't know nothing about it.

"I know it," shrieked old Mrs. Brown—"I saw
Him wink at her only last Sunday."
"And I," shrieked Miss Banks, "I caught them both
Out walking together on Monday."
"And last night," sobbed sweet Mrs. Smith, "they walked
Home from the Conference meeting."
"Ah!" grunted dear Mrs. Jones, "how I'd like
To give them an outrageous beating!"

Then Mrs. Jenks rose in her strength and her might,
And began to grow rosy and fuzzy;
"He deserves to be strangled, the villainous wretch,
And she to be horsewhipp'd, the Luzzy;
If *I* had such a husband, I'd—I'd—
Yes, and I will not pretend to deny it"—
And here she got hoarse and exceedingly red—
"I'd grind him to bits! let him try it!"

From this things began; I had no idea
There was so much demoralization;
But I learned that around us in that little town
Were gathered the sins of the nation;
Each guest had a gossiping story to tell,
And each tried to outstrip the other;
Things soon got so mixed that you couldn't at all
Tell one woman's story from t'other.

"Mr. Black got tipsy and beat his wife."
"How *could* Mrs. Bannister dress so?"
One winked and put her thumb to her nose,
And another said "I guess so."
"Mr. Ray was in debt for the clothes on his back,
And was courting the younger Miss Thompson,
Pray how could she bear the horrid thing
After the way he had treated Miss Johnson?"

And "Mr. T. had taken Miss Earle
Out several Sundays a riding;"
Mrs. Dennison's husband had gone and left
Behind him no sign or tiding."
"Hanging was too good for" so and so;
Such a one was "suspected of murder;"
And Jones whisper'd something to Mrs. Jenks
And said—"don't let it go any furder."

"Miss S. was engaged to a very old man;"
Somebody's cloak was a "darling;"
Some were a shouting quite loud, and Jones,
She was a grumbling and snarling.
Mrs. Jenks, growing redder again in the face,
Was accusing somebody of arson,
When—a rap at the door—and who should walk in,
My eyes! but young Tompkins, the parson.

All was still in a trice; every eye turned at once,
Including Marm Jenks', upon him;
I expected nought else than that darling old soul
Would pounce down on the parson and bone him;
I certainly thought that the crowd would proceed
In their virtuous wrath to half kill him—
When Jenks stood up straight, shook her fist in his face,
And muttered distinctly—"you villain!"

But Tompkins was cool—he unflinchingly said,
Without any signs of confusion—
"I beg pardon all, for this peremptory call,
And trust you'll excuse the intrusion;
Some business called me to a neighboring town,
Where I met Mr. Jenks *with a lady*,
And he asked me to be the kind bearer of this
Little note to his wife." No more said he.

Mrs. Jenks grew much redder—I thought she would burst;
I'd a good mind to unfasten her collar!
She tore open the note, glanced her eye down the page,
And began then to shriek and to holler;
She dashed off her specs, tore her clothes and her hair,
And then commenced pounding the table;
The company picked up the note she had dropped,
And howled with what strength they were able.

I could stand it no longer; I chased them all out;
I told them to start, and they started;
And I stood 'mid the wreck, and thus calmly surveyed
The scene after they had departed.
Mrs. Jenks had gone off in a swoon; I ain't sure
But in my great rage I had hit her—
At any rate, she was conveyed from my house
By six men and a boy, on a litter.

I picked up the document they left behind.
It read:—"Mrs. Jenks—ere this letter
Can reach you, I shall be off many miles
With one I love truly, and better
Than e'er I did you; her name you well know—
Miss Watkins—she ain't a gossip, nor snappy,
Which if you wasn't both, we might still have been
Together, contented and happy."

It was signed by her husband; and so, instead
Of its being young Tompkins, the preacher,
It was *Mr. Jenks* who had just cut and run
Away with the Sunday school teacher!
I couldn't but think, as I laid my head
That night on my downy pillow,
That as for that gossiping Mrs. Jenks
A righteous judgment befell her.

Tea-parties, I fancy, are all very fine,
I hardly think we'll have another;
I can't, for the life of me, see why it is
That gossip and tea go together.
Supposing we all of us take, if you please,
A lesson from this, and don't credit
More than half that we hear, or at least, if we do,
Be sure of its TRUTH 'ere we spread it!

J. H. B

EXCITING TIMES ON A RACE TRACK.

The turf sometimes affords scenes other than those of the horse race or trotting match, and not unfrequently frauds are perpetrated by the "respectable" turf sharp, which the prize fighter or pedestrian would repudiate with scorn. We all remember the premeditated slaughter of a jockey, near Chicago, a year or two ago by turfmen who wished to save their bets; a life sacrificed by "gentlemen of the turf" for a few paltry dollars.

There was a variety of "sport" given at the Greenland Race Course, near Louisville, on the 19th of June, of which the daily papers out there treated their readers to graphic reports. In the saloon gambling of every description was going on, while on the course a fox chase first came off, followed by a horse race. Next about a bushel of rats were put into a circular cage, to be killed by dogs. Then a coon was put in an elbow-shaped tunnel, to be drawn out by dogs. Then a monstrous wild cat was fastened to a stake by a chain eight feet long, and two bull dogs successively set upon him. The contest with the first dog was protracted and doubtful, but a door having been accidentally left open a pack of fox hounds pounced upon the cat. They were driven off with difficulty, when the second dog was brought in. After some indecisive fighting, the dog finally collared the cat and flopped him on the ground, after which he succeeded in fastening his teeth in the cat's neck. The cat in the meantime made terrible havoc of the dog's flesh with its long claws, and the blood poured in streams from both. At the end of five minutes they were with great difficulty torn apart, and the dog was awarded the collar.

A medium sized black bear was next brought into the ring and chained to the stake. A bull dog was set at him. The bear knocked him heels over head by a stroke of his paw. The dog retreated, and it was quite a time before he could be induced to make another attack. He finally rushed in and fastened his teeth in the bear's throat, while bruin keeled over and hugged him fondly for a time, when he commenced scalping the dog with his fore paws, and thumping him in the ribs with his hind feet. The dog fought the bear gamely for ten minutes, at the end of which time he was shockingly cut up, and they were separated. A second dog was beaten and a third horribly lacerated. A fourth was seized by the bear and almost hugged to death. The dog would not let go, but was at last taken away

A huge bull, named "Rebel," was now led into the interior of a ring, and fastened to a stake by a rope fifteen feet in length. One bull dog, who was put in the ring to bait the bull, took fright and ran off. Another dog was tossed by the ferocious animal, who finally broke loose, but was recaptured and fastened by two very large ropes. The brindle dog which stuck to the bear so gamely was then turned loose, and he "went for" the bull with a rush. The dog was tossed a distance of from thirty to forty feet in the air a number of times, and badly stamped once or twice. It was deemed advisable to turn in another dog, which was done, and still the bull had all the advantage, tossing and kicking them with terrible force. The third bull dog was finally turned in, when "Rebel" became furious: he leaped and lunged, throwing the dogs all together in the air, and kicking them as they came down. In one of his terrific leaps he stamped the life nearly out of the game brindle dog and broke loose again, darting into the very midst of the large crowd behind the ropes. A terrific scene ensued. In his mad rush the bull tossed a large box on which a number of persons were seated, and the unlucky ones were tumbled violently over each other in the dust.

The people behind the ropes became panic stricken, and a large number of horses attached to buggies and carriages took fright, throwing the whole mass together with a terrible crash, while all who could fled in terror. Fortunately, the rope stretched across the track caught the horn of the bull and brought him to his haunches. Although the horses reared and lunged, mashing some of the vehicles, nobody was seriously hurt, but all were badly scared. The bull was for the third time secured to the stake, and the two dogs left fought him gamely, one seizing his throat and the other his nose. The English thoroughbred slut, belonging to Jack Brown, and only weighing nineteen pounds, took the throat hold on the bull every time and made the best fight. The dogs were all shockingly cut and bruised by the goring and stamping of the bull. In the hardest part of the terrific battle the bull was tangled in the ropes and could not use his legs freely. He came out of the fight fresh and pawing the earth in defiance. This bull was raised in Jefferson County, and is well known for his ferocious disposition. He is very quick and understands how to fight a dog. The crowd drew a long breath, as if relieved from a terrible suspense, when "Rebel" was led out of the ring. Jack Brown's brindle dog, nineteen pounds weight, was awarded the prize, for having made the most scientific fight with the bull. A second fox chase, at sight, in which all the hounds were followed by their owners, wound up the exhibition. The exhibition received the countenance of many men of high standing, and some of the fair sex. Turfites enjoyed the sport much better than they do horse racing, it ap-

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ

No. 11.—Memories of the Park Theatre.

I would not pretend to supply even a summary of the numerous interesting incidents occurring at the Park Theatre during the many years I was a loiterer in the lobby of that venerable establishment. That task I leave to the pen of some future historian of the stage, who, like Dunlap, may exhume from the dust of daily chronicle inexhaustible information with regard to the annals of our latter day drama. I merely contemplate in retrospect the Old Park as a thing of the past, as a great episode in the social drama, in which I, with thousands of other actors, have taken a voluntary although obscure part.

I well remember how the whole town was exercised concerning a riot occurring at the Park Theatre, which, from a trivial cause, resulted in the expulsion of a most charming vocalist primarily from our stage and eventually from the country. The Wood riot, as this disturbance has been styled, was a memorable incident as exhibiting the power of a journal to excite prejudice and the avidity with which the general public enter into the personal quarrels of actors. Mr. and Mrs. Wood were in their time regarded as the leading vocalists of the English stage. Mrs. Wood, as Miss Paton, had won a distinguished reputation, when she retired from the stage for the purpose of marrying a baronet by the name of Alexander, with whom, however, she lived in a condition of marital unhappiness, which culminated in a separation, which gave rise to the propagation of much scandal to the detriment of Lady Alexander. The lady again reappeared on the lyric stage, and upon reaching America was announced as the wife of Mr. Wood, the chief vocalist of the troupe, a very handsome man who had, it was asserted, originally been a pugilist.

The demeanor of Wood towards his associates and colleagues, tyrannical and dictatorial, contributed to augment a prejudice pre-existing against his wife which her admitted talents could scarcely counterbalance. The lady was, however, enthusiastically received by the public and the press, but her injudicious spouse contrived to provoke the animosity of the musical critics, and particularly a gentleman named Hart, attached to the *Courier and Enquirer*, then the leading organ of public opinion. A slight pretext was only wanting to uncork the vials of wrath in store for the ex-pugilist, who was unfortunate enough to afford the desired opportunity for the journalist's vengeance. A minor vocalist having announced for her benefit the most popular opera of the *repertoire*, the Woods retracted at the last hour their promise to appear in the piece, thereby unnecessarily causing disappointment to the audience and financial detriment to the *beneficiaire*. A series of cards appeared in the public prints, which were taken by the press, the *Courier and Enquirer* particularly, as texts for most violent articles against Wood, who was, moreover, charged with having indulged in private conversation in abuse of America and her institutions. This last offence fired the train, and upon the next appearance of the Woods the theatre was taken possession of by a lawless multitude forcing in the doors and occupying the seats to the exclusion of the paying audience, who fled in dismay from the crowd of rough material thronging every avenue leading to the front of the stage. Vainly Wood endeavored to oppose himself to the popular storm; no explanation would be listened to, no apology would be accepted, so, amid the howlings and hootings of an enraged mob, the Woods took their eternal leave of our metropolitan stage.

A scene of quite a different character distinguished the ostracism of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews, who were virtually expelled from the Park boards and the country at large through a most ingenious and peaceable strategy. The elder Matthews had been exceedingly popular with us, and the reputation of Madame Vestris for beauty and ability was as familiar to our citizens as that of any of our own belles. Charles Matthews, lately married to the lady, was accepted as a successful actor and dramatist, but had proved unfortunate as a manager. To repair their shattered fortunes—for both the Vestris and her husband were bankrupts—it was suggested that an engagement be effected for an extended American tour. The Keeleys, the elder Wallack and hundreds of other financially distressed artists, had previously tried the experiment with crowning success, and few among them possessed the advantages in reputation of this celebrated couple. The agent of the Park Theatre having secured their services, they arrived in this country during the summer recess of the theatre.

The advent of the fair daughter of Bartolozzi, the engraver, the hero of more love scrapes than would immortalize a dozen Helens, and that of the son of the most popular and entertaining comedian who had ever visited our shores, was duly chronicled and commented upon. An intense curiosity pervaded all classes to view the twin celebrities, especially the lady, who turned the head of all London, when an alleged impropriety, construed into a national insult, instantaneously eradicated all hope for their professional success. To while away a few summer hours the couple had visited the Catskill Mountain House, at a time when at the hotel there chanced to be sojourning President Van Buren and some of his cabinet, who, like all the other guests, dined at the common table. Although informed of this American custom, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews persisted in demanding their meals to be served up in private, although the Vestris directed her waiting woman to dine at the ordinary. So marked an affront to the person of our chief magistrate could neither be overlooked nor forgiven, and at that moment it appeared to the public doubly aggravated from the fact that the President's son was at that time a species of guest of the British government, having had the honor, moreover, of dancing at a regal ball with the Queen as his partner.

When the season commenced at the Park, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews duly made their appearance in a couple of their most popular characters. The house presented a beggarly array of empty boxes, and I believe with not a solitary lady present. The sparse auditory neither hissed or applauded, and this chilling reception perfectly enervated all the actors. The starring pair thinking to overcome a passing prejudice performed for an entire week, the audience diminishing sensibly upon each successive night, and then convinced that support would be withheld from them in every other section of the country, Mr. Matthews very honorably cancelled an engagement which would have only brought ruin upon an unoffending manager.

It was upon the boards of the Park that the lamented Tyrone Power took his leave of the professional world, having performed there for the last time in his mortal existence. Although by a hundred degrees the superior of other men, assuming to delineate the Irish character, in which specialty he was and has since been inimitable, Mr. Power preferred appearing for the last time in America and as it chanced, in his life, in an English comedy, performing the part of Rover in O'Keefe's comedy of "Wild Oats," with an excellence stamping him as an actor of indisputable talent. A passenger on board of the steam-ship President, his fate has been involved in the mystery attending the presumptive loss of that ill-fated ship. Mr. Power was induced to take passage on this vessel the more particularly on account of its commander, Lieut. Roberts, R.N., being a brother townsman and an intimate acquaintance. This able officer had been in his earlier days commander of the famous privateer "Black Joke," which is reported to have combatted a Spanish frigate for three entire days. He moreover commanded the "Sirius," in which steamship he accomplished the then incredible feat of a direct steam passage across the Atlantic, having anticipated by some hours the arrival of the Great Western, a vessel built expressly for international steam navigation.

Some years after his father's departure Mr. Maurice Power made his appearance, but not having a tithe of his parent's ability, he speedily disappeared from public sight. In fact, his visit could only be regarded as a charity mission, inasmuch as Tyrone Power, placing no confidence in paper securities, had converted the proceeds of his professional labors into specie, which was buried with him in the depths of the sea, and, consequently, his widow and family were left in straitened circumstances.

The arrival of the famous *danseuse*, Fanny Ellsler, the rival of Taglioni, conjured up a speck of discord which, at one time, threatened to fire the minds of the habitual pit-patrons of the Park into riot and rebellion. It was announced that, in consequence of the increased expenses of the *ballet*, the admission price would be doubled. So unwise a proceeding against those who had stuck by the theatre through thick and thin, through good and bad luck, raised a howl of indignation which, finding a vent in the public journals, could not fail to bring the management to reason. Remembrance of the O. P. riots in London, from accounts republished in the Sunday papers, threats of an absolute refusal on the part of a determined public to submit to imposition, and above all the intercession of the lady's representatives, caused a reconsideration of the resolution, which was finally withdrawn. The divine Fanny came, saw and conquered, and never was there more sardine-like packing of animals than during the brilliant dancer's engagement. New York became perfectly rabid on the subject of Ellsler, and for the first time in our theatrical existence we obtained a glimpse of a regularly constituted *ballet*. She was accompanied by a male dancer who styled himself Monsieur Sylvain, and a very good dancer he was, too; and we esteemed him as such until it leaked out that instead of being a genuine foreigner of operatic extraction, he was a Hibernian beneath this Frenchified style, disguising his patronymic of O'Sullivan.

Previously to the coming of Ellsler our saltatorial entertainment was generally limited to a *pas seul*, hornpipe or other dance, executed by a solitary *figurante* between the pieces. Oftentimes we were treated to a *pas de deux*, where a male operator was thrown in, seemingly to hold the lady on his knee with one leg in the air; but when we had a *pas de trois*, which I interpret to mean a male sandwiched between two female dancers, forming an aerial pyramid, our rapture knew no bounds. Well can I call to mind the enthusiasm created by Young Wheatley, as we called the present lessee of Niblo's in those days, and his two sisters, as they executed a complication of figures and *poses* invented by Conway, the aristocratic dancing master, whilom *ballet* master of the Lafayette Theatre in Laurens street, near Canal. Possibly it is in grateful reward for his endeavors in that remote period of the *ballet's* infancy that the beneficent "Black Crook" has, at this late day, outpoured the contents of a golden cornucopia into his managerial lap.

Before the triumph of the divine Fanny the most popular *danseuse* on our stage had been a lady theatrically known as Madamoiselle Augusta, but who in social life was entitled to the title of Countess of St. James, her husband being an exiled veteran expelled from France through the Revolution of 1830. Her chief performance was in Auber's operatic *ballet* of "La Bayadere," which became, through her dancing and the sweetness of music—whose lightness harmonized with our uncultivated taste, as we did not then require more than two drums nor a half dozen fiddles per bar of sheet music—the most popular piece of the time. To Augusta succeeded a Madame Lecomte, a bold, vigorous and dashing *danseuse*, who used to figure in the tomb scene of "Robert, the Devil" with such a freedom of action and lightness of apparel as to call forth exclamations of horror from prudish dames.

For a time Madame Anna Bishop was a bright particular star at the Park, who came to us like many other vocalists, solitary and alone, and unsupported by a proper chorus and other operatic auxiliaries, was compelled to limit her endeavors to solos and popular melodies, which she executed with remarkable brilliancy and grace. Madame Bishop must have been a perfect divinity in the days of her youth, which ought to have been long, long ago, as it is over forty-five years since she eloped with Boscha, the harp player, in whose company she visited our country but a few years back. To Sir Henry Bishop, this lady's husband, we are indebted for the "Last Rose of Summer," "Meet me by Moonlight Alone," and a vast number of other popular songs, the words by Tom Moore, Haynes Bailey and writers of that school. As a species of consolation for the loss of his wife, Bishop was knighted by the sovereign, and hence the deprivation of a better half gave him a title which soon enabled him to make the deficiency from among ambitious plebians. Boscha flourished in this country as an orchestral leader, being among the most enthusiastic in displaying the broadsword exercise over the heads of cat-gut scrapers and horn blowers. I well remember the sensation created among the audience at the Park when the new style of leading an orchestra was introduced by Rophino Lacy, who came to America with Miss Dolby, a pretty woman and pleasing vocalist, whose career with us was, however, neither long nor lucrative. Mr. Lacy had been announced upon the bill as "musical conductor," and as we never before had seen such an article, we were lost in amazement as to what it might turn out to be. Just before the overture was to commence, in stalks the resplendent Lacy, and without further ado takes possession of the leader's desk. Then he draws from his breast-pocket a pair of faultlessly white kid gloves, which he draws on, to our utter astonishment, never having seen the violin played in gloves. A moment after he produced from his coat tail pocket a black object, which we, in plenitude of ignorance, mistook for a flute, a delusion dispelled when, opening the music score before him, he gave a sort of Free Mason's alarm on the tip of the stand. Then our eyes opened in wonder as we watched the motions of his hand, armed with the black rod, which seemed possessed of the properties of a magician's wand as he waved it here, there, to the right, to the left, conjuring up dulcet strains at each particular variation of the exercise. And when the music ceased, and Rophino Lacy threw himself back in his arm chair listless and fagged out, we came to understand what a musical conductor was, and we unanimously voted it a great institution—rather expensive, but decidedly ornamental.

Boscha, while in Paris, must have been a man of great repute in the musical world, and his departure from the French capital can only be accounted for upon supposition of a reluctance to labor for the French government for a term of years, inasmuch that, after his getting safely across the Channel, the judicial authorities condemned him to sixteen years of hard labor for contumacy in not answering to a charge of having forged the names of Wellington, of Boilleau, and of other parties, to certain bonds and obligations. He is likewise charged with having connived at the robbery of a large amount of jewelry taken from the persons of ladies attending his musical festivals, thereby showing that this enterprising genius could direct other things beside the members of an orchestra. In England Boscha did much to popularize the pedal harp, which at one time threatened to become a fashionable instrument in this city; nevertheless the cost of the improved harp, the difficulty of acquiring perfection in its use and the labor of performing on it rendered it secondary to the piano forte, so that now-a-days the harp, as well as the harpsichord of our grandmothers, can be regarded as an obsolete musical contrivance with votaries of the *bon ton*.

Among the long forgotten incidents in the history of the Park can be cited the appearance of a genuine aristocrat, who unsuccessfully sought to win fame in this hemisphere by assuming the part of Hamlet on these boards. The Hon. and Rev. Charles Beresford came to us in the full glory of a noble lineage; being, according to his own story, a full cousin to the Marquis of Waterford—that roystering sprig of nobility, who, arriving at our port in his yacht, "The Gem," had the misfortune of terminating his first and only lark upon our shores by being caged in the city watch house. As a matter of course, all the fashionables of the town were on the *qui vive* to witness the dramatic performance of a live aristocrat, but the common people, especially the pit goers of the Park, entertained no very merciful feelings for one whom they regarded to be either an impostor or a degenerate scion of an ancient stock interloping into an avocation. The Rev. gentleman, proving a most indifferent actor, was soundly "*goosed*" by the critics of the lower house, despite the fulsome flattery of the boxes, and on the morrow he effervesced, to be heard of no more on the American stage.

Another quasi noble amateur, who had created some sensation in the literary and fashionable world, essayed his oratorical abilities on the Park stage with a more favorable result than this reverend honorable. Count Louis Fitzgerald Tasistro came among our uppertendom with a prodigious blowing of trumpets, announcing his pretensions to a foreign title and to the authorship of several remarkable fugitive pieces. Aspiring to be a leader of fashion, and representative of nobility on this side of the water, the Count made a prodigious splurge, until, having eloped with and married a daughter of a city judge, serious doubts were entertained as to the solvency of his pretensions. It was at this juncture in his destiny that this distinguished foreigner determined upon astonishing the nerves of envious New Yorkers by giving a series of tragic representations *en amateur*, asserting that he had previously performed in a like capacity at the patent theatres of London. Mr. Tasistro, who was in reality a gentleman of erudition and ability, made his *debut* at the Park in the character of Zanga in Young's tragedy of "The Revenge," probably the worst possible acting drama on the stage, commencing, as it does, with a thunder storm, and terminating with a prolonged whine. The country amateur, upon initial trial, failed to sustain his alleged reputation, but was allowed to continue the round of characters by him chalked out until the end of the week, after which he gracefully retired from the profession and ultimately from public gossip.

When Dr. Lardner concluded upon public delivery of a course of scientific lectures, wherein he designed to illuminate our benighted region, he selected the Park as a proper theatre for the exhibition of himself, his learning, his diagrams and his intellectual stores generally. The place of the green curtain was usurped by a gigantic translucent painting, ornamented with comets, planets, stars and all sorts of celestial phenomena upon which the lover of Mrs. Heavyside, in a brown wig and gold spectacles elaborated in duo and ample form, pointing out his course through the starry vault by the aid of a bamboo fishing pole. I regret to say that the encyclopedian doctor did not succeed as a show, particularly as the affair was shortly after burlesqued at this same theatre in a serio-comic monologue by a St. Louis author named Fields, who combined in one person the professions of actor, dramatist, editor and humorist. The western Caleb Quotem, who, by the way, had produced an unsuccessful comedy in five acts at this house, utterly annihilated Lardner's starry panorama by substituting the stars of the theatrical world for those appertaining to the celestial sphere. "Straws" proved too much for learned mendicity.

ST. ANTHONY'S NOSE.

A Week's Frolic in the Neighborhood of a Classic Locality.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

Some years agone—the precise date is a matter of no consequence—it was quite a passion with smart young fellows with a pretension to taste and means to hire a trim built yacht, stock it well with provisions and sporting apparatus, invite a few choice friends, and coast along the noble Hudson for a week or so, the time rarely passing without an adventure of some sort, and plenty of sport to diversify the monotony. Sometimes two or three ladies would share the trip, as on the occasion in question, when a couple of bewitching fair ones, known respectively as "Lou" and "Gracie," bore us company and furnished mirth and music for as select a set of gay spirits as ever hauled a line or turned a helm. There was Joe. Tiffany, the youthful Nimrod of Astoria, Sam. Snaffles, the cricketer, Harry Hazel, a young blood who traveled upon his good looks, and one or two more, whose names I have forgotten. "Jolly good fellows, every one," but especially in all matters relating to open air sports and pastimes.

It was the first day of July, and as lovely a morning as ever dawned upon the citizens of this gay metropolis, when the tidy yacht, the Mermaid, put out from her anchorage at Stevens' grounds, Hoboken, for a week's recreation amid the Hudson Highlands and beyond. The trees were dressed in their gayest vestments, and a favoring breeze filled the sail of our little craft as we shot past the ragged cliffs of old Weehawken, where Webster ruralized and Hamilton received his fatal wound, and up into the narrow gorge of the Palisades. A boat came rushing down the pass with a single occupant, but it was not a song of love and romance he was singing, nothing more pathetic than

"My love he was a sailor boy,
Only nineteen years old,"

and that, too, in a voice rendered husky by floods of old rye. "Sa-ay, mates, got any 'bacca?" he shouted, as he dashed by; and the romance for the nonce was extinguished. The girls went to sketching, and then, considering ourselves safe from prying curiosity, joined such as were musically inclined in vocal efforts suited to the nature of our expedition and its scenic surroundings. Far up the gorge we met two rustic beauties paddling a skiff, and it will be some time ere I lose all recollection of the silvery laughter that replied to my jocose interrogatory as to whether they were not "afraid" to trust themselves so far from the shore. Joe and Sam lighted their cigars, Harry stretched himself at the feet of the girls and read poetry and talked sentiment by turns, while two of us found something attractive in the little cabin, said something presenting itself in the shape of an "original package" labeled "Otard." A cove in the vicinity of Fort Lee looked so inviting that we concluded to halt and try our luck at fishing. Exaggerated visions of bass and black fish danced before the excited vision, but I was beginning to entertain strong doubts of the existence of anything larger than shrimp or shiners, when "Lou" gave a shrill cry and sprang up with a vehemence that upset the bench on which she and Harry were seated, knocking him over and sending his nautical hat on an excursion down the river. A few small tom cods rewarded our morning's exertion, when, finding that the salt air had sharpened our appetites, we adjourned to the hotel for dinner, wet and weary and smelling very strongly of the brine. With Shakespeare we might have exclaimed:—"O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!"

After the repast the girls retired for a *siesta*, and Sam and I sat down to a game of chess, Joe betaking himself to the woods with his gun in search of game. He came back in one hour, feeling very tired, but bringing with him a brace of fine, fat partridges (which we subsequently learned had been purchased of a countryman). Harry began to yawn and to inquire after the girls, who had not been visible since dinner time. For want of diversion two or three of us took the yacht and spread sail for a short cruise. We had a nice time, being well provided with all the essentials, and were getting on famously on our return, when, rounding a projecting bluff, we found ourselves unexpectedly in the midst of a group of naiads, floundering and splashing in the water like so many Sandwich Islanders, and with no more drapery than Eve has been endowed with by the ancient painters. Harry Hazel, as helmsman, had run the Mermaid into the very centre of a party of a dozen ladies, who had come from the hotel for a bath. Such a screaming and scattering was never before witnessed in that secluded spot. There was a general skedaddling for the shore, but one little wretch, with golden curls and the form of a Hebe, incontinently "squatted" in the water and hid her pretty face in two little hands of Parian whiteness. The next moment we had rounded the bluff, and the gray moss-grown rocks hid from our sight a view of Paradise.

Returning to the "shebang," as Harry christened the hotel, we found Lou and Gracie seated on the verandah with their crochet work, with two strange young gentlemen by their sides whom they introduced to us as old acquaintances—Mr. Dulcimer Pipps and Mr. Alfred Widgeon. I did not much fancy either Mr. Pipps or Mr. Widgeon. One wore a blue, the other a scarlet neck-tie, and both were decidedly "loud" in the rest of their attire; in fact, flashy. After supper we had music and dancing in the parlor, but Pipps and Widgeon so completely monopolized the girls that no one else could get near them.

"What do you think of it?" asked Hazel, moodily, after we had turned into the yacht, it having been arranged that the gentlemen should sleep on board, while the ladies passed the nights on shore throughout the trip.

"I don't like it, for one," rejoined Sam, briefly; and the sentiment was echoed by the rest without exception.

When we arose in the morning we found the Mermaid had drifted into the midst of a clump of sedge, and the head of each bore much the appearance of an overdone plum pudding. Our slumbers had been soothed during the night by a myriad of gnats and mosquitoes, each of which had left his card in the shape of a bite. The ladies received us with much laughter and badinage. How I envied Pipps and Widgeon, who looked as calm and fresh as though mosquitoes were obsolete things. Well, thank the stars, it couldn't last forever, and the moment came when we must again go on board. We had, in fact, got under way, when Miss Lou, who had Widgeon's arm, suddenly turned to Gracie, who had taken that of Pipps, and exclaimed:—

"Gracie, dear, how nice it would be if Mr. Pipps and Mr. Widgeon would accompany us. It would make the party so complete."

A look of dismay spread itself over the countenances of Tiffany, Hazel & Co., and "Yours, truly" felt as though a bucket of cold water had been thrown over him. But when lovely woman has once put her foot down there is no getting over it, and so we yielded as gracefully as we might, and Messrs. Pipps and Widgeon were duly incorporated with us. They had enormous appetites, and I was likewise reminded of the fact that they appreciated good brandy by the rate at which our stores were disappearing. They smoked our cigars and pipes, and stuck so close to the women that we could hardly get in a word edgewise. Meanwhile, we had all the work to do and none of the fun. A thunder storm arose during the morning, and Gracie and Lou having run into the cabin with Pipps and Widgeon, the rest of us had to take it in the drenching rain. It blew so hard that several times we thought the Mermaid was going, and Joe, who was nothing if not nautical, looked both sick and frightened. Symptoms of a mutiny began to manifest themselves, which were only repressed by the attention we were obliged to bestow upon the yacht. I will not dwell especially upon the events which accompanied that portion of our cruise, nor relate how of an evening, belated, both Pipps and Widgeon would spread their coats over the fair shoulders of Gracie and Lou, with whom they sang duets and quartets. I am afraid we were getting sadly demoralized. At last, having cleared the slopes of Sunnyside and Idlewild and Briarcliff, and made the Kaatskills and Saint Anthony's Nose without accident, we paused under the shadow of that immortal peak which Joseph Rodman Drake immortalized in his Culprit Fay:—

"The moon shines out on Old Cro' Nest,
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge grey form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below.
His sides are broken by spots of shade
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
And through the clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark,
Like starry twinkles that momently break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack."

It had been decided that we should return, and a pic-nic was determined upon as a climax to the adventure. A "hop" at Cozzens' fine hotel, near classic West Point, partially atoned for our disappointments, although Pipps and Widgeon still stuck to Lou and Gracie with strange pertinacity. "By the way," said Widgeon to Tiffany, "my purse is out. Could you loan me an X till we get back to the city?" Somehow, there was something about Widgeon that was irresistible, and he "got." So did Pipps, who had struck Snaffles for a like favor.

This was crowding the mourners, and during the night we entered into a conspiracy. We would hurry the girls on board, and, slipping our cable before Pipps and Widgeon had arisen, would leave them to their fate. The festivities were yet at their height when we turned to seek the cozy retreat of the Mermaid. To our dismay she was nowhere to be found. We rushed back in a body to Cozzens', only to find that the birds had flown. An awful conviction of the truth forced itself upon us. They had anticipated our intentions by giving us the slip, and by this time were doubtless miles on their way down the river.

Next morning, while waiting for the steamer, we were surprised by the reappearance of the Mermaid. She was in charge of two strangers, who handed us a note signed "D. Pipps—A. Widgeon," and dated Newburgh, informing us that they had been married at that place to Misses Lou and Gracie, and enclosing a piece of wedding cake, with their thanks.

Perfidious woman!
Treacherous, treacherous man!

BOB O' GOTHAM.

THE LEAN CONTRIBUTOR POETIZETH ABOUT PROVERBS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Of all false argument so highly prized,
Proverbs of all should be the most despised.
Now, when Mr. A. at a venture,
Argues the point with Mr. B.,
A proverb is hurled as a clincher,
Opponent squelched, teetotally
Author, Preacher, Lawyer, quite invincible—
These are what make their arguments convincible.

Now, then, I think you will agree with me
That they are fallacious—but let us see:
Old gentleman, surly and cross,
Says:—"Rolling stone gathers no moss."
'Twould be a very sage remark, but that
"A setting hen can never grow fat."
We're told, "never judge by appearance,"
Yet, "where there's a smoke there's a fire."
Be sure you "look before you leap,"
Puts "no risk, no gain," in the mire.
Some person from advice very wroth
Says:—"Too many cooks spoil the broth;"
Yet the broth would the sooner be done
If true, that "two heads are better than one."
Here's the quintessence of wisdom—
Axiom:—"Slow and steady wins the race."
"Quicker the heels the nearer the goal;"
You can decide which is the case.
"Take care of pennies, pounds of themselves take care."
"Penny-wise and pound-foolish," take your choice, too, there
Proverbs in themselves prove nothing whatever.
Proverbs there are for the good and the bad,
To suit any case they can ever be had.
Their use in argument is idle endeavor.

FILKINSES SPORTING TOUR.

A Leaf from the Records of the Gay Bachelors' Club.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Every man that *is* a man has his ambition, such as it is. It was the ambition of Philemon Filkins to be a sportsman. With the young men of his set it was considered indispensible, in fact, to the maintenance of "positions" in society. All had fathers who had acquired fortunes in the regular pursuits of life; plodding, industrious, hard headed old fellows, who, when they were grubbing for the dollars their sons are now so lavishly spending, frowned upon all such proceedings, and prophesied a sad ending for young blades of such habits, but now, having secured the wherewithal and being generally too far advanced in life to make a splurge, in sporting phraseology, sent out the younger bearers of their names to do it for them.

It is something, after all, to know that in the throngs who are in attendance upon the races, the rowing matches and the ball contests, there are always those who are saying, "See that handsome fellow, there; that smart, nobbish young chap. That's young Poppleton—father in the oil business—lives on Fifth Avenue—immensely rich;" with the inevitably accompanying remark—"You don't say so; I thought there was something in his appearance superior to the common run, etc., etc.

This it was that decided Philemon to register himself among the gay sports of Gotham. Philemon had a friend of equal age named Frank Sibthorpe, who was a member of the Gay Bachelors' Club, to whom he stated his wish. "Nothing easier," said Frank, "I'll manage it for you." But there was an obstacle; Philemon was built on the model of the Fat Boy, in "Pickwick," while Sibthorpe was slender and wiry as an eel. He must take a course in the gymnasium to work off the superfluous adipose. Frank himself had done so, and now kept it up for pastime. Philemon went.

It was a severe course of training for a youth of his habit, but it was necessary, and for many mornings Phil. slung the dumb bells, swung the Indian clubs, hopped on parallel bars, used the spring board, leaped the wooden horse, did the horizontal, accomplished the trapeze and wrestled with the sand-bag, until he was black and blue and could hardly crawl. He fell from ladders, wrenched his arms from their sockets with the weights, sprained his ankles jumping, and was knocked down by the recoil every time he hit the sand bag; after which he became a walking skeleton, with huge swellings of muscle in place of natural legs and arms—as who would not? He was continually going about brandishing his fists, pounding himself in the chest, and swaggering like a bully. A few lessons from a riding master finished him.

Shortly after Philemon had become a registered member of the Sportmen's, otherwise the Gay Bachelors' Club, that society determined upon a sporting tour, and as this was just the thing Phil. wanted to make his *debut* as a Nimrod, it was decided he should be of the party. He studied up books on sporting, filled his room with fishing tackle, purchased a rifle and shot gun, boxing gloves, bats and balls, and affected the knowing one to such purpose that he soon attracted attention and envy from the men and admiration from the women. The paternal Filkins frowned but said young men would be young men, and paid his bills with delight.

The programme began with a day's fishing as an introduction to the exertions that were to follow. Phil.'s success was not encouraging. He had all the patent devices for angling, but brought up only scores of those disgusting creatures known as toad fish, which snapped at him when he tried to get them off his hook, or an occasional old boot or stove pipe; he knocked the lunch basket overboard, was soaked to the skin with salt water and condemned to take the oars for his clumsiness, amid the anathemas of his companions, who called him their Jonah.

Parker Pillsbury, who was the getter up of the excursion and thought it stunning, to use nautical language, cursed himself for a lineal descendant of a sea-cook if ever he had seen such a clumsy land lubber. At this objurgation Filkins "caught a crab" and, falling back, lost an oar, causing the boat to half fill with water. The bottom of the boat was paved with living crabs, which, objecting to being set upon, commenced a vigorous assault upon Phil's fleshy postern with a view to ejecting the intruder. Phil. howled with pain, but the attention of the party was now engaged by a different incident.

"Sport's up for this day," said Sibthorpe; "there's a heavy storm rolling towards the gate, with lots of white caps. Give up trying for the oar and up sail. We must be out of this before it catches us."

"Thank the Lord!" ejaculated Filkins, who had crawled astern in great alarm. He glanced towards the distant shore for the "white caps," expecting to see the beach lined with women folk praying for his deliverance.

"Well, I never did see such a Jonah," said the nautical Pillsbury, pale with alarm, "and we in the middle of Hell Gate, too!"

It began to rain and blow, but after a prodigious deal of swearing and contradictory orders, the sail was got out—Filkins receiving the boom full on his back in attempting to avoid it, and in due time, after a vast amount of backing, filling and tacking, they gained the shore, where a hearty dinner, with all the concomitants, somewhat restored their equanimity, even Pillsbury shaking hands with Filkins in token of forgiveness. The day following was devoted to rest over cigars and mint juleps, by all but the nautical Pillsbury, who said he had come out for sport and meant to have it. He accordingly took a sail boat and went trolling. In the afternoon he came in with a six foot bass, which, after he had exhibited as a trophy, turned out to have been purchased by him of a fishing smack going to the city.

"Hang the fishing!" said Sibthorpe; "let's take our guns and go shooting. That's something like sport."

"That's me!" said Filkins; "fishing may do for boys and wiser men, but hunting's the thing for men."

"Who do you call boys?" growled Pillsbury, who fancied all allusions to the briny deep leveled at himself.

"I meant no offence—none whatever," returned Filkins, who did not like Pillsbury's look.

"But you *said* it," retorted Pillsbury, following him up as he saw he was frightened.

"Peace among comrades," said Sibthorpe, stepping between the belligerents. "We can settle it hereafter with the gloves. At present pleasure alone demands our attention. Let us tap the flowing bowl, and let animosity cease."

"Sailors are always generous; I forgive you, Phil.," replied Pillsbury, pressing Filkins's hand in a bluff, off-hand way, Filkins accepting it as if it had been a bell rope and he the ringer.

The evening passed delightfully with the assistance of some ladies who joined the party on the portico of the hotel, and, sitting in the moonlight, aided them in singing songs of humor and sentiment.

Here, Mr. Percival Bevins, who assumed to be poet and musician, "threw himself," in compliance with a request from Pillsbury, a young lady of forty-five, with long ringlets and a moustache, accompanying on the accordeon, which doleful instrument set Sibthorpe fast asleep and drove Filkins into the bar. Then were heard the words of the favorite old song—

"When the weary sun, declining,
Sinks beneath the golden sea,
Evening star so brightly shi-i-ning,
Then, mi love, thou'lt think of me-e-ee!"

(Unk-unk-oonk, from the accordeon.)

Sarah Ann Jenks and Pillsbury had gone off unobserved for a moonlight stroll by the water.

"Music over the waters—how enchanting the sound," said Sarah Ann, softly.

"Aye, you say truly," responded Parker, moodily, "but give me a gallant craft and a gallant crew, and set me afloat on the boundless blue, and the sweetest music to my ear is the whistling of the gale as it tears its way through the rigging. Ha! ha! that is indeed enchanting."

"Alone—would'st be alone?" asked Sarah Ann, with a sigh.

"I would go it alone," was the rejoinder. "Stay," he added; "I would have companions,

'Then said the rover to his jolly crew,
Up with the black flag and down with the blue!'"

"None others?" sighed Sarah Ann again.

"Ah! yes," said Pillsbury, "one beloved and cherished form should share my heart's deep bliss.

'A jolly boat and a jolly crew—
Tally-i-o, you know!'"

He sang this aloud. Then all was silent.

When they strolled back to the hotel it was noticed that Pillsbury's arm was round the waist of Miss Jenks, and that he wore a rose in his buttonhole, while the hair of Miss Sarah was devoid of that ornament.

"You giddy creature, how could you," said the lady of the accordeon in gentle rebuke.

"H'mp!" replied the Jenks, with ironical meaning; "the grapes are sour."

Meaning that it was because no one had attempted to clasp *her* waist.

The day selected for the hunt was clear and exhilarating. All were off bright and early, but fortune did not favor the brave on this occasion, for Pillsbury put a bullet in Bivens's hat, while Sibthorpe smashed his eyeglass and was overturned by the recoil of his gun. The dogs *would* stand still and poke out their noses; one of them sat down on his haunches disgusted, and yawned. They saw nothing bigger than little chipping birds. Filkins was more lucky. He aimed at a bird on a tree and blew a bull-frog out of a pond directly under it. Flushed with success, he saw a very large rabbit and blazed away with closed eyes. The rabbit proved on closer inspection to be a sheep. The cry of "hallo there! what are you at?" from an adjacent field, put the party in motion. It was found to proceed from a farmer at his work, who was irate until Filkins had paid him for his loss, threatening to take his coat and boots if he refused.

Pending this discourse the party considerately moved off to a distance, for fear, as Pillsbury explained, they might have been considered impolite in listening to conversation that did not concern them. Being released, Filkins started to follow them. Crossing a field to make a short cut to a meadow to which the sportsmen had been directed as abounding in larks and hens, Filkins stumbled over a bee-hive, and was assailed by the whole swarm. His cries alarmed the party, who got out of the way as rapidly as possible. The weight of the gun became insupportable, and trying to get out of the meadow Filkins got mired. To add to his discomforts, he dropped his whiskey flask. He raved at the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the whole human family. He would have stuck there all night if the old farmer had not come to his relief.

When Filkins finally *did* get back—with a huge milk poultice on his swelled face, which had been applied by the farmer's daughter, he found the whole party, male and female, enjoying themselves on the verandah.

Fain would I tell how Filkins redeemed himself at the ensuing races, and at other manly sports incidental to the season, but I am deprived of that opportunity, for I regret to say that my hero, next day, took advantage of the absence of the gay bachelors by jumping into the stage and hurrying back to the city, thoroughly discouraged and used up by the results of his first sporting tour.

BOB O'GOTHAM.

ON PHYSICAL TRAINING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

BY DIOGENES.

It has always been to me a source of pain to note in our banking and mercantile establishments the thin, pale faces one is sure to meet at every turn. The sunken cheeks, the watery eyes, surrounded by black circles, the result of overwork by day and the fever of "evening entertainments." In fact, early decay and premature old age have become in my mind coupled with every thought of our business world; and a knowledge of the weariness of life when its monotony is unbroken by a single gleam of sunshine, enables me to say that it finally becomes mental and bodily torture. Can anything be more pitiful than the sense of weakness that is evidenced in the pallid cheek, the throbbing head, the nervous, trembling hand and the terrible desire for stimulation, a desire that finally becomes a necessity of life.

Here for instance is a man confined day in and day out to the duties of a desk, with no prospect save tables, figures and calculations. He must have some recreation or he goes crazy. He must keep strength or he sinks. There is no physical benefit derived from his handling the pen, and at night he is more than tired—quite broken down. He goes to bed, and next day's monotony breaks on him like a bad spirit, and his brain almost whirls before the day is half gone. It is, in short, like the story of the inquisition, where the unhappy victims were cast in cells so constructed that there was not an object that the eye could rest on; the walls were rounded, and the very entrance through which the light came was made on the same principle; the wretches soon became staring, raving mad. So it is in this present instance, as with these unfortunates; drink creates an imaginary world, gives ease to their brain, and paints objects for the relief of their mental eyes.

To this some may take exception and say that it is a solitary case, that they all have pleasures after business hours in the way of religion, literature, art or society. Now, of the many thousands of young men in the metropolis whose day work is brain work, and whose arms never strain at anything heavier than placing an account or handling a piece of goods, where are they to be found of nights? Even taking mechanics and hard working men in consideration, at the several societies, gymnasiums and art classes, we may find several hundred. Those that stay home of evenings are very few, and the balance are "going the rounds," looking for Scotia in Nassau street, Germany on the Bowery, England on Houston street, and Salt Lake in Green street. Can they stand it? These extravagancies are only fit for a mechanic or laborer, and if it does not drag them into the grave, will, at least, wither the flower of their youth and destroy their moral reason. Nor is this the only danger of the storm they attempt to weather. Many of our young men occupying positions of responsibility, standing well in the social world, and, apparently, above all deceit or ill thought, too often use their positions and betray their trust to the advantage of the gaming table. These cases boil to the top of the commercial pot every now and then, and, for the moment, society is petrified. If these cases come up so often, how many there must be that never see the light, but are smothered as soon as discovered? It is never a surprise to me, for I consider it the natural consequence of the calling. In my own heart I could not convict a book-keeper or bank teller for thieving, though the evidence be as clear as day, because their occupation is enough to turn any mind of average capacity, and I should consider them insane and not amenable to the laws. Instead of Sing Sing, they should be placed in an asylum, until, by process of exercise and healthy diet, the mind is restored and again ready for the active business of life.

In such cases the mind is turned on the dissipations of last night and all are mingled with mathematics and the day book, and serve in their way to make life endurable. But how long does this last? The constantly reiterated excitement is followed by a dull apathy that has the final effect of making all things tasteless and dreary. Even when beginning to "break in," the mild extravagance of a couple of glasses of beer and a cigar or two thickens the weak blood and keeps him tossing on a feverish bed until the small hours of night, when he falls into an uneasy slumber and turns from his couch in the morning unrefreshed, without an appetite for breakfast, and creeps to his business with limp hair, eyes glassy and sunken, a generally haggard appearance, and a feeling that requires a "nip" at our friend's on the corner to revive exhausted nature.

Now, it is a duty our merchants owe themselves, no less than to the young people under their charge, to give them time for recreation, healthy recreation that will strengthen the mind through the body. There are too few gymnasiums in New York for a place of its size. Business saps the life of our youths who are hurried from the school room to the precipice of responsibility. Whatever natural health and strength they may have is acquired in childhood, and before manhood is attained they have grown into premature old age. This is a fact that few notice because its frequency renders it familiar. It is the great secret of American physical imbecility. The fever of trade if not their own master taints them through the touch of their employers, and the very hair is dried from their heads and their brows wrinkled with age before their years are well in the number that marks the model of British prime.

There are few inducements to promote the health of the rising community, and the terms of gymnasiums, while not high when we take into consideration the sparse patronage bestowed on them, are beyond the means of many young men, who would make better use of their time were it within their reach.

In regard to our public school system, I must say that, however unfavorable it may appear when contrasted with that of England, it does its own mission in its way, and physical reforms must begin outside of them. The mental culture is better and the intelligence diffused with less regard to class, and its effects are better, in a moral point of view, than thrice the sum expended on any one strata of society. English colleges and schools are exceedingly exclusive, and they make a point of educating both the mind and the body to the highest standard of perfection. Of course these advantages only extend to those who can pay for them. The American system is not so exhaustive, and is extended to all classes of the community. The great body of our intellect, whether it comes from rich or poor, has the common source—the public schools. Our public schools are not capable of improvement in the administration of muscular exercises. The systems of calisthenics and class gymnastics, so often attempted and proved failures, only goes to show that this species of education is beyond their *forte*. With large, well appointed grounds and complete gymnasiums, all with a view to accommodate the number of the pupils, it would prove a success. With extraordinary foresight the founders of the system inaugurated—in view of the enormous expense that would attend such an undertaking—the short hour school system, which gives our youth the benefit of time for exercise outside of the limits of their tutors.

A nation cannot be taught or forced to exercise. It is one of the promptings of nature, and is the necessary element of hunger, thirst, sleep, and health of body and mind. Until a youth goes into business (unless his taste for study absorbs all his spare time) there is little or no fear but that he will thrive so long as there is space for his desire for exercise to spread itself in. For this reason I contend that the law should forbid the encroachments of business that swallow all the open space on the island. Every park or opening is in its way a great breathing spot for the city, and a botanist will tell you that the very grass flourishes from the vapors of humanity and infected matter. The taking away of these places is not only depriving many of physical exercise, but is actually planting disease and sickness in our very midst. Who knows but that the Milesian picks that dug into the hearts of "Wheat Hill" and "Hamilton Square" have probably undermined the health of a generation? The very names that sprang from the soil still flourish before us as the exponents of our national game, though it is long, weary years since. Where is the succession to come from? Not from hard flag pavements, not from fever and ague sinks, or from three quarter block lots, where the growth is choked. And the distance to Mount Morris, the Red House, Hoboken, or even Williamsburgh, is too great for the masses, who may get over the space occasionally, but it takes too much time. It is much like transplanting a cactus from Mexico to Gotham and back, periodically. Central Park is almost a blank outside of those privileged from the schools, and even to them old fogyism has by the strict conditions taken all the honey away and left but the waxy sediment.

In the hand of trade, then, lies the great key that is to open upon us a flood of health that will make us compare well with any nation on earth. As yet, I can hardly hope for any change from the men who pay beggarly salaries to familied men, and who generally put the question to any young man before employing him, if he is a ball player? This is a literal fact, and should the unfortunate indulge in that nefarious pursuit he is rejected without further ado. These humanitarians thought that they came down quite a peg when they had to consent to the seven o'clock retail closing. The three o'clock closing on Saturday was only the result of arduous work from the entire portion of the salaried business community, and does not extend beyond the wholesale stores and banking establishments, and is limited to the dullest season of the year. Christmas, New Year and the other holidays, though few and far between, are given grudgingly; and on Washington's birthday, a legal holiday, and as such one that should have been observed by all, I blush to say that though the busy season had not set in, many of our merchants demanded the attendance of their employees at their respective places of traffic. It is with regret that I assert that our public spirit is in a state of apathy. We submit to anything almost that may be put on us. In the suburbs of London there are spots that to molest, even through the process of law, would require the presence of a strong military force, so close do they lie to the popular heart. The choicest reminiscences would crumble with their demolition, and the father holds sacred the legends and memories with which they are characterized, and consider it his sacred duty to hand them down to posterity with their peculiarities intact.

This is one of the brightest gems in the British character, and one that should shine in the American coronet of virtues.

The entire community should realize these facts, and I would call the attention of those philanthropists who look upon the humanity employed by them as mere drudging machines, to John Leach's cartoon of the reverend gentlemen who, seated in the shade of his conservatory, surrounded with the "rarest exotics" and a magnum of iced wine at his elbow, wonders why men *will* go out on Sundays when so much quiet pleasure can be obtained at home; not noticing his neighbor, who is a hard working devil, trying to read in a sweltering room twelve feet square, surrounded by noisy children and a quantity of soiled linen that is strung across the room. To these gentlemen I would say, if my words could be effectual, "Be human for a time. Give your employees a spell to shake off the musty smell of books and dry goods. Don't insist on their finishing dinner in an incredibly short time—the result is sure to be dyspepsia. Don't gorge yourself with the needful until you drop off like a satiated leach, appoplectic and purple in the face. Be a trifle just and pay them living salaries, so they can breathe, eat and live like men." But it will still be the old story of man's inhumanity to man for ages to come, unless the community take it in their own hands.

To the speculative there is in the pale faces of business clerks a field for thought. These men have all the appetite for physical exercise and require only the means of gratifying the want. Start gymnasia, swimming and driving schools, at a rate that can be reached by all of moderate means, and I warrant an improvement on the next generation.

Our women need no training. They will compare favorably in every essential of beauty, health and robust vigor with any other race on the face of the world, and it is only a pity that the demon of trade keeps its foot tight on the throats of our masculines. The humbug palaver about a bad climate and all that is hardly worth the air it consumes. The real trouble is a want of exercise and a better diet, and when the change comes our race will stand with any other in point of physical and mental beauty.

WRASTLIN' FOR FIFTY POUNDS.—Upwards of fourteen hundred persons paid admission to the Snipe Inn Grounds, Audenshaw, Eng., on the 12th ult., when a wrestling match for £25 a side and the championship at six score eight was decided between Frank Robinson and John Massey, both of Ashton. Frank had been prepared by "Little Watty," and Massey by Schora. Frank's seconds were Teddy Lowe and Denty Hague, while Schora and Joe Acton looked after Massey. Frank has always plenty of friends and they showed in strong force on this day. He had the call in the betting at 2 to 1, and, as the tussle proceeded, the confidence in him increased. He secured the first throw in 31min. 20sec., and odds of 3 to 1 were then offered upon him. When they fell to in the second round, both set to work with a determined resolution, and it was apparent to every one that both were going for the ribbon; Massey secured the second throw in 45min. 10sec. When they again fell to Massey had the call at evens, and was ultimately backed at 5 to 4 upon him. The hard work sustained in the two first bouts was plainly visible on both men, and the last round was of short duration, Massey throwing Frank a second time in 4min. 15sec., thus securing a welcome victory and long odds.

LONG AND SHORT DAYS.—At Berlin and London the longest day has eighteen hours and a half; at Stockholm the longest day has sixteen hours and a half; at Hamburg the longest day has seventeen hours and the shortest seven; at St. Petersburgh the longest day has nineteen and the shortest five hours; at Tornea, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half and the shortest two hours and a half; at Wanderhus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 22d of July, without interruption; and at Spitzbergen the longest day is three months and a half.

Either the future or the past is written on every face, and makes us, if not melancholy, at least mild and gentle.

THE WICKEDEST MAN IN NEW YORK.

Who he is—Where he Lives—All About Him.

From Packard's Monthly, by Oliver Dyer.

He goes by the name of John Allen. He lives at No. 304 Water street. He keeps a dance house there. He is about forty-five years old. He is reputed to be worth one hundred thousand dollars, more or less, and is known to be worth over seventy thousand. He has three brothers who are clergymen; two of them being Presbyterians, and the other a Baptist; and is reported to have once been a minister of the gospel himself. He is known formerly to have been a school teacher, and is a man of education and fine natural powers; was originally a good man, and is yet a "good fellow" in many respects. Were it not for his good qualities he never could have attained unto the bad eminence of being the Wickedest Man in New York. The best bad is always the worst.

Take him for all in all, our Wickedest Man is a phenomenon. He reads the Bible to his dance house girls, and his favorite papers are the New York *Observer* and the *Independent*. He takes them regularly and *reads* them. We have repeatedly seen them lying on the counter of his bar room, amid decanters and glasses, along with the daily *Herald* and the *Sun*. We have also seen a dozen copies of the *Little Wanderers' Friend* at a time scattered about his place, for he takes an interest in mission work, and "goes in" generally for progress for other people.

This Wickedest Man is the only entity appertaining to the shady side of New York life which we have been unable to fathom, analyze, and account for. But he is too much for us. Why a human being of his education, natural taste, force of character and wealth, should continue to live in a Water street dance house, and bring up his children in a soul destroying atmosphere of sin and degradation, is more than we can comprehend.

For this Wickedest Man loves his children. His little five year old boy is the apple of his eye, the core of his heart and the chief object of his worship He never misses an opportunity to sound the child's praises and to show off his accomplishments. And all things considered, the little fellow is truly a wonder. He is crammed full of information on all manner of topics, and is ever ready to respond to his doting father's attempts to make his smartness visible to the naked eye.

We have never visited the Wickedest Man's dance house without having our attention called afresh to his little son's abilities, except once, and then he took us round to the school which the child attends, to let us see that he ranks with the best, and is a favorite with his teacher. That was on the 28th day of May last, at about a quarter to twelve in the day-time, when we went to No. 304 Water street to tell Mr. Allen that the fated time had come for serving him up in a magazine article.

For, be it known to the reader, we have had our pen couched at John Allen for nearly two years. In the year 1865, the Sabbath after President Lincoln was assassinated, we began an exploration and subsoiling of New York city, as to its crime, poverty, want, woe, wretchedness and degradation, which we have pursued ever since as other engagements would permit. Of course it was not long before we found out John Allen. We at once recognized his genius for Wickedness and made him an especial study. But, as we have said, he baffles us. We have told him so, and have frequently asked him to help us out of our dilemma, but he always comes short of the complete thing.

We *think* we know why this Wickedest Man persists in living in his Water street den—that we have, in fact, penetrated his secret; but as we are not absolutely certain as to the matter, we will not set our suspicion down in print, lest we should do him injustice.

We have said that our Wickedest Man is a phenomenon. We meant this in its application to the deepest springs of his character; but it is also, and perhaps equally applicable to the external manifestations of those deepest springs.

Has the reader any notion of a Water street dance house? Concretely stated, it is a breathing hole of hell—a trap door of the bottomless pit. You step from the street into a bar-room, wherein lousy loafers lurk, and which is in some cases on a level with the sidewalk and in others far below it; and there you are in the general midst of things, if it happens to be a dance house of the very lowest class. But usually there is a "saloon" in the rear of the bar-room.

Passing out of the bar room, by a door opening in a partition across its rear, you enter the dancing saloon, which varies in size from fifteen feet square to a room 25 to 50 feet in extent. Along the wall of this room a bench extends, usually on three sides. In the farther end of the room is an orchestra, proportioned in numbers and skill to the prosperity of the establishment. The number of musicians is sometimes as high as six, but the average is not more than three. In one of the rare corners of the saloon there is a small bar, where the girls can drink with their victims without exposing their fascinations to the unthriftful gaze of a non-paying and censorious outside public.

Sitting on the benches or grouped upon the floor, or whirling in the dance, are the girls, varying in number from four to twenty, but averaging about ten.

These girls are not often comely to the fastidious eye. But to a sailor, just from a long cruise, where nothing lovelier than his weather beaten shipmates has for years been seen, they are not without attractions. So, too, do certain landsmen of a degraded type pay homage to their strenuous charms. But a decent man, in the full possession and equipoise of his faculties, can only regard them with sorrow unspeakable and pity too deep for tears.

The only girl we ever saw in a dance house in whom we could detect the slightest vestige of comeliness or refinement had been there but a few hours and was reputed to be the daughter of a former Lieutenant Governor of a New England State.

The first time we entered John Allen's dance house we found it in full blast. The hour was eleven in the evening. There were thirteen girls in the saloon, three musicians in the orchestra and seven customers submitting to the blandishments of an equal number of the *ballet* dressed syrens who pervaded the room. Our party consisted of the policeman who accompanied us, three clergymen on the look-out for the "elephant," Mr. Albert C. Arnold, of the Howard Mission and the writer.

The Wickedest Man was in his glory. Things were moving briskly. He gave us all a hearty welcome, ordered the orchestra to do their best and told the girls to "break our hearts." A vigorous dance followed, after which the proprietor called out:—

"Hartford, go up stairs and get my baby."

Hartford turned out to be one of the girls, who immediately disappeared, and soon returned bearing in her arms an undressed sleepy child, wrapped in a shawl. This was the juvenile prodigy. His father took him in his arms with a glow of pride and affection.

"Now, gentlemen, you are writers, philosophers and preachers; but I'll show you that my baby knows as much as any of you. He's hell on reading, writing, praying and fighting."

And without more ado he stood the sleepy little fellow upon the floor and began to catechise him in ancient history, both sacred and profane, and then in modern history, geography, the political history of the United States, etc., with a result which astounded all. Suddenly he exclaimed:—

"Chester, give us a song."

And Chester—for that is the child's name—gave us a song.

"Now, Chester, give us a break-down."

The orchestra played a "break-down," and Chester danced it with precision and vigor, his mother looking on with delight.

"Now, Chester, give us a prayer."

And the child recited first the Lord's Prayer and then others in succession, mixed with which were such ribaldry and profanity on the father's part as cut us to the heart. And here it was that we got a glimpse of the pre-eminent wickedness of the man—wickedness to him unknown, and all the worse because of his unconsciousness of it—wickedness which is leading him to train up that idolized boy in a way and in an atmosphere which will yet make him an object of loathing even to his own heart.

For that dance house child there seems to be no spiritual hope. The sacred and the profane are so intermingled in his childish understanding that he will never be able to tell which is sacred and which is profane; and his nature being dogged and combative he will grow up into the highest possible type of wickedness if he grows up at all. Of the thousands of painful cases wherewith we have met in this city that of little Chester Allen gives us about the keenest pang.

After the infant phenomenon had been sent back to bed, his father asked our party if we wouldn't "mix in" and have a dance with the girls.

"It'll do you good," said he, "to trip it a little on the light fantastic. Besides, I like to do the fair thing by distinguished visitors. I'm fond of literary people, and especially of clergymen. I've three brothers myself who adorn the sacred calling; and grit and grace run through our family like the Tigris and the Jordan through the Holy Land. Go in, gentlemen; the girls shan't hurt you. I'll watch over you like a hen over her chickens, and you shall leave my premises as virtuous as—*you came in!* Ha, ha! Come, what shall it be?"

On being assured that we would not "trip it on the light fantastic," he asked us if *we* (that is, our party) would not favor the girls with a song, whereupon Mr. Arnold suggested that we should all sing together, and asked the girls what they would like best. Several of them immediately responded in favor of "There is Rest for the Weary."

"Do *you* know *that?*" one of the clergymen asked.

"Yes;" answered at least half a dozen of the girls.

"Where did you learn it?" asked another of the clergymen.

"At Sabbath school," was the reply.

We all looked at one another. Here was a revelation. These girls had been brought up to attend Sabbath school! Perhaps they were the daughters of Christian parents! But we had not time to pursue this painful speculation, for the girls began to sing:—

In the Christian's home in Glory
There is a land of rest;
And my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.

CHORUS:—There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you,
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the Tree of Life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

And oh, with what fervor and pathos they sang—especially the chorus—which, at the end of each verse they sang three times over; some of them, at last, weeping as they sang. What girlish memories those sweet, simple strains evoked! Memories, perhaps, of once happy homes, and affectionate Sabbath school teachers and beloved companions, so sweetly contrasting with their dance house condition. And so those soul weary creatures lingered fondly upon, and repeated, over and over again, the lines:—

On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the Tree of Life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

Since that occasion we have repeatedly visited the abode of the Wickedest Man in New York for the purpose of "studying him up," and of trying to hit upon some means of inducing him to abandon his course of life and of saving his boy. For, in truth, we not only feel an interest in, but also rather like him, wicked as he is. And so does nearly everybody whom we have taken to see him; and we have taken scores—most of them clergymen.

All our efforts to get any vital hold upon him have been in vain. He is always cordial; always ready to let the girls "have a spiritual sing;" will even permit a little exhortation to them in his dancing saloon, and is free with his *Observer* and *Independent*. But he keeps on his way with unyielding pertinacity.

On one occasion a party of us suggested that he should let us hold a prayer meeting in his saloon. After a little reflection, he replied:—

"Well; no, gentlemen; I can't go *that*. You know that every man must have regard to his profession and the opinion of his neighbors. What with my *Observer* and *Independent*, and you fellows coming here and singing camp-meeting hymns, I am already looked upon in the neighborhood as being rather loose and unsound; *and if, a-top of all that, I should let you hold a prayer meeting here, I should lose what little character I've left.*"

But our friend Arnold, of the Howard Mission, was determined to achieve the prayer meeting. And during the fourth week in May last, when there were many of his clerical friends in the city, Mr. Arnold thought he'd bring a heavy spiritual cannonade to bear on Allen, and see what would come of it. So, on Monday night, May 25th, after a carefully conducted preliminary season of prayer, an assaulting party was formed, including six clergymen from different parts of the country, to march upon the citadel of iniquity. When we arrived it was half-past twelve; the window shutters were closed and we feared we were too late. But a light shone through the window over the door, and on application we were admitted and received a hearty welcome. Allen was just then undergoing a shampooing process, for the purpose, as he frankly stated, of enabling him to go to bed sober. He added:—

"You see, gentlemen, it won't do for a business man to go to bed drunk, nor for a literary man either. So, now, you just take my advice, and whenever you find yourself drunk about bedtime, you just take a good shampoo, and you'll find the investment 'll pay a big dividend in the morning. But walk into the saloon, gentlemen; walk in. The girls are in there, taking a rest and a smoke after the arduous duties of the evening. Walk in."

We walked in, and found the girls smoking pipes and sitting and lounging about the room. In a few minutes Allen came in and proposed to have the girls dance for us, but we declined.

"Well then, Arnold, let's have a song," he exclaimed.

Mr. Arnold, as usual, asked the girls what they would like to hear, and they at once asked for their favorite—"There is Rest for the Weary."

"Here, mother, give me my fiddle," said Allen to his wife,

"and bring out the books;" meaning the *Little Wanderers' Friend*, of which he keeps a supply.

The books were got out by one of the girls, the fiddle was handed him by his wife, and Allen led off on the treble, all hands joining in. There were eleven girls in the room, and they sang in the chorus with unusual fervor, even for them. As soon as this song was finished, a couple of the girls, simultaneously, asked for "There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother," which was sung with emphasis and feeling.

At the conclusion of the last mentioned song, Mr. Arnold believed that the appointed hour had come, and, tapping Allen on the shoulder, he said:—

"Well, John, old boy, give us your hand; I feel just like praying here with you!"

Allen took the extended hand, and gruffly said:—

"What—*pray?* Do you mean pray? No, sir, never!"

"Well, John," responded Mr. Arnold, "I am going to pray here anyhow. If I don't pray loud I'll pray soft. You shan't lose the prayer, at any rate."

"Well, Arnold, mind now, if you pray *I won't hear you;* mind that. I don't know anything about it. I won't hear you."

And backing slowly out of the room, and repeating "I won't hear you," over and over again, Allen went through the door leading to the bar, and closed it after him.

Mr. Arnold then invited the girls to join in prayer with him, which they did, some of them kneeling on the floor, as did the visitors, and others bowing their heads upon their hands, while Allen peered through the window of the partition door upon the singular scene.

Mr. Arnold's heart was almost too full for utterance, but his fervor soon unloosed his tongue, and he poured out a simple, direct and heartfelt prayer, which told powerfully upon the hearers. Many of the girls arose, sobbing, to their feet, and several of them crowded around Mr. Arnold, and begged him, in the name of God, to take them from that place. They would work their hands off if honest work could be got for them; they would submit to any hardship if they could only be restored to opportunities for virtue and a Christian life.

Poor Arnold! He was the picture of despair. It came upon him, all at once, that there is no help for such this side the grave. He had at last conquered his opportunity and prayed with these children of sin and shame, and now that they were calling upon him to answer his own prayer—to give them a chance to eat the bread of life—he had to put them off with the stone of evasion.

Take them from that place! Where could he take them? In all this Christian land there is not a Christian home that would open its doors to a repentant female sinner, except to turn her out of the house.

On calling upon Mr. Arnold, the next day, we found him in his room at the Mission, with his head bowed upon the table, as though in prayer. Looking up at us, with blazing eyes, he exclaimed:—

"Sir, what is to be done about this?"

"About what?" we asked.

"These poor girls," he replied. "I have been thinking and praying, and praying and thinking over it all night, but I can see no light. Sir (pressing his head between his hands), I shall go mad."

There are about forty dance houses in Mr. Allen's neighborhood; that is to say within a half mile square, of which 304 Water street is the centre. The average number of girls in each of these houses, the season through, is ten, making four hundred in them all. So that to feed this half mile square of infamy requires eighty fresh girls per annum. To feed the entire city requires an average of two thousand one hundred and ninety-four a year, *which is a trifle over six a day, Sundays included!* Six fresh girls a day from the Sabbath schools and virtuous homes of the land, to feed the licentious maw of this metropolis of the Western World!

AQUATICS.

BROOKLYN YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

A new and most commendable feature in yachting in this country was introduced by the Brooklyn Yacht Club on Thursday, 25th inst., when they held their eleventh annual regatta, the rules governing which permitted the competition of all the vessels belonging to recognized clubs in and around the metropolis, and we are gratified in being able to state that the contest was one of the finest which has ever taken place upon the waters of the bay. The weather clerk was in a most amiable mood, the wind being favorable and the water as suitable as the most enthusiastic devotee of the pastime could desire. There was a very general response to the generous invitation extended by the club, and the following vessels reported at the *rendezvous* off the boat house in Gowanus Bay:—

FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.	
Alice, Brooklyn Yacht Club.	Mystic, Atlantic Yacht Club.
Lois, Atlantic Yacht Club.	Lillie, Brooklyn Yacht Club.
FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.	
Addie V, Atlantic Yacht Club.	Carlton, Brooklyn Yacht Club.
Kate, Brooklyn Yacht Club.	Dolphin, Brooklyn Yacht Club.
Agnes, Atlantic Yacht Club.	Josie, Brooklyn Yacht Club.
Nellie, Brooklyn Yacht Club.	Musquodeed, Brooklyn Yacht Club.
Niagara, Brooklyn Yacht Club.	Latona, Brooklyn Yacht Club.
Restless, Brooklyn Yacht Club.	Cornelia, Brooklyn Yacht Club.
Qui Vive, Atlantic Yacht Club.	Whisper, Jersey City Yacht Club.
Emma T., Brooklyn Yacht Club.	
SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.	
Sophia, Brooklyn Yacht Club.	Lavine, Atlantic Yacht Club.
Flyaway, Bayonne Yacht Club.	Annie, Bayonne Yacht Club.
Apollo, Brooklyn Yacht Club.	Juliette, Atlantic Yacht Club.
Lillian, Jersey City Yacht Club.	Midge, Brooklyn Yacht Club.
Hermit, Atlantic Yacht Club.	Aquatia, Brooklyn Yacht Club.
Martha, Brooklyn Yacht Club.	Carrie, Hoboken Yacht Club.
Viola, Brooklyn Yacht Club.	Minnie, Brooklyn Yacht Club.
Mattie, Bayonne Yacht Club.	

Each of the vessels bore her number conspicuously displayed on the mainsail, thus enabling the spectators to easily distinguish them by consulting the printed programme prepared by the committee, Messrs. G. L. Haight, W. H. Pegg, Edwin Hillyer, John Jones and John M. Sawyer. The steamboat William Fletcher had been chartered for the use of the judges, Messrs. M. M. Van Dyke, John H. Lewis, B. E. Mallory, F. P. Bunker and Frank Foote, and the Antelope for the guests of the club, who crowded her decks, the fair sex being largely represented. The band of the Seventy-third Regiment was on board of the latter vessel and by discoursing favorite airs during the festivities, greatly enhanced the pleasure of those who attended. The steam yacht Fanny and several small steamers also accompanied the yachts, and being freighted with strong delegations from both sexes, added to the beauty and hilariousness of the scene. The course selected was from a line abreast of the stakeboat moored in Gowanus bay to the Southwest Spit, rounding it from the eastward, thence back to the place of starting by a line eastward of buoys 11, 13 and 15, on the West Bank, a distance in all of about thirty miles. Shortly after ten o'clock, the vessels entered took up their positions opposite the foot of Court street, and at 10:50 the signal gun boomed upon the air, admonishing the yachtsmen to be ready to get under way. The second gun was discharged at 11:11, sending the schooners off, the third at 11:14, for the first class sloops, and the fourth at 11:18, when the sloops of the second class slipped their moorings. It would be superfluous to enter into a lengthened description of the race itself, and we shall therefore confine ourselves to a tabular statement of the respective time in which the vessels rounded the spit and home stake:—

Name.	H.M.S.	Name.	H.M.S.	Name.	H.M.S.
SOUTHWEST SPIT.					
Addie V	1.55:30	Niagara	2.16:45	Juliette	2.24:45
Mattie	1.58:30	Annie	2.19:30	Alice	2.25:30
Kate	2.05:30	Apollo	2.19:15	Lillian	2.25:30
Musquodeed	2.06:30	Flyaway	2.19.45	Aquatia	2.27:00
Qui Vive	2.07:30	Lavine	2.22:30	Restless	2.32:30
Agnes	2.07:45	Carlton	2.23:00	Mystic	2.36:00
[illegible]	2.10:14	Sophia	2.23:15		
HOME STAKE BOAT.					
Addie V	4.19:30	Annie	5.08:30	Alice	5.32:15
Mattie	4.31:30	Apollo	5.12:30	Restless	5.37:00
Agnes	4.39:00	Carrie	5.16:00	Aquatia	5.39:30
Musquodeed	4.45:15	Sophia	5.16:30	Juliette	5.41:00
Qui Vive	4.53:00	Carlton	5.21:00	Lillian	5.44:00
Niagara	4.58:30	Flyaway	5.23:00	Mystic	6.39:00
[illegible]	5.07:30				

Upon computing allowance of time, which was very equitable, the judges decided the winning yachts to be as follows:—Schooners—First prize, the Alice, of the Brooklyn Yacht Club. First class sloops—First prize, the Agnes, of the Atlantic Yacht Club; second prize, the Qui Vive, of the Atlantic Yacht Club. Second class sloops—First prize, the Mattie, of the Bayonne Yacht Club.

TWO MILE SCULLING RACE

BETWEEN

JOHN TYLER, JR., OF BOSTON, AND WALTER BROWN.

The concluding portion of the aquatic exhibition between the above mentioned New England oarsmen was given over the usual course of the Hudson River Amateur Rowing Association on Wednesday evening, 24th inst., to the amusement and edification of some fifteen hundred spectators, mostly of the gender masculine, who had congregated beneath the grateful shade of the heavily foliaged trees constituting and conducing to render the Elysian Fields such a pleasant resort during the heated term, or were seated in the numerous shell boats, pleasure barges, yachts and water craft of various descriptions idly skimming about in the immediate vicinity thereof. The course was from a point opposite Fifty-seventh street, down the river to an imaginary line drawn from the Stevens Battery, a straight away race, said to be two miles in length, although those who are posted in such matters and have gone over the course themselves, express emphatic doubts, taking the form of flat denial in many instances, of the correctness of this statement, all of which might have been avoided had the principals taken the necessary precaution which, if they desire to be awarded only such credit as they deserve, ought to have afforded them more satisfaction than any one else), to have had the course properly surveyed beforehand, and a boat moored at either end of an exact two miles. In the present instance there was no boat anchored at either end, everything being governed by "guess work," which is never reliable, and should be eschewed in boating matters especially, and if those whom experience enables to form a pretty correct idea do him injustice, the winner has no just reason to complain, for he has no right to expect anything else. The time specified in the articles for the race to take place was between the hours of ten o'clock A. M., and four o'clock P. M., but, as usual, the principles concluded to delay it until the last moment—a decision which the sequel proved to be very unfortunate, particularly for those who had visited the scene in the capacity of spectators. At noon a slight fall of rain occurred, but it merely served to cool the atmosphere and lay the dust, the heavens clearing off again nicely, and from one to three o'clock the water was in admirable condition for rowing.

The Deer had been chartered for the use of the officials, principals, members of the press and a few friends, and at half past three she steamed away towards the starting point, having on board the men and their craft. A wind was blowing freshly from the northeast now, ruffling the previously placid surface of the river, and as it increased in violence every moment, by the time the boat reached her destination near the limit of the appointed hours it was impolitic to brave the anger of the lashing waves by venturing among them in such tender crafts. The frowning aspect of the heavens to the north, growing blacker and more forbidding each moment, bespoke an approaching storm, and it was wisely determined to land at the Weehawken ferry until the fury of the elements had been exhausted. This proved a wise step, for shortly after landing the dark mass of clouds opened and a terrific shower of rain, intermingled with hail, commenced and continued for above an hour, much to the discomfiture of those who had assembled at the Fields, or occupied open boats, all of whom incontinently scattered in all directions in search of a place of shelter which all failed to secure, and consequently were subjected to an involuntary shower bath by no means agreeable or calculated to improve the appearance of stylish summer habiliments, some of the incidents connected with the stampede being exceedingly ludicrous. Of course the majority of the skedaddlers found their way within the hospitable portals of frame structures wherein were dispensed the favorite Teutonic beverage and stimulants of a more potent nature, and in the course of their endeavors to drench the inside equally with their exterior, some imbibed too freely, and in consequence became belligerent, and to settle fancied or real grievances, several excited disputants engaged in an impromptu "assault of arms." Several Hoboken Knights of the Locust who were present, attired as "common men," drew their clubs and commenced an indiscriminate belaboring of the combatants, who, however, turned the tables upon the officers by wrenching the locusts from their hands and paying them back in their own coin. Their supremacy was only momentary, however, for the "Charlies, producing their revolvers, and one of them discharging a chamber, luckily without injury, the disturbance was quickly quelled. The rain had now ceased, and the crowd, barring those who had become disgusted with the procrastination, and who did not think the race would take place at all, retraced their steps to the beach.

At a few minutes past six o'clock Tyler and Brown launched, and seated themselves in their shells, the former pulling the John H. Flagler, 35 feet in length, 10 inches wide, and weighing 27 pounds, and the latter rowing the Flirt, (the boat broken by Tyler at Boston), 31 feet 6 inches long, 12 inches wide, and weighing 26 pounds. The boat pulled by Brown at Philadelphia was three inches less in width than this one, and being altogether too narrow, chafed his legs severely. Both boats were of paper, built by Water & Co., of Troy, N. Y., and each was a fine specimen of handicraft, exciting much admiration in the eyes of *connoisseurs* by the beauty and accurateness of their lines, elegance of finish and extreme lightness. The gentleman selected for the position of referee was James Lee, of the Battery, himself a puller of note years agone, before he gained so much avoirdupois, while Charles J. Roosevelt, stroke oar of the Atlantic Club, acted as judge for Tyler, and James H. Biglin, formerly one of the now extinct "Biglin Crew," when in its prime, doing a similar service for Brown.

As soon as the judges' boat had taken up an eligible position, the men ranged, bow and bow, about in a line with Fifty-seventh street, the Portlander having the choice of position and selecting that next the shore, and at exactly nineteen minutes past six o'clock the referee pronounced the word, four oars cleaved the water at the same instant, and they were "off." Tyler had the best of the start, and, throwing all his muscular power into his strokes, drew away from his opponent, until, when opposite Forty-fourth street, clear water was visible between the stern of his own and the bow of his rival's skeleton. Here Brown lengthened and increased the vigor of his sweeps, not only closing the gap, but forging half a length ahead of Tyler. He now fell into his ordinary style again, and the Bostonian keeping up that long, magnificent action, which did not perceptibly change during the race—the same steady, clock-work movement from commencement to finish, which is far more reliable than the occasional spurting and then a relaxation of speed noticeable in Brown's method of pulling, as well as that of other oarsmen—again drew up even, went by and led his antagonist a few feet. From here until within about three hundred yards or so of the terminus it was anybody's race, apparently, both men pulling hard and the boats remaining nearly even the greater portion of the distance, Tyler, toward the conclusion, drawing slightly in front. Here the latter, who was about half a length or three quarters in the van, caught the swell from a steamer passing up stream, the waves washing completely over his boat, filling it one-third full of water, and causing him to "dig" and lose a couple of full strokes, and Brown, spurting again, pushed his craft half a length in front. The swell now struck the latter, as it had done his opponent, the sudden shock of the waves and the plunging of his boat interfering with him, although not sufficiently to cause the almost dead stoppage to which he came, and which enabled Tyler, who, for the first time since starting turned on an additional amount of steam, to speedily open daylight between the boats, and taking Brown's water, he crossed to the inside. Within a hundred yard of home they received the backwash of the eight-oared pleasure barge of the Gulick boat club, in the stern of which, guiding her, was ex-Commodore Brady, and the crew of which, whether from excitement or because they intended foul play—although we are loth to believe the latter was the case—failed to get out of way in season, first coming so close to Tyler that they were compelled to ship oars to allow him to pass, and then swerving to the left, they came into collision with Brown. Fortunately, however, Tyler had passed the terminating line when the foul occurred and the claim put in by the Portlander in the excitement of the race was decided inadmissable by the referee, who, after consultation with the judges, awarded the race to Tyler, which decision gave the utmost satisfaction to everybody, though we don't suppose there were half a dozen persons in all that assemblage who thought for a moment that it would terminate otherwise, not because they were convinced of Tyler's superiority, for exactly the reverse was the case in the mind of nearly every one, but it was universally regarded as a "fixed thing," the same as the opening race on the Schuylkill was looked upon.

Such is the general opinion of the race, the vast majority asserting that Brown did not exert himself to achieve the victory and the spasmodic style of his rowing would certainly seem to strengthen such impression. Few attach any blame to Tyler, who assuredly did his very best to win laurels, which, under the circumstances, are nigh valueless, and he emphatically denies any knowledge of an "understanding" in reference to how the races were to be decided. He was in admirable condition, rowing at about 154lbs., while Brown was not at all in proper order, weighing over 172lbs., and having sadly neglected his training, which he says was due to his over confidence in his powers. But that makes the matter appear in a still worse light for him, taking into consideration his defeat on the Schuylkill. We do not wish to place blame where it does not properly belong, nor withhold one iota of credit from he to whom it is due, but certain it is that these contests have reflected no credit upon either of the principals, doing more to injure them than increase the good opinion which may have been entertained of them by the public. Brown claims to have been beaten squarely on his merits, although attributing the same in a measure to want of condition, but nobody will credit that statement until Tyler proves his prowess more satisfactorily by vanquishing other prominent oarsmen who possess the confidence and good opinion of the public, and we have every reason to believe that he is ready to meet the best of them in a two mile spin, although that distance don't suit everybody. We may be able to form a better estimate of his abilities, perhaps, after his coming race with Mekiel.

After the race, Brown pulled to the judges' boat and got aboard. While pulling in, and after getting upon deck, he kept up a running fire of uncomplimentary epithets with the crew of the boat which had collided with him, winding up with a particularly severe one, and asserting his ability to "whip any man in the boat." Tommy Moore, of the Gulicks, who was standing close by, took up the cudgel on behalf of his comrades, and made a lunge at Brown, who ducked, and catching his assailant around the legs they came to the horizontal together, but here parties interfered and separated the combatants before either was injured, and hurrying Brown below, put an end to the scrimmage and kept him from the "wrath to come" of the Gulicks, who came aboard in a body, threatening vengeance dire. In the *melee*, "Buckshot," who was acting as peacemaker, and doing all in his power to quiet the uproar, was "accommodated" with one or two "for his nob" by an incensed Gulickian. The latter claim to have had money bet on Brown, but we guess this statement was made in the excitement of the moment, for we never heard of a dollar being wagered on the issue. The time given was eleven minutes twenty seconds and a quarter, but for the reasons mentioned above, the fact that no stakeboat was placed to mark the distance, and the improbability of the course being two miles in length, it is rendered unauthentic, notwithstanding the fact that the men rowed a straight race, in good water, and with the tide in their favor. Extraordinary time will always be questioned unless proper measures are taken to establish its correctness. We trust that we may never again have occasion to speak of a race or races upon which so much suspicion is cast as that between Brown and Tyler, which, with championship fizzles, have done so much to injure boating interests, as well as those of all other branches of sport, the well meaning devotees of which—those who aim at achieving fame, and are not looking solely through a monetary eye-glass—should unite to frown down all such injurious and reprehensible conduct, bringing disgrace, as it does, upon a noble pastime.

REGATTA ON THE OHIO.

The various rowing clubs in and around Louisville, in the Corn Cracker State, made arrangements some weeks since for a grand aquatic festival, the races being open to boats and oarsmen from any section, and the affair was brought to a climax in a most agreeable, and, in all respects, satisfactory manner, on Monday morning, 22d inst., on the clear waters of La Belle Riviere. Several hours prior to the time announced for the start, the belles and beaux, and many others who had passed the romantic period of their existence, began to assemble at eligible points for observation along the course selected, and when the contestants pulled into position for the opening race a large crowd had gathered at the Jeffersonville wharf, from a stake boat moored opposite to which the start was made. The ferry boat, Isaac Bowman, had been chartered for the occasion, and was occupied by the referee, C. L. Stancliff, representatives of the "lever of public opinion" and invited guests. The races were "four in number and the course two miles—one mile to a buoy and return. The inaugural event was a single scull race for an elegant china tea set, and was competed for by Fred. Wolfe in the Jacob Friend (named after a prominent merchant in the City of Smoke), and Thos. O'Hearn, in the Yuba-Dam. A good send-off was had, but ere proceeding many yards Wolfe took up the leading position, and left his antagonist so rapidly in the lurch that the latter gave up the race before half the distance had been pulled over, and Fred rowed home at his ease, crossing the line in 18 minutes and 55 seconds. This was succeeded by a double scull contest for two silver goblets. Only one boat entered, the W. P. Casey, rowed by Phil. Fisher and Phil. Ernest, who pulled over the course in 17:38, and took the trophies.

The third race was for triple sculls, and the prize at issue a splendid silver pitcher and tray, this being the leading feature of the day's programme. The entries were four in number, and were as follows:—John Kohlhepp—crew, Fred. Wolfe, Nat Stinson and Bob Slter. Charles Creamer—crew, David Thomas, Lew Mulholland and Abe Morrison. H. J. Reamer—crew, Asa Pyforn, Wm. Biglin and David Whitman. Green B. McDonald—crew, Levi Riggs, Jim Ferguson and John Henry. They got away beautifully together, but the Reamer quickly went to the fore, followed by the Creamer, and it was at once made apparent that the real contest lay between them and that the others were virtually out of the race. The story is soon told—the race was warmly contested, but the Reamer was never deprived of the lead and finally won in 15 minutes and 5 seconds, ten seconds ahead of the Creamer, the Kohlhepp third in 15:35 and the McDonald bringing up the rear in 16:00. The Creamer claimed a foul because the Kohlhepp had collided with them, but as the claim was rendered null and void by their continuing the race after such alleged foul, the referee very properly refused to listen to it. The fourth race, for double scull outriggers, for a fine silver jewel casket, was a very close and well contested one between the Morris McDonald, crew, Asa Pyforn and Daniel Whitman, and the Carrie, crew, Nat. Stinson and Thos. O'Hearn. These boats kept close together, going around the stakeboat side and side. The Carrie came in first; time, 13 minutes and 33 seconds, the time of the McDonald being 13 minutes and 36 seconds. The entire affair was well managed, conducted in the very best manner and gave general satisfaction.

OCEAN RACE ON THE CARPET.—The owner of the yacht Sappho, which vessel is shortly to leave for European waters, has issued a challenge to J. G. Bennett, Jr., owner of the Dauntless, to sail a match race from a stakeboat anchored off the Staten Island Club House, to and around the lightship off Cape May and return, the race to end when the lightship off Sandy Hook bears due south, after turning it from the east, the prize to be a set of silver, valued at $500, and the contest to take place between the 4th and 11th inst. Mr. Bennett has accepted, suggesting that all the vessels of the New York squadron be invited to join in the race and be required to pay only $200 for the privilege.

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

Their Sports and Pastimes.

In a recent issue of the CLIPPER we gave a report of a cricket match played by them against a crack eleven of England, in which, as might be expected, with their best man unwell and unable to play, they were defeated, but made a good show. On the 28th of May, the day after the "Derby," they indulged in a different kind of sport by performing a series of feats more or less novel to the inhabitants of "Great Britain," at Kennington Oval. The most interesting, because the strangest and the most nationally characteristic, of their exercises were the trials in the throwing of the boomerang and the spear. For these warlike pastimes the Australians had cast aside their cricketing costume in favor of close-fitting black woolen suits, which gave them, at some distance, the appearance of being clad in strict aboriginal fashion, with only the short trunks or drawers of kangaroo or other kind of skin that a savage would wear. They affected, besides, a head dress of two long feathers, crossed in a peculiar and not ungraceful curve. Standing in line, they cast their primitive looking javelins with great force and skill, sending them, as the archers of olden days sent their arrows, high in the air, to gain a longer flight and a more effectual fall. The mode of throwing these long, light, tough lances, which are mere natural spears of sharpened wood, unshod, and simply winged with a piece of one of the larger grasses, like bamboo, is rather curious. The thrower holds a short piece of wood, with a notch in the end farthest from his hand; in this notch he places the butt of the spear, and, in making his throw, he thus gains the same momentum that is given by a sling. After competing in line the blacks took sides and threw at each other, often managing to send their lances into the earth at the very feet of their opponents, who seemed to know exactly where the point would strike, and awaited its fall without moving an inch. The boomerang, though not entirely strange, having been introduced some years since as a toy of the most formidable kind, has never been so skillfully employed in English hands as in the hands of these natives of Australia, whose untutored progenitors must have discovered by accident or instinct a seemingly paradoxical phenomenon in the law which governs projectiles. The motions of the boomerang are so erratic that one can hardly imagine how it can ever be useful as a weapon of warfare or an implement of the chase. The only other performance on the part of the blacks that deserves praise or calls for special notice was Dick-a-Dick's really marvellous display of proficiency in dodging cricket balls. Armed only with a long, narrow shield, shaped like a canoe, and with a strange club or bat in the form of the letter L with the gout in its one foot, he stood up boldly to be pelted by expert throwers, not one of whom could touch him. Taking no notice of a ball that passed an inch or two from his head, legs or body, he baffled every direct aim in a manner that drew forth loud expressions of admiring surprise. His attitudes were all very picturesque, and sometimes quaintly droll; and he would now and then drop on one knee, or, by way of change, stand, or dance with his instruments of defence lying idle at his feet.

BASE BALL.

THE TOUR OF THE ATHLETICS.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

PHILADELPHIA vs. DETROIT.

THE ATHLETICS DEFEAT THE DETROITERS.

The Athletics left Chicago on Sunday at 5 o'clock P. M., and arrived in Detroit, Mich., on Monday at 4 o'clock A. M., a mistake made by the club that the members will ever regret. Traveling a distance of 280 miles in a crowded sleeping car does not fit men for active play, particularly in athletic sports. The game was advertised to begin at 2 o'clock, sharp, but it wanted a few minutes of three before play began. Harry Lex, of the Excelsiors, Chicago, who had accompanied the Athletics, was selected as umpire. The Athletics, having won the toss, sent the Detroit Club to the bat. Brown and Clark, the two first batsmen, went out at first, the former by Fisler and the latter by Berry. Lane and Burroughs, who followed, both scored, Lane getting his base on a slow fielded ball by Wilkins, and getting to his second on a weak throw of Wilkins' to first on Burroughs' bat, stealing his third and getting home on an overthrow of McBride's to first, Burroughs trotting to third on Dick's exploit. Collins made his first on a muff of Fisler's, on a good throw of Berry's got to his third, where he was left through Wilkins capturing Dawson on the fly. It was evident to the few spectators present at all acquainted with the Athletic's style of play, that the game was about to be a tedious one unless the Athletics pulled up. Reach went first to the bat. Al. looked fatigued and did not get a ball to suit him, as Lane pitched wildly. However, he let drive, and got his first on a ball Burroughs fumbled; he stole to his third and got home on Dick's bat, who was fielded out at first by Burroughs. Radcliff got his first on a "fumble" of Collins; Wilkins ditto by Brown; Fisler ditto by Burroughs; Radcliff stealing home; Wilkins home on Burroughs' muff of Fisler's ball. Berry made his first good hit, going to his second on a low ball to left field, and home on a wild throw of Burroughs', who picked up Cuthbert's hit, but threw it wildly to first, Neddy making his third and getting home on Sensy's bat, who popped a high ball short of Hinchman, which gave him his first, from whence he stole home. Schaffer put up a fly that Irwin took charge of. Reach went out at first on a weak hit picked up by Lane and fielded to first, seven runs being the sum total, the Atlantics in this innings in their match having secured only five runs. Still the Athletics did not appear jubilant, and it was impossible to awaken any enthusiasm, though Father Hayhurst put forth his very best endeavors; but the Padre found it an up-hill business. The Detroit got two runs in the second innings to a whitewash for their adversaries. Both runs were secured on badly handled balls by Wilkins, Radcliff assisting afterwards on passed balls. The victims were Carrier, out on a fly to McBride, Hinchman out at first on a throw of Berry's and Clark out on strikes. Lane took charge of McBride, Radcliff and Wilkins, fielding all three out at first. The style of batting was made evident by Lane being enabled from his position to gobble up the balls, and in time to get them to first in advance of the strikers. The Detroit players batted more confidently in the third innings. They batted real wickedly, having been timid in the two preceding innings; indeed, had entered the contest calculating upon being badly whipped, but, as the "moke" said of the white man, "base ball is mighty onsartin." They had indulged the idea all along that the Athletics had been playing off, while the truth was that the A.'s were playing all that their poor, exhausted natures would permit. The Detroit boys secured four runs for their exertions. Berry and Cuthbert each got a run on splendid hits, which carried them to second. Sensy hit to Burroughs, who muffed it, and by another error he went to his third, stealing home. The victims were Fisler, Schaffer and Kahmer, the latter having taken Reach's place. Al. was upset at his base by a player running him down, and the ball striking him in the temple. The game now stood 10 to 8 in favor of the Athletics, and McBride thought it time to do something. He sought to encourage his men, but it was a more difficult task than he was willing to acknowledge. The Detroit players were gaining ground rapidly, but they still harbored the suspicion that the Athletics were not anxious for big results. Happy for the Philadelphia club was it that the Detroit sharps had this idea on the brain. Lane, Burroughs and Collins scored in the fourth innings on clever hits; Dawson was nabbed at second by a throw of Radcliff to Fisler, who took Reach's place on that base, Schaffer taking charge of first and Kahmer going to right field. Clark went out at first on a throw of McBride's, Currier, third hand out, falling a victim of Radcliff on a foul fly. McBride got his second on a hit to left field. Radcliff, by a splendid drive clean over the fence at left field, sent McBride home, Radcliff making the grand rounds and for which the little Jersey man was wildly applauded. It was the first time this feat had been accomplished, though frequently attempted. This was all the runs that were made. Berry got his second on a nice hit to left field and "progressed" to third, where he was left through Master Cuthbert's striking a fly that Collins captured, Wilkins and Fisler having been previously retired at first by Burroughs and Lane. The Detroit boys got their first whitewash in the fifth innings, though Hinchman had a life given to him by Wilkins fielding the ball to first; Radcliff retired two hands and Wilkins one in this heat. The Athletics secured six runs, Wilkins and Berry having bases given them on balls, Kahmer, McBride and Schaffer getting their bases on clever hits, "Sensy" securing his first on a muff, but in attempting to run to second he discovered that the ball was there in advance of him, thrown by Dawson, and was compelled to take a back seat. Radcliff and Cuthbert were both halted at first in throws respectively by Lane and Collins. Lane alone scored in the sixth innings on the Detroit side; he got his base on a muff of Schaffer's. Radcliff and Schaffer each took a fly and Carrier was nabbed at first by a throw of Berry's. The Athletics only kept square with their opponents, they getting but one run, "Sensy" scoring. Brown, of the Detroit, scratched in the seventh innings, got his first on a muff of Berry's, stole two bases and got home on a passed ball. Clark, for the second time, struck Hinchman, was nabbed at the home plate in endeavoring to steal home by a throw of Radcliff to McBride, and Irwin was a victim of Wilkins on a throw to first. The Athletics made two counts. Fisler got his first on a muff of Collins', and on a passed ball got home. Cuthbert secured his base on a good hit, and got to his third on a passed, "Sensy" sending him home. Brown made a beautiful double play at this juncture of the game. Schaffer sent him a hot one which he held, retiring "Sensy," who was running to second, and which he threw to first in time to head Schaffer off. Berry was captured at first by Lane, who had exchanged places with Burroughs. The Detroit was whitewashed in the eighth, but secured four runs in the ninth innings, while the Athletics, by a tremendous effort, secured nine runs. The gallant little Radcliff made another home run over a ball sent precisely where he had driven the one in the fourth innings. The game was satisfactory to both parties—the Detroit boys were considerably elated over their good fortune, while the Athletics congratulated themselves over its being no worse. The attendance was not as large as probably it would have been but for the unfortunate and terrible disaster to the Morning Star on the day previous, whereby Detroit was called to mourn the death of one of her best citizens, and, it is feared at this writing, probably others. Appended is the score:—

DETROIT.	H. L.	R.	ATHLETIC.	H. L.	R.
Brown, 2d b	3	3	Kahmer, r f	4	3
Clark, 1st b	5	1	McBride, p	4	4
Lane, p	2	3	Radcliff, c	2	4
Burroughs, s s	3	3	Wilkins, s s	3	4
Collins, 3d b	1	2	Fisler, 2d b	3	4
Dawson, c	5	0	Berry, 3d b	4	3
Carrier, c f	3	2	Cuthbert, l f	3	3
Irwin, r f	3	2	Sensenderfer, c f	3	4
Hinchman, l f	2	1	Schaffer, 1st b	4	2
Total		17	Total		30

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Detroit	2	2	4	3	0	1	1	0	4	17
Athletic	7	0	3	2	6	1	2	0	9	30

Fly catches—Athletic: Radcliff, 4; Berry, 2; McBride, 1; Wilkins, 1; Schaffer, 1; total, 9. Detroit: Collins, 2; Irwin, 1; Brown, 1; total, 4. Out at bases—Athletic, 23 times; Detroit, 14 times. Foul bound catches—Radcliff, 2; Dawson, 3. Struck out—Clark, 2. Passed balls—Radcliff, 6; Dawson, 8. Double play—Brown, 1. Home runs—Radcliff, 2. Time of game—Three hours and thirty minutes. Scorers—Hayhurst and Pierce. Umpire—Harry Lex, Excelsior B. B. C., Chicago.

THE ATHLETICS IN CLEVELAND.

FROM OUR CLEVELAND CORRESPONDENT.

Early in the afternoon of the 23d of June the Athletics, of Philadelphia, arrived in Cleveland, from Detroit, and were met by a committee from the Forest City Club, of Cleveland, who did the honors. At half past two of the 24th the Athletics, clad in their quiet grey uniform, entered the grounds of the Forest City, and were received with loud cheers from the immense gathering of people who came to witness the finest base ball play ever seen in the city. The Athletics, unlike the Atlantics, have no compassion on their opponents—whoever they may be—and the game is played as though upon each run, made or stolen, depended the result of the game. The pitching of McBride, and the catching of Radcliff and Cuthbert behind the bat, elicited the highest praise, while the gentlemanly deportment of the nine won for them a host of friends. The Athletics, winning the toss, took the field and at 15 minutes past 3 the game was opened. [Al. Reach returned home in consequence of injuries received at Detroit, Hayhurst taking his place.]

First Innings.—Forest City—J. White first faced the music and made a strike to left, which gave him first base, taking the second and third on passed balls and home on strike; H. Brown made his first on three strikes, stole his second and was put out in making third; Hanna struck a safe grounder to right and made his first easily, and eventually got home. Clark knocked a fly skywards, but in dropping it struck Fisler between the hands; L. White made his first on a strike, and Smith took his side out on three strikes. Total—two runs. Athletics—Hayhurst struck a short one to third and made his first by a bad throw, and got home on passed balls; McBride, after knocking two terrific fouls, took his first on called balls, the umpire calling them sharp and quick on both sides; Radcliff knocked a pretty one, which was captured by L. White, Wilkins, by a good bat to centre, made his first; Fisler made a short strike to second, got on to first, but forcing Wilkins off, put him out at second; Berry made first on a grounder to right; Cuthbert, by a beautiful strike, made his third; Sensenderfer took his base on called balls; Schaffer knocked a nice fly to McEwen, who declined it; Hayhurst did the same, and again Mac muffed it; McBride, by a short strike to pitcher, made his first by good running; Radcliff took his first on called balls; Wilkins batted to left and made his first, bringing in Schaffer and Hayhurst; Fisler, to centre, made first; Berry knocked a foul fly, which Brown took care of, and closed the innings with ten runs.

Second Innings.—Forest City—Herse made his first on three strikes; McEwen, by a good strike to centre, made his first; C. Brown did the same; J. White popped up a fly, and Wilkins popped him out by catching it, and by good double play put McEwen out at third; Clark made a base by a strike, and H. Brown retired on a foul fly taken by Radcliff. Side out with two runs. Athletic—Cuthbert knocked an easy one to third, who, throwing it badly to first, gave him his base; Sensenderfer knocked a foul, which J. White refused, and then, by a tremendous strike over the fence, took his first; Schaffer made his first; Hayhurst knocked an easy one, which Herse should have taken, but didn't; McBride made his second on a grounder to right; Radcliff, by a splendid strike to left, made his second; Wilkins knocked a good fly to right, which was badly muffed by L. White, made his second on it, and came in on a wild throw by Smith; Fisler batted to first, but was lucky enough to make his base; Berry tried the same thing, but hadn't the luck, and was put out; Cuthbert put the ball into the pitcher's hands, who, not expecting it, dropped it; Sensenderfer spun it to left and made first, as did Schaffer; Hayhurst knocked a short one to third, and was put out at first; McBride made his second on a long fly to left; Radcliff sent one to third, who sent it to first and put R. out. Side out with eleven runs.

Third Innings.—Hanna went out at first by a short strike to third; L. White sent a fly to Fisler, who received it with thanks; Smith rolled one to pitcher, who rolled it to first, and Smith and side were ruled out. Side out with the first "goose egg." Athletic—Wilkins dropped one on the home base and made his first; Fisler knocked a foul fly, which was captured; Berry sent a daisy cutter to third and was put out at first; Cuthbert, by short strike to centre, made his first, stole second, made third by wild throw of pitcher; Sensenderfer, striking a foul fly, was well caught by C. Brown. Side out with one run.

Fourth Innings.—Herse struck a fly, which Hayhurst, of course, caught; McEwen came to grief by strike to right; Chas. Brown made his first by a good centre strike; so did J. White, but was put out trying to steal another base. Side out—another whitewash. Athletic—Schaffer knocked a high one to centre, but nobody being there he made his first; Hayhurst did the same thing, but Hanna being there, he retired; McBride also retired on a foul taken by the catcher; Radcliff should have done the same, but the catcher muffed it, and, making a good strike to centre, took his second base; Wilkins made the same point by a good one to left; Fisler got first, and Berry went out on a foul fly garnered by J. White. Side out with three runs.

Fifth Innings.—Forest City—Clark put the ball to first long before he got there; H. Brown also retired at first, and so did Hanna. Side out, with still another whitewash. Athletic—Cuthbert knocked a good 'un to left, took two bases; Sensenderfer did likewise; Schaffer was content with one, on a strike to centre; Hayhurst punched a fly by Smith, who wouldn't hold it; McBride sent one off to left and made second; Radcliff knocked a beauty clear away over the fence, but could only take one base; Wilkins made a base on a centre strike; Fisler got a good one to left, and made his second; Berry put a short one to centre, and was put out at first; Cuthbert knocked a fly, which was taken by McEwen in good style; Sensenderfer, after several fouls, was put out by the catcher holding one of them. Side out with eight runs.

Sixth Innings.—Forest City—L. White knocked a fly, which Sensy, for a wonder, missed, but immediately redeemed himself by accepting one from Smith; Herse retired on a foul fly catch by Cuthbert; McEwen made his first on a strike to centre; Charles Brown did the same; J. White knocked out to McBride, who, throwing it to first, put Mr. White out. Side out with one run. Athletic—Schaffer made his first on a short one to short stop; Hayhurst sent the ball to right and himself to first; McBride knocked a high fly, which H. Brown muffed; Radcliff to right and first base; Wilkins ditto; Fisler to left and two bases; Berry made his first on a strike; Cuthbert sent one to third, which put Fisler out, who was running to it, and by good double play came very nearly being put out himself; Sensenderfer made a good strike to centre; so did Schaffer and Hayhurst; McBride knocked a foul fly, which the catcher muffed, and then made a beautiful strike to left, on which he obtained two bases; Radcliff offered C. Brown a fly, and he took it; Wilkins took his first on a strike; so did Fisler; Berry went out by a good catch by Herse. Side out with twelve runs.

Seventh Innings.—Clark made his first; H. Brown made out on three strikes; Hanna knocked an easy one to first and retired; Smith popped up a fly, which Wilkins did not hold, and then made his first on strike to left; Herse made an excellent strike to right and got two bases; McEwen sent up a fly towards Fisler, who, nothing loth, took it. Side out with three runs. Athletic—Cuthbert easily made his first; Sensenderfer put up a fly, which was badly muffed by McEwen; Schaffer also sent up another, which Hanna didn't take; Hayhurst made two bases easily on a good one to centre; McBride and Radcliff and all the nine made bases; Wilkins retired on a fly gobbled by Smith; Fisler made his first; Berry then took the bat, and putting a ball in the only spot on the ground from which a home run can be made, made the first and only home run ever made on the present base ball grounds, amid great applause; Cuthbert again made a base; Sensenderfer popped out on a fly taken nicely by McEwen; Schaffer preserved the cleanness of his score by another good strike; Hayhurst retired on first. Side out with only eighteen runs!

Eighth Innings.—Forest City—C. Brown made his first on a good strike to right, as did White and Clark; H. Brown put a foul fly behind him, which Cuthbert nabbed; Hanna got chalked out by Fisler on a fly; and L. White tried the experiment with the same result. Side out—three runs. Athletic—McBride took the willow, and put the ball forcibly from him; Radcliff tried to, but couldn't, and went out on three strikes; Wilkins, Fisler, Berry, Cuthbert, Sensenderfer, Schaffer and Hayhurst each made bases in quick succession on good strikes; McBride then made a beautiful strike to centre, and made his second; Radcliff made his first, as did Fisler; Berry went out trying to make his second; Sensenderfer sent up a fly, which was muffed by McEwen, but sent him out at first. Side out with thirteen runs.

Ninth Innings.—Forest City—Smith, Herse and McEwen retired in one, two, three order at first base, making still another cypher. Athletic—Schaffer, by a good long strike to centre, made his second; Hayhurst retired on a foul captured by the catcher; then eight tallies were rapidly made, and Hayhurst was wiped out on first, and McBride on second. Side out with nine runs. The following is the score:—

ATHLETIC.	H. L.	R.	FOREST CITY.	H. L.	R.
Hayhurst, r f	6	9	J. White, c	3	2
McBride, p	2	11	Clark, 1st b	2	2
Radcliff, c	4	9	H. Brown, 3d b	5	0
Wilkins, s s	2	10	Hanna, 2d b	4	1
Fisler, 2d b	2	8	L. White, r f	2	2
Berry, 3d b	6	6	Smith, s s	4	1
Cuthbert, l f	1	11	Herse, c f	3	1
Sensenderfer, c f	4	9	McEwen, l f	4	0
Schaffer, 1st b	0	12	C. Brown, p	0	2
Total		85	Total		11

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Athletic	10	11	1	3	8	12	18	13	9	85
Forest City	2	2	0	0	0	1	3	3	0	11

Fly catches—Hayhurst, 1; Wilkins, 4; Cuthbert, 3; Sensenderfer, 1—9. J. White, 5; Hanna, 1; L. White, 1; Smith, 1; Herse, 1; McEwen, 2—11. Bases on called balls—Athletic, 3; Forest City, 1. Umpire—A. H. Hunker, of Western Reserve Club, Hudson, O. Scorers—Athletic, A. H. Kahmar; Forest City, L. O. Rawson. Time of game—Three hours fifteen minutes.

MUTUAL vs. SOCIAL.

The Mutuals are running up a fine average this season, and getting themselves in good practice for the fall campaign. On the 24th inst. they played the Social Club, and won the game by 32 to 5. Rain put a stop to proceedings at the end of the seventh innings. Stockman made his appearance in the Mutual nine in this game, and seemed quite at home. The Mutuals batted well, but the Socials found it almost impossible to hit Walters, several striking out. Layman was the only one who hit him fairly; he made three pretty hits, but only scored one. In the second innings he hit a long ball to left field, which Pike caught with one hand while running. In the sixth he made a clean home run, and in the unfinished eighth innings hit nicely for his third base. In the first innings Mott and Lawler made a pretty double play, retiring Bearman and Shreve. Pike was unfortunate at the bat, the "slows" of Byrnes bothering him somewhat. The score includes left on bases and fly catches.

SOCIAL.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	MUTUAL.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Clute, l f	4	0	0	1	R. Hunt, r f	1	6	0	0
Mott, 2d b	3	0	0	3	Flanly, 2d b	2	3	2	0
Lawler, 1st b	2	1	0	1	Stockman, s s	2	3	2	1
Layman, c	1	2	1	3	Swandel, c f	3	4	0	0
Worden, s s	3	0	0	0	Bearman, 1st b	3	3	0	1
Trayo, 3d b	2	1	0	0	Shreve, c	2	4	0	0
Byrnes, p	1	1	1	0	Walters, p	2	3	1	0
Chase, r f	2	1	1	0	Pike, l f	5	1	0	1
Weymouth, c f	3	0	0	0	Devyr, 3d b	1	5	0	1
Totals	21	5	3	8	Totals	21	32	5	4

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	
Social	0	1	0	1	0	2	1	5
Mutual	4	2	4	2	5	9	6	32

Struck out—Clute, 1; Mott, 2; Worden, 2; Chase, 1; Weymouth, 2. Out on fouls—Social, 5; Mutual, 7. Home runs—Layman, 1; Walters, 1. Umpire—Mr. Jewell, of the Excelsior Club. Scorers—Messrs. Cassidy and Dongan. Time of game—Two hours.

EUREKA vs. CHAMPION.

These well known New Jersey clubs met on the grounds of the former club at Waverly, N. J., on the 24th inst. The game was rather close up to the third innings, when the Newarkers got to work with the willow, scoring six runs in the third. Rain commenced to fall in the fifth innings, after the Eurekas had made seven with two hands out, but the Champions wishing to escape the bad defeat in prospect for them, threw the ball round wildly, and the umpire seeing no prospect of finishing the innings, called the game. This is what the result should have been:—

CHAMPION.	H. L.	R.	EUREKA.	H. L.	R.
Delaney, 2d b	5	0	Northrop, 2d b	2	2
Donnelly, s s	1	1	Hayes, s s	1	3
Bliven, c	2	0	Osborn, r f	3	1
Brawn, r f	2	1	Thomas, 3d b	2	1
Snoden, l f	1	0	Littlewood, l f	1	1
McMahon, c f	1	1	Currier, 1st b	2	2
Reynolds, p	3	0	Brentnall, c	2	1
Johnson, 3d b	0	1	Terrell, c f	0	3
Edwards, 1st b	1	0	Faltoute, p	1	2
Total		4	Total		16

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	
Champion	0	1	1	1	1	4
Eureka	2	1	6	0	7	16

Umpire—Mr. Buckley, of the Irvington Club. Scorers—Messrs. Cook and Hedenburg. Time of game—One hour and thirty minutes.

ECKFORD vs. ATHLETIC.

In their first game with the young Athletics the Eckfords defeated them by the one-sided score of 60 to 3, but in the second contest, played on the 23d inst., 29 to 11 were the totals. Van Alst and Ward having left the club, and Wood being absent, the Eckford nine were not so strong as in the first game. On the contrary, the Athletics presented a stronger nine than they ever had out before, and although they only scored in three innings, their fielding was quite sharp, and served to keep the Eckfords from running up a large score. We append the score:—

ECKFORD	H.L.	R.	ATHLETIC.	H.L.	R.
Nelson, s s	3	4	Miner, l f	2	2
Eggler, c f	4	3	Madden, c f	3	2
Malone, p	3	4	Woods, c	4	0
Patterson, 2d b	2	4	Richardson, p	3	2
Allison, 1st b	4	2	Gaylor, s s	3	2
Hodes, c	3	2	Tilton, r f	4	1
Geo. Grum, 3d b	3	3	Oliver, 2d b	1	1
Courtney, r f	3	3	Van Benschoten, 3d b	4	0
Laing, l f	2	4	Barrett	3	1
Total		29	Total		11

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Eckford	1	0	4	3	2	4	3	9	3	29
Athletic	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	11

Home runs—G. Grum, 1; Courtney, 1; Laing, 1. Umpire—E. Holmes, of the Oriental Club. Scorers—Messrs. Watson and Jones. Time of game—One hour and fifty minutes.

AMERICUS vs. ATHLETE.

The Americus Club, of Yorkville, played their first game of the season with the Athlete Club, at Washington Heights, on June 25th. The contest resulted in a victory for the Americus Club by a score of 38 to 25. The game throughout was attended with very little excitement, owing to there being very few excellent plays made. It commenced by the Athletes going to the bat, but they had to retire without scoring, the Americus making three runs. The playing began now to be more evenly contested until after the fifth innings, when the Americus took the lead and maintained it to the finish. The only double play made was by Roberts and Truex, the latter catching a handsome fly ball and sending it to first in time to cut off the return of the player. Some very good batting was done on both sides. The decisions of the umpire deserve esqecial notice—they were given with excellent judgement, and prompt and loud delivery, enabling them to be heard all over the field. The score is appended:—

AMERICUS.	H.L.	R.	ATHLETE.	H.L.	R.
McCabe, r f	2	6	Hopkins, 1st b	4	2
Truex, 2d b	2	4	Hooper, r f	5	1
Smith, p	4	4	Guernsey, p	4	2
Petters, c	2	6	Barry, 3d b	3	4
McManus, l f	4	4	Cregan, c f	3	4
McClymont, s s	4	3	Cuthil, c	0	6
Roberts, 1st b	2	5	Milliken, s s	2	2
Sherry, 3d b	3	3	Sloane, l f	3	1
Shelly, c f	4	3	Valentine, 2d b	3	3
Total		38	Total		25

Fly catches—Americus, 6; Athlete, 1. Fouls caught—Americus, 6; Athlete, 3. Home runs—Americus, 4; Athlete, 2. Umpire—Mr. Shelly, of the Union Club. Scorers—Messrs. Cuskley and Bull. Time of game—Two hours and forty minutes.

ORIENTAL vs. ECKFORD.

This game was played at the Union Ground, L. I., on the 26th ult., and resulted in a signal victory for the Brooklyn club by a total of 83 to 16. Neither club was fully represented, and did not do themselves justice either at the bat or in the field. Hodes, the latest addition to the Eckfords, proved himself a fine catcher, getting ten fouls. With the exception of a handsome one hand catch by Delmage, none of the Orientals are deserving of special notice. The full score is appended:—

ORIENTAL.	O.	R.	L.	F.	ECKFORD.	O.	R.	L.	F.
L. Miller, r f	3	2	1	0	Nelson, s s	4	3	1	1
Smith, s s	4	1	1	2	Eggler, c f	3	3	2	2
Dunscombe, 3d b	4	1	1	1	Malone, p	5	3	1	0
Barlow, l f	2	2	2	0	Patterson, 2d b	3	6	0	4
Bunting, 2d b	3	2	1	2	Ullison, 1st b	1	4	2	2
Keefe, p	5	1	0	1	Hodes, c	3	3	1	7
J. Miller, c	2	3	0	2	Klein, 3d b	3	4	0	0
Delmage, c f	2	3	0	1	Courtney, r f	3	4	0	0
Pelton, 1st b	2	1	2	0	Laing, l f	2	3	2	1
Totals	27	16	8	9	Totals	27	33	9	17

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Oriental	1	2	1	0	0	3	4	0	5	16
Eckford	3	3	4	3	3	0	3	7	7	33

Out on fouls—Oriental, 12; Eckford, 11. Home runs—Patterson, 2; Courtney, 2.—Umpire—McMahon, of the Mutual Club. Scorers—Messrs. Hartley and Watson. Time of game—Three hours and eight minutes.

EXCELSIOR vs. ALERT.

The Alert Club, of Seton Hall College, N. J., visited Brooklyn on the 25th inst., to play the return game of their match with the Excelsiors. Although the latter club has lost most of its players, they turned out a nine strong enough to give the collegians a dressing, as the following score will show:—

ALERT.	H. L.	R.	EXCELSIOR.	H. L.	R.
Ryan, 3d b	3	3	Dohrman, s s	4	4
Marrin, l f	1	4	Chauncey, l f	3	5
Lougheran, c f	1	4	Booth, p	4	5
Bameron, 2d b	4	1	Miller, c	0	9
Harris, r f	4	2	Anderson, r f	2	6
Coff, c	4	0	"Frank," 2d b	4	3
Tiers, p	3	1	Pell, c f	3	4
Febiger, s s	4	1	Hall, 1st b	1	6
Briggs, 1st b	3	1	Cornwell, 3d b	6	2
Total		17	Total		44

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Alert	3	0	1	0	6	3	1	0	3	17
Excelsior	6	0	2	3	6	0	17	2	8	44

Umpire—Mr. Flanly, of the Mutual Club. Scorers—Messrs. Nealis and Hammett. Time of game—Two hours and forty-five minutes.

MYSTIC, OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.—At a meeting of this club, held on the 22d ult., the following gentlemen were chosen officers for the year ensuing:—President, J. W. Cullen; Vice President, Jos. Fee; Corresponding Secretary, D. F. Buckley; Recording Secretary, J. S. Murray; Treasurer, W. Curtis; Captain, E. Mungars; Committee on Nine, E. Mungars, J. Gordon and J. W. Cullen. We tender our acknowledgments to the Mystics for electing us an honorary member.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

A LITTLE GIRL OUTRAGED.

A SHOCKING CRIME.

On Friday evening, at Chaska, thirty miles from St. Paul, was committed the most shocking crime that we have ever been called on to record—one that almost chills the blood by its horrid fiendishness, and makes us wonder if there can exist in human shape a demon who would deliberately commit such an act. On Friday afternoon three little children, residing at Chaska, obtained permission from their parents to go across the river and gather some flowers. The little party consisted of a girl about eight years old, a boy of about the same age and a little girl of about five. The two latter were brother and sister, and belonged to a different family from the oldest girl. These little innocents crossed the river shortly after dinner, and wandered around on the bottom in search of flowers.

Late in the afternoon the parents became alarmed at their absence, and inquired of the ferryman concerning them. He at once crossed the river and walked up the road a short distance, when he found the oldest girl standing by the roadside, covered with blood, and apparently crazed with terror and pain. Not knowing what had happened to her, and fearing some danger, he at once took her to the boat, on reaching which she fell fainting to the ground. He at once crossed the river, informed the family of the little girl, and she was soon conveyed to the residence of her parents, still in a fainting condition. Her injuries were examined by two or three surgeons, when it was found that a horrible and nameless crime had been committed on her person, and, worse than all, she had been cut with a knife in a manner so shocking that the bare idea must sicken our readers.

The terrible news soon spread and the community was wild with excitement. The parents of the other two children were crazy with terror lest some accident should have befallen their little ones, too, for it was now nearly dark and they had not returned. Hundreds crossed the river, although a violent storm was about commencing, and searched the bottoms for the little ones. Tracks of a man, supposed to be the perpetrator of the outrage were found leading to the river, and it was feared that he had murdered the little ones, lest, perhaps, they might identify him, and thrown their bodies in the river. Still the search continued during the long hours of the night and about daylight in the morning the little ones were found, half dead with fatigue and terror, having been out all night in the storm, thinly clad. The little girl, only five years old, was found badly bruised, showing unmistakeably that the same crime had been attempted on her that the older girl had suffered, but not to the same extent.

The children say that shortly after leaving the boat they were met by a man who desired the oldest girl to go with him into the thicket, offering to show her where she could get plenty of flowers. She refused, when he took her up in his arms and carried her off. He then choked her until she fainted. When she came to, she was alone, and found herself in the terrible condition mentioned. The other children say that, after taking the oldest girl away, the man soon came back, and on their asking where the oldest girl was, offered to show them. They accompanied him some distance, when he took the little girl and endeavored to repeat his crime. The little thing cried and screamed, when he ran off and they saw him no more. From the description given of the man, he is identified as a man who has been hanging around the town for a day or two—a low and brutal fellow. He is about five feet six inches high, light complexion, but sun-burnt, slender build, with sunken cheeks, and is about twenty-eight years old. He has light red whiskers. He was dressed in a low crowned black wool hat and brown pants, some think with white and brown stripes. He wore a pair of No 6 kip boots, very high in the legs. He is thought to have taken the evening train at Merriman station for St. Paul, and is still at large. Officers are searching the country everywhere for him, and he can scarcely escape. A reward of $500 is offered for his capture.—*St. Paul Dispatch, June 15.*

THE COST OF BEING GOOD LOOKING.

MADAME RACHEL'S SCHEME AND CONTRETEMPS.

A queer case has just been introduced into the Marlborough Street Court, London, Eng., bringing out the names of Lord Ranelagh and that uncourteous courtezan, Madame Rachel, as will be seen by the appended quotation:—

"Upon Judge Knox taking his seat on the bench on June 13th, Mr. Montague Williams appeared and said he had to apply to his worship, on behalf of Mrs. Borrodaile, for a warrant against Madame Rachel for obtaining money under false pretences; and in consequence of a nobleman's name having been mixed up in the matter, he had felt it his duty to advise the solicitors, who instructed him to give that gentleman notice that the application was going to be made, so that he might, if he thought proper, attend, and he said that the gentleman—Lord Ranelagh—was in attendance. Madame Rachel, as was well known, was in the habit of advertising to restore persons whose complexion had become *passe*, and to make them "beautiful forever," and his client, on going to Madame Rachel, was informed that she (Madame Rachel) had the power of "giving perpetual youth," and once having got her into her hands, Madame Rachel succeeded in getting £1,000 out of her. Subsequently, Madame Rachel mentioned to his client that Lord Ranelagh had seen her, and had fallen desperately in love with her, and that his lordship was ready to marry her, provided he had £1,400 for volunteering purposes. Lord Ranelagh complained of Mr. M. Williams bringing his name before the public in connection with such a matter, who replied by saying that his reason for causing notice to be given to his lordship was that he might give a denial to the matter. Subsequently it was suggested to his client that a trosseau of diamonds would be necessary, and upon this his client advanced £1,200 for diamonds, and subsequently took £150 to be off the transaction. He (Mr. M. Williams) felt bound to state that he had no doubt an improper use had been made of Lord Ranelagh's name, and that when the case came on his lordship would be able to show that he was not connected with the matter. Lord Ranelagh emphatically denied all connection with the matter further than that he had received some letters from Mrs Borrodaile, and handed them over to his solicitors, and he stated that he had only seen Mrs. Borrodaile once. Mr. Knox begged to say emphatically that nothing had been said in that court reflecting on his lordship's name. When the case came on his lordship would be called; he would deny all knowledge of the matter, and there would be an end of it. He (Mr Knox) would now grant a warrant for obtaining the £1,400, under the pretence that it was for Lord Ranelagh.

WICKED WILLIAM KIDD.

HE CUTS HIS LOVER'S THROAT.

On Monday last, William Kidd, a young man of 22 or 23, living three or four miles from Glenhaven, Wis., a small village opposite Guttenburg, visited Coalville and obtained a pair of horses and buggy at the livery stable of Mr. Ishmael, and at once returned to the house of Mr. McIvers, in the neighborhood of his father's, where a young lady, Catharine Jordan, resided to whom he was warmly attached, but who, it would seem, did not reciprocate his affection. He invited her to take a ride with him, but owing to disinclination and to previous indications of a revengeful spirit, she at first declined his invitation, and at last accepted, it is said, upon the request of others, who thought it would be for the best. It was well on toward evening when they set out for the ride, and Kidd made his way for a kind of by-road, little frequented, some five miles northeast of Glenhaven. Here, it is presumed, he pressed his suit with all the energy of a man with deep passions who loved deeply and could not brook a refusal. When found she had her throat cut from ear to ear, though some slashes on the left wrist showed that the heroic girl had struggled bravely against her hard fate. But he succeeded, her blood stained and clotted the entire vehicle, and after life was extinct he threw the body out, and it fell beside the road, where it was found on Tuesday morning by a passer by. After committing this shocking murder, it would seem that Kidd drove back to near his father's house, though he did not go in. He hitched the horses near the stable and took a small bay mare belonging to himself, saddled her, and made off for parts unknown. This was probably about 10½ or 11 o'clock. Kidd and Miss Jordan were brought up together in the same neighborhood, and have associated together from childhood. The parents of each are farmers, and people of the highest respectability. He has been paying his addresses to her for two years or more, but has always been received coolly, and there are reports of another lover to whom she was at least much more attached than to Kidd. When in the pineries last winter he wrote her a letter, telling her that if she did not marry him she would be of no account to any other man, and one report declares that he had twice attempted to shoot her, once through her window at night. Of course the affair creates the intensest excitement in the locality. An inquest was held on the body on Tuesday, but with what result is not known. The funeral was held Wednesday afternoon, and was largely attended. No trace of the murderer has yet been obtained.—*Dubuque, Ia., Herald, June 18.*

A BRIDE DROWNS HERSELF ON HER WEDDING NIGHT.

Miss Grapper, who was a young lady of prepossessing appearance, was about nineteen years of age, and was engaged to be married to Mr. Heckle, a well known citizen of Memphis, and the day of marriage had been fixed and the preparations commenced. On the night of Monday, June 15, Miss Grapper attended a party at the house of Mr. Goepel, accompanied by her intended husband, and it was observed that she was the gayest of the gay. It was the anniversary of her birthday, and she received the congratulations of her numerous friends with a countenance beaming with smiles. She danced, and sang, and joked, and talked, and none were more joyful than this young lady, and she did not leave this festive gathering till nearly 4 o'clock in the morning. While all gazed on the features of this beautiful girl, none for a moment imagined that, before the rising sun had made one more revolution, this handsome girl would be cold in death, and her body floating southward with the current of the Mississippi. She left her uncle's about 5 o'clock yesterday evening, and walked in the direction of Fort Pickering. When she got down to the edge of the bluff she entered a grocery kept by a man named Shelby, and procured a pencil and paper with which to write a note.

This note she addressed to her uncle, and, calling a little colored boy, she gave him twenty-five cents and directed him to leave the note at her uncle's house, next the Green Tree Hotel. The boy went on his errand, and the girl walked down again to the bluff, stood gazing into the placid river flowing at her feet for a few minutes, and was observed to lay down her parasol on the bank, and, taking off her hat and silk cape, she looked around her for an instant and then plunged into the river. Her movements had been watched from a distance by several persons, but none of them appeared to have the slightest idea that the young lady was about to commit suicide.

The moment, however, she made the fatal plunge all rushed forward, but she had sunk beneath the waters, and no trace of the body could be observed. Boats were immediately procured and persons proceeded to grapple for the body, but up to dark it had not been found. In the meantime the letter addressed to her uncle had been received at his house, and on being opened it told a sad, sad tale. It was to the following effect:—

DEAR UNCLE.—I am tired of life, and am now upon the brink of the river, where I am about to put an end to my life. This will be the last letter I will ever write to you. I do wish that you all will be happy. Give my love to all, and now a last good-by—farewell. Your loving niece, KATE.

AN UNFAITHFUL WIFE.

THE HUSBAND DISCOVERS HER IN HER SHAME.

THE SEDUCER SHOT.

Yesterday morning our quiet and orderly city was thrown into a furore of excitement by the report that a man had been shot by a well known citizen residing near the central portion of the city. This was the substance of the report when we first heard it, and it was some time before any thing like a correct version of the affair could be obtained. The particulars of the affair is something as follows: It appears that a man named N. B. Fisher, the traveling or outside agent of the Winona *Republican*, has for some months been the inmate of one of our highly respected families as a boarder. He soon grew to be, and in fact was, treated almost as one of the family, and was considered as an easy going, inoffensive man, of ordinary personal appearance, and has enjoyed the reputation of being quite a respectable man in this community. After a season, however, it was noticed by the husband, as well as others, that a rather unbecoming intimacy had sprung up between him and the wife of his friend. The husband said nothing, but "waited and watched," to see whether his eyes deceived him, or whether the pair really intended anything criminal in their intimacy that he thought he noticed. As time rolled on the intimacy seemed to increase, and the whole affair culminated in their being caught in bed in the very act of criminal intercourse by the outraged husband. It appears that after breakfast, yesterday morning, the husband told his wife that he must go out into the country a short distance on business, to be gone until dinner time. He left the house ostensibly for that purpose—Fisher being in the house at the time—but instead of going to the country, came down and proceeded to the business house of a friend, where he borrowed a heavy Colt's revolver, saying, as an excuse, in a jocular manner, that he did not intend to shoot any one, but some one might want to shoot him. He immediately returned to his home, and, taking a witness with him, stealthily entered the house and found matters as above stated. He immediately drew his revolver and fired four shots at the villain as he sprang out of bed and made a hasty retreat out of doors. Two or three of the shots took effect—one in the leg, one in the arm or shoulder, and it is believed that one, at least, entered his body. He started down street, assisted by a friend whom he met at the gate, and the last heard of him he was a mile down town, still dragging himself along by the aid of two or three friends whom he had met, saying he wished to get out of town as (naming the husband) would kill him outright and all for nothing. He is reported as bleeding profusely when last seen, but we have not, at the present writing, learned the extent of his injuries. The guilty wife is the mother of four bright children and was a woman who had, up to her acquaintance with Fisher, borne a good character, and had a large circle of warm friends. She was driven from the house, and the husband, after placing some one in charge of the household, went to his work (being one of our prominent house carpenters) as though nothing had happened; and the general verdict of the whole community being in his favor he was unmolested by the authorities.—*Winona Minn., Democrat, June 15.*

THE GAME OF CHESS.

Corrections of Alexandre, No. 15.

BY E. H. C.

No. 70, MENDHEIM.—In this problem the 1st and 2d moves can be transposed. Carry the two Rooks on White's 2d rank one sq further up the board and the position is correct, thus:—

WHITE.—K at Q R 4; R's at Q R 3, and K 3; and Kt at Q B 6th.

BLACK.—K at Q R sq; Q at her B 8; R's at K Kt 2, and K B 6, B at K R 4; P's at Q Kt 2, Q B 2, and Q 4th.

White compels stalemate in two moves.

No. 73, KOCH.—Here, also, White can transpose his 1st and 2d moves. Transpose the white Q from K Kt 2d, thus:—

WHITE.—K at his R 5; *Q at her B 6;* P's at K Kt 5, and K R 6th.

BLACK.—K at Q Kt 8; Q at K B sq; R at Q Kt 5; Kt at K Kt 3; and P at K R 2d.

White forces stalemate in two moves.

CORRECTION.—In No. 59 we inadvertently wrote "White to mate, &c.; it should have been, White to *win*.

ALEXANDRE'S "BEAUTIES OF CHESS."—Our contributor says:—"I suppose in going over this work critically, nothing short of Professor Allen's library and access to old newspaper files would enable one to clear up all the difficulties—wrong authorship, positions ascribed to several composers, typographical errors, *etc.*—which present themselves. In making this immense collection of problems, so valuable although so full of defects, Alexandre has exhibited a singular combination of great enthusiasm with almost inconceivable carelessness. In your notice of the forthcoming *American Chess Nuts* you say, 'it is no Alexandre, with every fifth position faulty.' Now, as far as my experience goes (and I have analyzed nearly one-fourth of these problems), you have done our author too great honor; for I find about *one in three* leaky. If the problems of Brede, D'Orville and Anderssen be excluded, three-fourths of the remaining positions are not worth the paper they are printed on. With all this, great are our obligations to this indefatigable compiler; it was a labor of love and we accept it, such as it is, with gratitude.

"As you are ignorant of who the 'Anonymous' of Lisle is—for he still lives—I can inform you, on the good authority of Anderssen and Dufresne's *Anthologie der Schachaufgaben*, that M. Theodore Herlin is the unknown."

Enigma No. 631.

BY SILAS ANGAS, ESQ.

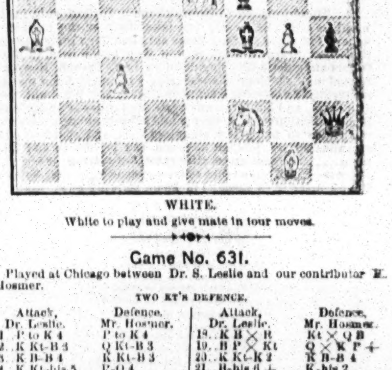
We are almost certain of having given this position some years since, but it has been called to our attention and eulogised anew by a favorite contributor; and, on its own merits, is worthy reproduction once a decade *ad perpetuam*. "As neat a 3-move is not to be met with every day."

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Problem No. 631.

BY M. M. COOKE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Game No. 631.

Played at Chicago between Dr. S. Leslie and our contributor E. Hosmer.

TWO KT'S DEFENCE.

Attack, Dr. Leslie.	Defence, Mr. Hosmer.	Attack, Dr. Leslie.	Defence, Mr. Hosmer.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	18..K B × R	Kt × Q B
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	19..B P × Kt	Q × K P +
3..K B-B 4	K Kt-B 3	20..K Kt-K 2	R-B 4
4..K Kt-his 5	P-Q 4	21..B-his 6 +	K-his 2
5..K P × P	Kt-R 4	22..K R-B sq	K R-Q sq
6..K B-Kt 5 +	P-Q B 3	23..Q Kt-Q 2	Q-K R 6
7..Q 2d P × P	Kt P × P	24..K R-B 3	Q × R P
8..K B-K 2	P-K R 3	25..K R-his 3	Q-Kt 8 +
9..K Kt-B 3	P-K 5	26..K Kt-B sq	Q B × Kt
10..K Kt-K 5	Q-her 4	27..Q Kt × B	R × Q +
11..P-Q 4	P × P *en pass*	28..Q R × R	Q-Kt 4
12..K Kt × P	Q × Kt P	29..Q R-Q 2	K-Q Kt 3
13..K B-his 3	Q-Kt 3	30..R-Q sq	K-his B sq
14..K Kt-K 5	Q-K B 4	31..Kt-K Kt 3	P-K Kt 3
15..Kt × Q B P	Q B-R 3	32..P-Q B 3	Kt-K Kt 3
16..K Kt-Q 4	Q-K 4 +	33..Q Kt-K 4	Kt-K 6 +
17..Q B-K 3	Q Kt-B 5	34..K-his 2	Q-Kt 7 +, and

mated next move—though we see no necessity for interposing the Kt rather than the Rook just yet. This game, as is usual with our present contributor, has some interesting features.

Well sustained battle between Herr Szen and Mr. Boden.—*Bell's Life*, old series.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

Szen.	Boden.	Szen.	Boden.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	31..Kt P × B	Kt to K B sq
2..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	32..Kt-his 2	K Kt-K 3
3..P-Q 4	K P × P	33..Kt-Q 3	K Kt-Q sq
4..K B-B 4	K B-K 2	34..R-K B sq	P-Q R 4
5..K Kt × P	K Kt-B 3	35..R-K Kt 2	P-K R 4
6..Q Kt-B 3	Castles	36..Q B-home	R-K Kt sq +
7..Castles	Q Kt-B 3 (*a*)	37..R-his R 2	P-K R 3
8..K Kt × Kt	Kt P × Kt	38..Q B × B	Q P × B
9..P-K R 3	Q B-K 3	39..R-K R 3	P-K 7
10..K B-Q 3	P-Q 4	40..R-K 3	Q R-Q sq
11..P-K 5	K Kt-K sq	41..Q Kt-K sq	Kt × K B P
12..P-K B 4	K B-B 4 +	42..K-Kt sq	Q R-Q 8 (*g*)
13..K-his R sq	P-K B 4	43..K-his B 2	K-his 3
14..Q-K R 5	Q-K sq	44..R-K B 3 (*h*)	K × K P
15..Q × Q	Q R × Q	45..R-K R 3 +	K-Q 5
16..Kt-Q R 4	K B-Kt 3	46..R-K B 3	Kt-Q 6 +
17..P-Q Kt 3 (*b*)	K R-B 2	47..Q Kt × Kt	Q R × Kt
18..Q B-R 3	P-K Kt 4 (*c*)	48..R-K B 4 +	K × K B 2d P
19..P-K Kt 3	P-K R 3	49..R × R P	R-Q R 6 (*i*)
20..Q R-Q sq	K B-K 6 (*d*)	50..K × K P	R-Q R P +
21..P-Q B 3	Kt P × P	51..K-Q 3	P-Q B 5
22..Kt P × P	K B-Kt 2	52..K-Q B 3	R-K B 7
23..K R-B 3	K B-Kt 3 (*e*)	53..K-Q B 3	P-Q R 6 (*k*)
24..P-Q B 4	P-Q 5	54..R × B 1st P	Q R-B 6
25..P-Q B 5	K B-R 4	55..K-Q B 2	R × R P
26..K-his R 2	K-his B 2	56..R-K B 7	P-K B 6
27..R-K Kt sq (*f*)	K R × R	57..R-K B 6	P-K B 5
28..K × K R	R-Q 7	58..K-Kt sq	R-K B 7
29..K B-B 4	K B-K 6 +	59..K-Q R sq	P-K B 6
30..K-his R 2	Q B × B	60..K-Kt sq, and, although Mr.	

Boden may now win easily, he subsequently played two or three inadvertent moves, and the game was drawn. Those distinguished competitors also played one other game which, after a protracted struggle, was also drawn.

(*a*) Kt takes K P would do little or nothing to improve the game of the Defence.

(*b*) Preventing the advance of hostile Kt to Q B 4, by preparing for Q B to R 3d.

(*c*) Good! He could not play P to Q B 4 on account of Attack's reply 19..K B to Kt 5th.

(*d*) Anticipating Attack's move P to Q B 4th.

(*e*) Had he advanced Q P, Szen would have taken P with P; and then moved K B to B 4, if Defence attempts to pin the Rook.

(*f*) This part of the game is highly critical and interesting. By his last move Mr. Boden offered to lose K B; but, had Herr S. paused to win him, the following variation shows that he would have been the loser:—

27..P to Kt 4	Q R to K Kt sq	30..K R × R	Q R × R +
28..K R-B 2	Q B-Q 4	31..K-R 3	R × Q R P,
29..P-K R 4 (l)	K R-Kt 7 +		and has the advantage.

(*l*) If 29..Q R to Q 2d, Defence wins by K R to Kt 8.

(*g*) 42..R to Q 7th would have been better—but from this point Mr. Boden should have won without much difficulty.

(*h*) Anything else and Defence would have taken Kt with R.

(*i*) 49..R to R 3d looks good.

(*k*) It was more speedily decisive to have checked, and then taken Pawn.

CHEQUERS.

Game No. 13.—Vol. XVI.

Played between Messrs. Smith and Willis.

IRREGULAR.

Black. Mr. S.	White. Mr. W.	Black. Mr. S.	White. Mr. W.
1..12 to 16	24 to 19	8..7 to 11	21 to 18(a)
2..8 12	27 24	9..10 15	18 9
3..16 20	32 27	10..5 14	23 16
4..9 14	19 15	11..12 19	27 24(b)
5..11 18	22 15	12..20 27	31 15
6..10 19	24 15	13..3 7, and wins.	
7..4 8	25 22		

(*a*) This move loses. (*b*) Futile.

Solution of Position No. 22.—Vol. XVI.

BY S., OF BROOKLYN.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..15 to 10	7 to 14	6..14 to 9	12 to 16
2..22 17	13 22	7..27 24	20 27
3..25 10	2 6	8..31 24	7 10
4..21 17	6 15	9..9 6, and wins.	
5..17 14	3 7		

Solution of Position No. 23.—Vol. XVI.

BY THE ED. D. D.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..20 to 16	12 to 19	3..15 to 8	23 to 26
2..11 15	19 23	4..6 10, and wins.	

Position No. 24.—Vol. 16.

BY A. ANDERSON.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to move and win.

Position No. 25.—Vol. 16.

BY A. J. F.

BLACK.

WHITE.

Black to move and White to draw.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

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Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, June 29, 1868.

"HURRA!" Dear knows, if ever New York has had cause to be jubilant, now is the accepted time. "Three cheers for us!" What with the Schutzenfesters, the Democratic convention festers, the theatric festers, and numerous other festers on the body politic of this gutta percha metropolis of the western world, we are certainly in an uncommonly fine frenzy rolling, so to speak. *Vive le* Ditsche Schutzenverein, die Shootzencorpses, und der Liedertafel, und der Schillerbund, und der Gesangverein, und all oder bunds und reins, und festive festas. The Dutch have taken New Holland. Everybody is on it, now. As we write a brass band of Schutzenfesters are playing "Old Dog Tray" in Dutch right in front of our office, probably in honor of our advocacy of the great cause of the Schleswig Holsteiners. They come down upon us like the Philistines of old; they come from every nation, and come from every clime, while thousands live on lager bier, and thousands on the Rhine. Spraken zie Ditche? Nien? Dos ist nix goot. Three cheers for Yarmany! Wos ist zu haben? The benefits accruing from a perfect understanding of the German tongue were never so evident as now. All hail to our German visitors. Poetry on to 'em:—

DIE SCHUTZENFEST.

Wos ist dose sound, und wos is dot mine ear does penetrate?
It is der gallant Schutzenbund, und der Gesangverein quartate;
Die gibbleta und der lowfel kine, und Sauerkrunde lat wine;
Ein, zwi und tri of lager bier, dot some folks does exprise;
Die wirligig and Mannerchor und sausage midout cheese;
Es est die noble Liedercrant! Yaw, from de Fyrsness.
Wos ist dose lights der streben an, und wos dose dem screchen bundt;
Das ist die Unken Schwabischer, mit einitch Sallie Lund.
"Nix cum arous," dose chap he say, "bas bleu," die Krankverein;
Up steps a frigid Bowery man und takes his drops unseen;
"Fer tiefel mit yer whiskey beer, en lieben est du haben."
"Oh, shut your head," spraken Bowerie mann, "I'll spit you mit mon laben."

Die Schutzenfesters gathered round, fear, tri, swi hoonter strong;
Ye Bowerie mann est mooch afrait, unt calls out for dot trong.
Die Yarmans blow a bugle blast, Abt's Schuler's *corps* upstart,
Mit Eintrach; Frohsin, Lowely bunds, like links of sausage part.
"To hell mit all yuse Butcher men, dead rabbits split yuse head."
Dose Bowerie mann he spoke dot once, und soon lay mit de dead.
For Orpheus he did strike dot lyre, for neberlenden pere,
Unt die members of der Sangerbunds made tanks in lager bier,
Und may I nebber know no tings, nor speaks mit you no more,
Uf all dose tings I tell mit you don't happen July four.

.....Theatricals are dull everywhere. Professionals in large numbers arrive here every day, take stock of the market, and depart for other fields. Some are already on their way across the ocean, to spend what money they made here, in Europe. Others are quietly dropping down to Long Branch, Newport, or Squeedunk, as circumstances may warrant. A few managers are trying to worry out a summer season, but it's tight papers with them, and but for the delegates and other attendants at the Democratic Convention, they would subside at once. Six weeks will suffice to bring the absentees back, and then look out for an animated competition between the legitimate and illegitimate.....Circumstances alter cases, Lord Byron, or some other feller says, and some other feller was correct, as may be seen by the following little versified incident, showing why

SHE DIDN'T GO.

"What will you do, love,
When I'm gone away?
Your nights will be lonesome,
And dreary the day;
O, what will you do, love,
When I am not near,
With sweet smiles to greet you,
And kind words to cheer?"

"Pon my honor, my darling,
I really can't say
Exactly what I shall do
While you're away;
But, perhaps, if I'm lonesome
And pleasure must seek,
I'll look into BRYANT'S—
Or else the OLYMPIC.

"I'll try with my papers
And pipe, love, to learn
To be very patient
Until you return;
But if while you're gone, love,
I am very forlorn,
I'll drop into NIBLO'S
And see the 'White Fawn!'"

.....A majority of those who gaze upon the glitter and display and witness the glory which attends an actor's public life, little dream of the troubles which assail him in the shades of domesticity. We once dropped in upon a favorite actor, and while waiting for him as he hastily ran over his part, were witness to the following:—

JAQUES.—All the world's a stage—
WIFE.—Husband, I wish you'd leave me money to pay the butcher; it's really—
JAQUES.—And all the men and women merely players.
WIFE.—And my bonnet's so shockingly bad—
JAQUES.—Yes, yes, do hush those naughty brats. They have their exits and their entrances— (*Children squabble and fight.*)
JAQUES.—And one man in his life plays many parts. (Georgy, you naughty boy, give Tom back his top).
(*Wife whips youngest boy furiously—boy yells.*)
JAQUES.—His acts being seven—
BIDDY.—(*entering*)—Sur, will it be pass or tomayties for dinner?
JAQUES.—O, anything you like—don't bother me! At first the infant (*baby screams wildly*), mewling and puking in his nurse's arms—
NURSE.—Sure he's not doing anything of the kind, sir; only swallowed a row of pins.
JAQUES.—And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel—
WIFE.—That reminds me that the schoolmaster has been here with his bill.
JAQUES.—And shining face. (*Carpenters set up a hammering overhead.*) Creeping snail! school—
And then the lover—
PEDLAR (*in street*).—Here's your nice strawber-ries, only four cents a basket; here they or!
JAQUES.—Sighing like furnace—
ANOTHER PEDLAR.—Porgees, tom cod, hollabit—
JAQUES.—Ballad—mistress' eyebrow—
ORGAN GRINDER *strikes up "Waiting," Norapipe.*
JAQUES.—Then a soldier, full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard—
BRASS BAND *starts in under window.*
CHILD.—Pa, pa, Freddy's bin tryin' to bite off my nose.
JAQUES.—Hang it! (*throws away book*) there's no use trying to study here. Let's have some beer and oysters! (*Seizes his hat and our arm, and exeunt omnes.*

.....One Grand Duchess has left us, but we still have a few of the same sort left, and the Grand Duchess seems to touch us so with its pungency, that we, being a pun gent (see?) and being American, must give a merry canto to our native artists, since others have been running wild after the French singers, whose songs depend altogether upon their French airs:—

LINES TO THE WORRELLS.

The Worrells, in their "Grand Duchess,"
To make good points do strive all;
Miss Jennie's Paul a Paul is that
May well appal each rival.
Miss Irene's Wanda, too, is fair,
To give the part its meed:
With such a Wanda 'tis at least
No wonder they succeed.
Of Sophie—Belle—what can we say
Of words we feel the want,
Suffice it that this Worrell's points
Were all quite elegant.

.....We've been making a "new and novel" play—making it entirely out of our own head, although some envious people insist that they have seen something like it before, which it is a vile and depraved nature that would assert such a slander. This drama is adapted to the Broadway style of elegant literature and dramatic effects, and if well worked up with plenty of red fire, tableaux and scenic novelties, may be set down as excelling in interest the best efforts of Shakespeare. We write the play and leave the stage carpenter, machinist and prompter, to get up the proper auxiliaries. Our new play it is called

THE LOTTERY OF LIGHTNING;
OR,
FLASH OF LIFE.

An Original Sensational Drama in three acts.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TERESA—*A young and unbeloved daughter.*
CARESSA—*A young and much beloved daughter.*
JACK SWEEPY—*A fine young man in love with Teresa.*
VIELROMME—*An old man, father of Teresa and Caressa.*
FINDEN—*A Detective.*
ALLEY—*The keeper of a Concert Saloon and the Wickedest Man in New York.*
VERVEY—*A nonentity.*
LIGHTNING—*Enchained to do the Heavies (for this occasion only).*
Pretty Waiter Girls, Bummers, Loafers, Albany Boats, Piers, Burning Steamers, etc.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*A Room in Vielhomme's house—Two flower pots—A practicable window—One bell wire—A door—A coal scuttle, etc.—All true to nature.*

(*Enter Vielhomme.*)

VIEL.—I have two daughters—ha! I have a necklace—hum! I hate one daughter, ha! and love t'other, hum! I will bestow upon the one I love this necklace. (*Enter Teresa.*)
TERESA.—Ah, pa, what hast thou in *votre main?*
VIEL.—I'm an American by choice, so no French for me. What have I? A necklace; look, behold, gaze, and then be satisfied. Child, thou knowst I hate thee!
TER.—I loveest thee for it Parr-r!
VIEL.—Hem, know this necklace is for thy sister. No one knows it but thee, but thee, but thee; I'll put it on this table; see! and there I'll leave it—ha! My daughter, oh, my daughter! (*Exit Viel.*)

(*Enter Jack Sweepy.*)

JACK.—(*To Ter.*) Ah, me own, I've just got back from the Pacific Railroad.
TER.—Fly!
JACK.—Nay, dearest, nay. If thou wouldst have me paint the moon.
TER.—Go home. (*Pause for the audience to laugh.*) My par will ne'er consent to our marriage; he says I must marry a rich man; but I love you.
JACK.—Am I not rich—in health? But stop, methinks your father had a son.
TER.—He did, but he is lost—lost.
JACK.—I will find him. But stop—what's that! Is it the cannon's opening roar? Or is it, say, a car rattling o'er the stony street?
TER.—'Tis neither. It is—
JACK.—What?
TER.—THUNDER!! (*Pause for applause.*)
(*Plenty of red fire and sheet iron—Scary.*)
TER.—Fly!
JACK.—I will. (*Goes to exit at door.*)
TER.—Stopping him. Not that way; pa will meet you; jump out of the window; 'tis only seventy-five feet to the ground. (*Hasty old Grandpa.*)
JACK.—That's nothing to a fireman of the old force. (*Pause for applause.*)
TER.—Fly!
JACK.—(*On the window sill*). I would I were a bird!
TER.—Fly!
JACK.—Farewell! (*Jack flies.*)
TER.—Methinks I see him off; 'tis true; he's safe. Oh than's Heaven! (*with a sudden burst*) and as for me, I will go pray! (*She goes.*)
An interval of two minutes, during which the healthiest kind of Red Fire, Burnt Rosin and Sheet Iron).
(*Burst of Music.—Enter Lightning.*)
LIGHT.—The Frost came forth one still clear night, and why should not I? Let's see; what have we here—a plant! (*strikes it, knocking it over*). A bell wire! (*breaks it*). A coal scuttle! (*spits in it—it burns a hole in it*). Ha! ha! but this *is* fun. By thunder what is this? A necklace! gold and coral! I'll take it (*puts it in his pocket*) and now Old Jove let loose! (*Jove lets loose—very heavy thunder*). I'll knock over a chair, cut a picture cord, upset a stand, and then——Away—(*He does, and then sweeps*). (*Thunder ceases*).
(*Enter Caressa, Ter., Viel., and Finden*).
FIND.—Before you know it yourself, I know you had lost a necklace; look and see if I do not speak truly! (*They all look*).
VIEL.—Some one has taken it—you are indeed right.
FIND.—Such are New York detectives. (*Aside*). On the stage. (*Seriously*.) I—I will find it, and restore it to your arms as pure and virgin as the morn. I will, I've sworn it.
VIEL.—I've thought. (*To Ter.*) None but you know where it was; so you have taken it.
CAR.—Of course she has, pa; but that's, as we used to say at boarding school, *entre nous.*
VIEL.—How I do like to hear her talk Italian. (*To Ter.*) Teresa, don't feel hard about it, but you must leave my house—ha! Yes, you must leave my house.
TER.—(*Aside*).—Oh, could J ckey have nipped it? No, no, I'll say nought about him. I will go; yes, I will. (*Aloud.*) Nuf sed, old boy; I go. When other lips and other hearts; but stop; ta ta, old boy; (*Melo-dramatically*). Caressa, me sister, adieu!
VIEL.—One more unfortunate. Where, oh, where is my son, my long lost son?
FIND.—I'll follow her.
VIEL.—Away. (*Slow Music.*)
TER.—I go, I go.
(TABLEAU OF INJURED INNOCENCE AND SYSTEMATIC VILLAINY.)

SCENE FIRST.—*A Pretty Waiter Girl Concert Saloon—Alley—Highly intelligent and virtuous Waiter Girls—Regular bums, pimps, etc., discovered lushing around.*)
ALLEY.—I am the wickedest man in New York—(*to the waiter girls*) Gals sing a hymn.
(*The girls begin "Te'l ly Regan," but are interrupted by screams without.*)
ALLEY.—(*Calling off*) What ho! without there! wouldst have more wine? or for why dost thou scream?
(*Enter, in great hurry, Teresa, followed by Finden.*)
TER.—(*To Finden*) You craven, when in the abode of innocence, thou coward catiff! (*to girls*) and what thinkst thou, sweet Camilles, he would have done? He would have manacled me.
1ST INTELLIGENT AND VIRTUOUS W. G.—What have you been pulled for?
TER.—For naught, my friend, for naught.
1ST L. AND V. W. G.—Whose Naught? Your man?
2D L. AND V. W. G.—(*To 1st ditto*) Oh, shut up or I'll bust yer in the crust.
1ST DITTO.—If you will, then I'm ——. (*2d ditto busts her.*)
They fight. This we confidently assert to be the most exciting and novel scene of any ever witnessed on the stage, to say nothing of the moral contained in it. W. B.—Copyright secured.
Enter Jack, Viel, Car.
JACK.—(*To Finden*) Were you not at one time five years old?
FIND.—Alas, I was.
JACK.—Had you a father?
FIND.—I did, but, alas, he was taken away from me.
CAR.—Pa, let us leave this place.
VIEL.—Oh! my long lost son!
TER.—(*To Jack*) Let us fly. (*She flies.*)
JACK.—But stop. (*to Viel.*) Had you not a son?
VIEL.—I had. Where, oh where, are the Hebrew children?
JACK.—Behold him. (*Points to Finden.*)
VIEL.—Ha! He my son? Never!
FIND.—He my father? Never! (*Aloud*), I see it all; it was a trick to let the girl escape—this way, away.
VIEL.—Aye! Away! away!
FIND.—To the Albany boat—away!
VIEL.—Away!
CAR.—Away!
JACK.—Away! (*Aside*), I'll save her!
TABLEAU OF TUMULTUOUS AWAYS.

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—*Pier of the Albany boats. Boat in.*
(*Enter Lightning.*)
LIGHT.—They never suspected 'twas I who took it. She who they suspect is aboard that boat. I'll strike it, then she'll die, and the property will be *mine!* MINE!! MINE!!! For who would suspect me? (*Goes on board boat.*)
(*Enter Teresa.*)
TER.—Where, oh where can I fly to? On the boat? Aye, the boat. But who comes this way? Alas, my cruel father and the detective, and with them Jack. Oh, good Jack!
(*Enter Jack, Viel., Finden and Caressa.*)
FIND.—She is aboard that boat. You cannot see her, but I can, for I am a detective. Let's go aboard, aboard. (*Aside to Ter.*), As was remarked once before, stick!
JACK (*acting Ter.*)—Yes, go aboard, aboard. (*Aside to Ter.*), As was remarked once before, stick!
(N. B.—*This is a gag that never fails. Also copyright secured.*)
VIEL.—Stop! are you mad? don't you see the boat has started? And she is lost to us. Damn her.
FIND.—Peace, old man; I have a prior claim! We'll go by the cars. See how fruitful is a New York detective in expedients.
JACK.—(*Aside.*)—Then all is lost. (*Thunder.*)
CAR.—What's that. (*Terrific Lightning.*)
VIEL.—Look! look! the boat's struck by lightning.
JACK.—(*Aside.*)—Thank heaven she isn't aboard. (*Aloud*), Look, some one leaps from her. What ho! a small boat; I'll save him (*runs about*); I'll save him! (*runs more, then stumps a little*). Ah, here's a boat. But stop; here he is. (*They all assist Lightning ashore.*)
LIGHTNING.—Ha! ha!! where is she?
JACK.—Who?
LIGHTNING.—Teresa; she did not steal the necklace. I did. I've been duped, fooled. I thought she was aboard the boat, and found she wasn't; so even as I had determined to do were she aboard, I, in my disappointment, did; I raised my fist and struck it. Behold the result. (*Pointing to burning vessel.*)
JACK.—And who are you?
LIGHT.—I am LIGHTNING! (*Chord of Music.*)
VIEL.—Then my daughter is not guilty? My heart told me so from the first.
JACK.—(*Bringing Teresa from her hiding place to Viel., as they both kneel*).—Father, bless us!
VIEL.—Bless you, my children, bless you!
CAR.—*Bringing Vervey from behind).* Father, bless *us.* (*He blesses them to slow music.*
VIEL.—Now, where is my long lost son?
JACK.—(*Pointing to Finden*). He is there. Can you not feel the paternal instinct now?
VIEL.—I can; he *is* my son. Ha! ha!
FIND.—Father!
VIEL.—My son
FIND.—To my arms! (*They fly to arms).*
TER.—Let us fly!
LIGHT.—Stop. Ladies and gentlemen (*To the audience*), you see that *I* am the only one who has drawn a blank in the Lottery. May I ask that you will take pity on me. (*Audience here applaud, as they always do. If they didn't, how spoopey* LIGHTNING *would feel.*
JACK.—And when thus rewarded, I am sure he can feel no regret that he did lose, in

THE LOTTERY OF LIGHTNING,
A FLASH OF LIFE.

LIGHTNING.—And now will I fly to my own native home.
Grand Transformation Scene.
THE HOME OF YORE!
LIGHTNING *seen embracing Thunder, with* BORRAS *and all the other fellows and gals dispersed dramatically around.*
Curtain and Red Fire.

MANAGER WHEATLEY'S directorship of Niblo's is fast drawing to a close, and with it the run of the "White Fawn." Although intended to surpass in attractiveness and pecuniary results the famous "Black Crook," the most successful spectacular sensation of the age, the "Fawn" has greatly disappointed its projectors, for while the "Crook" was original in its many features, the "Fawn" is but a copy to a certain extent, and an unsuccessful copy at that. The "Crook," during a season of some four hundred representations, brought to the treasury upwards of $700,000, of which more than $400,000 may be set down as profit to be divided between Wheatley, Jarrett, and Palmer, with the lion's share for Manager Wheatley. And the "Crook" was taken off while it was still attracting paying audiences, to give place to the "White Fawn," which, after a short season of paying business, suddenly dropped down to unremunerative houses, and it is questionable whether the expenses have been in more than three or four times during the past three months, the play being given to losing business the greater portion of that time. This strain upon the treasury cannot be very pleasant for the trio of managers interested in its success, and in order to put an end to the leak the announcement is made that next week will witness the closing performances of the "White Fawn," and the retirement of Mr. Wheatley as manager. Bateman is to take hold for a season with his opera bouffe, but whether Offenbach will bring back the old *habitues* of Niblo's, is a mooted point. We have had a good supply of the "Duchess" and "La Belle," and something entirely fresh must be given if Mr. Bateman hopes to succeed.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" has for a long time been doing the best business in city theatricals, and stills stands far ahead of all others in its receipts as returned to the Revenue Department, although, owing to the warm weather, the houses are not as large as they have been heretofore. The many strangers now in the city, with the thousands who will arrive in a few days, no doubt visit the Olympic to take a look at the great pantomime, with its scenic effects, transformations, tricks, traps and changes. The skating scene brings back recollections of the skating parks and the many pleasant days passed during the winter on the frigid element. In this scene, Miss Carrie Augusta Moore appears to advantage on her parlor skates, cutting up the various didoes and eccentric movements that have made her so popular as a skatist.

TOOTER had a well filled house on the occasion of her benefit at the Academy of Music on the 25th of June. Among those in attendance were Mr. Burlingame and the Chinese Embassy, P. McDoogle, "Our Jim", and other shining lights of the metropolis. Tootee was not indisposed, and played as all *beneficiaires* should do who are rewarded with fat houses. Tootee sailed for Europe on the 27th, but will return to us ere the ides of November shall have veiled us in their frosty folds, or words to the same effect.

HERE'S A BRAN NEW COMBINATION—Fanny Herring and Frank Mordaunt—for the Old Bowery, those two performers opening an engagement on the 29th of June. This combination, with the dreadful dramas now offered at that house, must sadly interfere with that other melodramatic production, the "Lottery of Life," which has been attracting a goodly number of Bowery boys to Wallack's Theatre of late. With a little *more* experience in that line Wallack's ought to successfully compete with the Old Bowery.

THAT TRIO OF FEMALE LOVELINESS, and so forth—Sophie, Irene and Jennie Worrell—will continue to give the patrons of their theatre a taste of Offenbach, in the "Grand Duchess." Tammany Hall will no doubt have a large delegation in attendance at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre all this week, as the young girls are very attractive in their performances, and extremely interesting in their "get up."

MR. E. ENDY has concluded to remain at the New Stadt Theatre for another week, during which he will offer a round of performances that cannot fail to prove attractive to theatre goers on the east side of town. Those who have not yet been in this, the largest theatre in the country, should not miss the opportunity now presented of witnessing a series of exciting plays, well performed by an American company. Don't forget that two performances are to be given on 4th of July, one in the afternoon and one in the evening. The thousands of Germans in the city must spend an evening at the Stadt.

MR. ALF. BURNETT, the man of many faces and much facetiæ, opens a series of his peculiar entertainments at Dodworth Hall this evening, June 29th, when he will appear in a number of rapid changes and various characters. Miss Helen Nash, the poetic reader, will assist, and Mrs. Hattie Green, vocalist, will also take part. Mr. Burnett's many colored posters throughout the city have attracted a good deal of attention during the week. His contributions to the free picture gallery at the lower park proclaim him an artist of the first water.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS give their first *matinee* on the 4th of July, the opening and inauguration day of New Tammany.

MESSRS. THOMPSON & RIGGS, theatrical agents of this city, have three advertisements in this week's CLIPPER, to which we call the attention of the profession.

HELEN COLEMAN opens an engagement at the Bowery Theatre on July 6th, in a new burlesque called "The Bowery Helene."

THE WEBB SISTERS arrived home from California on June 28th.

A RHINOCEROS arrived in this city from Europe on June 21st, consigned to Avery Smith. It is for the Bailey circus now in the west.

MESSRS. LOWELL & SIMMONDS, dramatic agents of this city, are very busy just now, we are informed, in attending to the wants of managers and in getting engagements for people. Among the latter are Miss Emily Thorn, comedienne and burlesque actress, and C. T. Nichols, leading and heavy business.

MAD. RISTORI, Mad. Lagrange, Tostee and a number of other "play actors" sailed for England on the 27th June. Ristori's last visit here was not successful.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE closed its first season under the management of Charley White & Co., on June 27th. The season opened August 26th, 1867, under the joint management of Sam Sharpley, Ben Cotton and Charley White, with Sharpley and Cotton's Minstrels, who gave a regular first part and an olio performance by a variety company. The Baisley Family, Ida Devere, Eva Brent, the Caron Family, D. L. Morris (Dutch comedian) and the Leon Brothers, were in the organization. On Sept. 16th Alfred Prince, a buffo singer, appeared, also Annie Gibbons, a clog dancer, but were failures and their stay was a brief one. Frank Lacy and Florence Reynolds, song and dance performers, also appeared. On Sept. 30th, Winnie and Ashton, acrobats, appeared. Francis Vivian, vocalist, the troupe of Beni-Zoug-Zoug Arabs commenced on Oct. 7th, also Fanny Younge, burlesque actress, and Harry Pearson, who appeared in the burlesque of "Rumtifforle," which was a failure. The Fushi-Yama Japs opened Oct. 21st, Charles Dobson, batjoist; Richard Davis, Ethiopian comedian, and John Crusher, balladist, appeared Oct. 28th. A. M. Hernandez, pantomimist and guitarist and Little Mac appeared on Nov. 11th. Tony Pastor's performing dogs, under the charge of Billy Pastor, appeared Nov. 18th, also the Delevanti Brothers. Dec. 2d [illegible] vocalist, from London, Walter Birch, Harry Robinson and Dave Hawley appeared. Sam Glenn, Dutch comedian, and M'lle Helene, *canzonne*, commenced on Dec. 9th, and on the 16th Wm. Carleton, Irish comedian, appeared. On Dec. 23, the pantomime of "Tom, Tally Ho" was produced, introducing C. H. Adams. Ira Paine took a benefit Jan. 3d, and on Jan. 4th Sharpley & Cotton's Minstrels closed there as I went on a traveling tour. The Hanlon Combination, consisting of George, William and Alfred Hanlon, the Gregory family, Harry Gurr and troupe of performing dogs, monkeys and goat, opened on Jan. 6th and closed Feb. 29th. On Feb. 21st, Fred. Buckingham, comic vocalist, appeared. The company from the Theatre Comique, Boston, with Maffit and Bartholomew as the principal cards, opened on March 2d and closed on the 21st. A new variety company opened March 23d, and on the 30th, D. L. Morris, Dutch burlesque actor, appeared. William Lingard, a London comic, commenced April 6th, in his statues and comic songs, and for eight weeks he attracted very crowded audiences. He closed on May 30, and went traveling April 13th. Sam Sharpley disposed of his interest to Sandy Spencer, Ben Cotton having withdrawn some time previous. On April 24th, Charley White and Sandy Spencer took a fresh lease of the house from May 1st, for two years, at a rental of $15,000, a reduction of $5,000. April 27th Prof. Hilton, ventriloquist; Prof. Airee, gymnast; Andy Leavitt, Lew Brimmer, and Kelly and Hogan, put in an appearance. The Boone Children, E. Warden and the Clinetop Sisters, were added to the forces on May 11th, and on the 25th Alice Seidler appeared. John Burk, Zouave drillist, commenced, and Josh Hart and Fred. Williams gave a good imitation of Lingard. Prof. Logrenia, with his trained cat, birds and mice, commenced June 15th, also Sam Devine, banjoist. The last fresh attraction offered was Julia Fitzpatrick, who appeared June 22d. She is from London, and is a very clever vocalist. She is rather pleasing in appearance, has a saucy, taking style, just suited to the variety business, and one great recommendation is all her songs are new to this city, and her peculiar style of singing them at once makes her a favorite. Wherever she appears she will, without doubt, make a favorable impression.

TONY PASTOR closed his season in the Bowery on June 27th, when he took a benefit, afternoon and evening. In addition to the regular company there appeared, as volunteers, Nelse Seymour, Bobby Newcomb, Eph Horn, Sam Collyer and Dick Hollinwood, the last two appearing in a friendly set-to with the gloves.

MAURICE SANDS, well known in the circus business, arrived in this city on June 23d from Matanzas, where he left the Albisu Circus, which had broke up. A portion of the company was about leaving for Saugs La Grande, Island of Cuba.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS have closed in this city for the season, and are at present in Boston, at Selwyn's Theatre.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS brought their season in this city to a close on June 24th with a benefit to Leon, when the hall was crowded. This week the company are in Baltimore, and go thence to the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. During their absence their hall will receive a complete rejuvenation.

S. S. PURDY, end man and comedian, sails for California on the 1st inst., to join the minstrels at the new Alhambra, San Francisco, under Mr. Smith's management.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS, who are giving a pretty good Ethiopian entertainment, are doing a good business, the hall being comfortably filled, but not crowded, each evening. The first part is received with considerable applause and the several songs *encored*. Dan Bryant has the tambourine end, while Unsworth keeps up the bones, and Nelse Seymour assists them at their gags in the middle. The ballad singing of Charles Henry and Monroe Dempster is a feature of the first part, and they are *encored* each evening. In the olio, Eugene leads off with a sentimental song, and for an *encore* gives the "Dashing White Sergeant" in a style that elicited much laughter. Master Blessary, quiet representations of a young lady, Eugene has no superior, for his every movement is graceful and lady-like. The burlesque on Lingard by Unsworth and Bryant was better rendered the past week than during its first representations. Dan's "Guinea Pig Boy" and "Captain Jinks" are his best, while Unsworth is good as "Old Hats" and "As Thro' the Park." Horan and Hughes are two very clever performers. Last week they did the "Bells of Shandon" in the style of the neatest and best executed double song and dance acts we have seen for some time. They are both young men, and since they first came to this city have made great improvement and appear to do better every time we see them. Unsworth continues to give a stump speech, but he should try and introduce hits at the popular topics of the day. Joseph Emmitt made his first appearance in this city during the past week. He is a Dutch nigger, and a good one too, with comic songs and a hitch, which take very well. His style of business is somewhat different from that heretofore seen in a minstrel band, and it pleases. The burlesque of "A Flask of Jersey Lightning" concluded the performance. It consists of two scenes, the last one being a steamboat, and the old business of "Life on a Mississippi Steamboat" is introduced, concluding with firing up with the freight and lastly a nigger, when an explosion takes place and the curtain falls. The steamboat scene is very realistic, as is the explosion.

D. G. WALDRON, of the Alleghanian, was in this city on June 25th. He has gone to Portsmouth, N. H., for the summer.

MARTIN HANLEY, agent for Marietta Ravel, is, we are sorry to hear, confined to his bed in this city, and quite low with bilious fever and ulcerated sore throat. He was taken sick in Quebec, Canada, and had to be brought home.

OFF FOR EUROPE.—Felix Vincent, Mollie Williams, L. J. Vincent, stage manager of the Howard, Harry Wall, left for Europe on June 27th, by the City of Paris.

AT HARRY HILL'S Academy, Ed. Morley, ventriloquist; Bollas, the Dutch singer; Johnny Pendy and Tommy Sully, the Shades of Lingard, are in their 5th week. Master Bobby, wench dancer; J. W. Clayton, the artful dodger, and Gus. Williams have left the *corps*. On June 29th Ned Lowrie, Irish vocalist, appears, also Master Cassidy, clogist.

THE LUBIN BROTHERS are still engaged in the construction of magical apparatus at their establishment at No. 559 Broadway, this city.

A ROW IN THE FRENCH CAMP.—Manager Bateman having terminated his season with the French Opera troupe, Friday, June 26th, was fixed as the final salary day and the Academy of Music the place where the Grand Duchess, Fritz, Gen. Boum and *confreres* were to appear, clad in the habiliments of "ordinary" persons to receive their money. During the settlement Miss Fanchette Flavigny, who has been playing the leading part much for breaking some rule, when she opened upon Bateman in such a way as to make him quail. Notwithstanding her expressions of thief, swindler and robber were uttered in French, they were given with a force sufficient to make Bateman call in the assistance of two police officers, who arrested her. This act aroused the ire of three male friends, who made an assault upon the officers, and things became lively all around, a great crowd collecting about the scene to see the fine sport. The three individuals were arrested and taken to the station house, where Bateman preferred a charge of disorderly conduct against Miss Berthiat, and the officer preferred a similar charge against the male champions, who were fined $10 each.

EMERSON, ALLEN AND MANNING'S MINSTRELS open an engagement at Tony Pastor's Opera House this evening. The following is a list of the company:—Billy Emerson, Billy Manning, Johnny Allen, Dr. J. Rosenthal, E. S. Rosenthal, C. Wheaton, G. H. Clark, Edwin Holmes, C. A. Boyd, Frank Bowles, Harry French, Richard Willis, Harry Kelly, Charles Holly, P. Hanrattei, Henry Elliott, Martin Setz, William King and Master Eddie Manning.

THE "WHITE FAWN," which is now in the last week but one of its representation at Niblo's Garden, will be withdrawn on July 11th. The house will then be closed for a rejuvenation and re-opens on or about the 20th, with Bateman's French Opera Troupe.

TONY PASTOR'S BENEFIT on June 27th, afternoon and evening, was a great success, the opera house being densely crowded on both occasions. In the afternoon Eph Horn, Bobby Newcomb, and Nelse Seymour appeared, and in the evening the set-to between Sam Collyer and Dick Hollwood was the great attraction. A great many people were turned away in the evening, unable to obtain even standing room.

THE ENGLISH ADAPTATION of the "Grand Duchess" by Ben. Baker continues to be the attraction offered at the "Worrell Sisters" Theatre, and the attendance the past week was very good considering the season of the year. But it should be borne in mind that this theatre is, excepting Niblo's Garden, the coolest and best ventilated of any on Broadway, and while it is extremely close in the other places it is comfortable at this establishment. Sophie looks charming as the Duchess and her singing is deservedly applauded each evening. Without any exception it is Sophie's best performance.

A. H. DAVENPORT, more familiarly known as "Dolly," arrived in this city on June 26th, from St. Louis, Mo.

Dramatic.

AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON ON THE FOURTH.—Nine halls have been engaged for the amusement of children on Independence Day. At the Boston Theatre, Faneuil and Minot Halls music will be furnished for promenade and dancing by the Germania and Bond's bands, both morning and afternoon. Concerts will be given at three and five o'clock at Music Hall by the Spaulding Brothers, Swiss Bell Ringers, in addition to music on the great organ. There will be an exhibition of legerdemain, etc., at 9, 11, 1, 3 and 5 o'clock, at the Tremont Temple, by Prof. and Mad. Young. Also at 12, 2 and 5 o'clock, at Maverick Hall, East Boston, by Henri Denier, and Prof. Young will perform in Wait's Hall, South Boston, at the same hours. Prof. and Mad. Harvey Marvel will give a vocal and instrumental performance and exhibition of natural magic at the same hours. Prof. T. R. Hadley will give hour performances at 2 and 4 o'clock in Institute Hall, Boston Highlands, and Spaulding Brothers will give concerts at 9 and 11 A. M., at the same place. The dramatic performances will be given afternoon and evening at the Howard Athenæum by F. S. Chanfrau and company, and at the Museum. The San Francisco Minstrels will appear at Selwyn's Theatre and Tony Pastor's Combination at the Morris Brothers' Opera House.

AUG. PENNOYER, business manager for the Richings Opera Troupe, is at present on a western tour, arranging with managers for next season.

W. H. STUART, the Columbus manager, after a season's traveling, is rusticating at his home in Columbus, Ohio.

F. F. DUGAN'S COMPANY disbanded at Chillicothe, Ohio, June 13th.

CHARLES B. WILLIAMS, having retired from the profession, is a clerk in the post office at Columbus, Ohio.

ON THEIR MUSCLE.—A lively event took place in the box office of the Howard Athenæum, Boston, at noon on June 23d. Charles T. Parsloe had a difficulty with Isaac B. Rich, the manager, owing to a refusal of the latter to pay the former a week's salary which he considered due, and which Rich withheld on the ground that Parsloe failed in an appearance" for the week in question. It is said that Parsloe, not being satisfied with a verbal argument, used the more weighty one, his fist, and that John Turner, another actor, allied himself with Parsloe in the issue against Rich, and that in the end the manager's shirt bosom was stained with crimson. Parsloe and Turner were taken into custody on a charge of assaulting Rich. Both were subsequently bailed for appearance at the Municipal Court the following day, when they pleaded guilty, and paid a fine of $10 and one half the costs each.

"THE STREETS OF NEW YORK" was revived at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on June 29th and 30th.

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such things should refer to their advertisement in another column.

SEVERAL MUSICIANS are wanted, including a cornet and clarionet player, by B. B. Dale. *Vide* advertisement for address, etc.

"THAT HUMOROUS WATSON," assisted by Frank Dayton, will appear in Manchester, N. H., on the 4th inst.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE COMPANY, from Boston, appeared in Taunton, Mass., on June 24th and 25th.

GEORGE R. EDESON was, on June 3d, presented with a boy. Father and child are doing well.

HARTZ, the illusionist, was to commence a one week's stay in Chicago, Ill., on July 29th.

SCHAEFER'S OPERA HOUSE, Canton, O., fitted up, we understand, with first class appointments, with a seating capacity of 1,400, may be rented by the night or week, as per advertisement in another column.

THE TOM THUMB COMBINATION occupy City Hall, Providence, R. I., on June 30th and July 1st.

A. JONES, who has had five years' experience as agent, advertises elsewhere in the CLIPPER for a position as such.

THE MADAGASCAR OIL SHOW will give entertainments in Titusville, Pa., for one week, commencing July 1st.

IN THE OLYMPIC COMPANY, Norfolk, Va., no change has been made since our last.

NORFOLK (VA.) VARIETIES is reported to us as being in a prosperous condition, it having a good company, well patronized. M'lle Mario Zoel is there; also Kitty Lee, Kate Clare, Lew Temple, Al. Miles, Harry Pierce and others. Besides these, other talent is wanted, as well as been by advertisement in another column.

PALACE VARIETIES, Cincinnati, O., fitted up with all necessary appointments, may be rented through Messrs. Davis & Co., the Cincinnati Theatrical Agents, who also have other advertisements in another column.

THE DOBSON BROTHERS announce, in an advertisement elsewhere, that they are prepared to furnish, at the shortest notice, the newly invented banjo patented by Henry C. Dobson, and which is recommended by a number of professional banjoists as being superior to all others for style and sound. It is made like a guitar, the back closed and the sound coming from the top of the drum. They can be sent to any address, carefully packed, on receipt of the price. For the address of the Dobson Brothers see advertisement.

Amateur.

THE BOOTHENIAN D. A., of Philadelphia, performed "Married Life" on the 25th ult. Owing to the non-appearance of Mr. Quigley, who was cast for Coddle, the part had to be read; in fact, the association deserve great censure for allowing three parts to be read—that of Mrs. Coddle and Mrs. Lynx by Miss Archer and Miss De Haven, who were both cast for their respective parts. Mr. Francis as Mr. Lynx was, as usual, excellent. Mr. Curet as Youngbusband, and Mr. Thomas as Henry Dove, were good. Miss Hamilton as Mrs. Henry Dove was excellent. Miss Baker was cast as Mrs. Youngbusband, and Miss Smith as Mrs. Dismal. So writes "An Old Actor."

Foreign Show News.

LONDON THEATRICALS.—Nothing fresh was produced at the different London theatres during the week ending June 13th. At Drury Lane, "Le Nozze di Figaro" was presented on June 6th, with the three great stars, Mlle. Titiens, Christine Nilsson and Kellogg, in the cast. In the character of Susanna, M'lle Kellogg is said to have distanced all competitors. A morning performance of "Don Giovanni" was given on the 10th, with the three stars in the cast.....At the Italian Opera House, "Les Huguenots" was given on the 8th, with Pauline Lucca and Sig. Mario in their old parts. On the 9th, "La Figlia del Reggimento" was revived for the first time in three years, with Adelina Patti as the Vivandiere. New York correspondent says:—"The refined comedy of her acting in the scenes with the regiment—the subtle art with which the military spirit is tempered by innate grace and delicacy, form a combination which, in its dramatic aspect alone, can scarcely be rivaled. When to this is added the most consummate perfection of vocal execution, the result is such a representation of the daughter of the regiment as no other artist but M'lle Patti has yet given."..... "The Streets of London" and "The Corsican Brothers," were revived at the Princess' Theatre on the 8th, with Mr. Vining as the brothers Dei Franchi, and Walter Lacy as Chateau Renaud. Mr. Vining also appeared as Badger. On the 15th, Mr. Allerton was announced to appear as Hamlet, and on the 16th, "Shylock," with Dominick Murray as the Jew, and Kate Saville as Portia .....Charles Pope appeared as Romeo on the 11th, at the Cabinet Theatre, and Florence Seymour as Juliet. .....Miss Marriott took a benefit at Sadler's Wells on the 13th. .....E. A. Sothern takes a farewell benefit at the Haymarket on July 11th. The last night of the season is July 15th, when Mr. Buckstone takes a benefit..... Prof. Risley's Japs continue at the Lyceum Theatre .....At the Strand have been given "Sisterly Service," "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" and "Marriage at any price."..... At the New Royalty "Daddy Gray," "The Merry Zingara" and "The Clockmaker's Hat."..... Prince of Wales, "A Silent Protector," "Play" and "Done on Both Sides."..... Holborn, "Foul Play," "Honeydove's Troubles," "Who's to Win Him" and the new drama.....No change has occurred at the Alexandra or the Grecian Theatres, nor at the Holborn Amphitheatre .....At the Victoria, the spectacle of "Mazeppa" has been produced. Mr. Powell appeared as the Tartar youth. The drama of "Lizzie Leigh" followed.....At the Standard, Prof. Anderson appeared the first four nights in his magical entertainment. On the 12th and 13th "Rob Roy" was performed, Mr. Anderson appearing as the Highland Chief. The Misses Anderson also took part in the performance .....The Chimes" has followed "The Abyssinian War" at the Britannia.....At the Marylebone the burlesque of "Ixion" has been renewed. Mr. Charles Sennett has been added to the company, and made his first appearance on the 15th..... "The Brigand," "Black Hearts" and "The Accusing Spirit" have been given at the New East London.....Professor Anderson was to commence at the Surrey on the 15th. .....'La Grande Duchesse' is to be produced at the St. James' with Madlle Schneider in her original *role*..... "Time and the Hour" is the title of a new piece—previously called the "Forgers"—in preparation at the Queen's Theatre.....Offenbach's comic opera, "The Grand Duchess," was to be given at the Olympic Theatre for a short season, commencing June 20th. A competent and clever representative of the part of the vivacious duchess has been found in Mrs. Howard Paul, who has created a *furore* in the provinces..... The hero of Niagara, Blondin, is now repeating nightly at Highbury Barn those feats which have won for him so special a reputation.....Kate Reignolds appeared as "Richelieu at Sixteen" at the Princess' Theatre on the 13th, for the benefit of Miss Goodall.....Prof. Risley, who took over the Imperial Japanese Troupe to Europe, has announced the birth of the first child of pure Japanese blood ever born out of Japan. At six o'clock on June 7th, Hamaikari Sadaiichi, the chief of the troupe, had presented to him by his wife a little musumee (Japanese for little girl)..... Mr. Schera had an audience of the Prince of Wales on June 8th, when his Highness presented him with a handsome diamond ring, requesting him to wear it as a *souvenir*.

THE PARIS theatres are closing or about to bar their doors. The Odeon, the Bouffs Parisiens and the Nouveautes ceased their representations on the 31st of May; and the Fantaisies and the Theatre Dejazet will shortly follow the example. Of the establishments which receive subventions from the state, the Grand Opera and the Opera Comique will alone remain open during the summer.

AURIOL, the once celebrated French clown, is at present performing in an itinerary circus in the eastern departments. Some of the journals having stated that he was forced to that course by want, he has written to say that such is not by any means the case, as he owns a house in Paris, and that if he has resumed appearing in the ring, it is partly to serve the proprietor of the circus, who is a friend of his, and partly because he likes the life. He adds that he is 60 years of age, and not 71, as alleged.

"MADAME DE CHAMBLAY," a new drama by Alexandre Dumas, has been produced at the Salle Ventadour, Paris. It is pronounced a thoroughly characteristic and very extraordinary production, dealing with the love of a young nobleman, Max de Villiers, for the wife of le Comte de Chamblay, a man who intends to make money out of his wife's powers of fascination.

M. TOM HOBLER, whose fame as a tenor has made him a Gloucestershire celebrity, is about to retire for some months from the arena as a public singer, an authority upon whose opinion he rightly places much reliance having advised him that such a course is needful for the preservation of his voice, which has been somewhat tried by the hard work to which he has subjected it.

THE PARIS THEATRES.—The receipts of the different Parisian theatres for the season of 1867-68 exceeded those of the previous season. The following is reported as a correct list of the returns:—

	1866-7	1867-8
	FRANCS.	FRANCS.
Grand Opera	1,795,818	1,938,183
Theatre Francais	834,532	1,408,766
Opera Comique	1,133,849	1,673,885
Lyrique	977,715	1,242,408
Chatelet	1,601,567	1,621,014
Varieties	744,724	1,326,000
Porte Saint Martin	886,410	1,398,300

MUCH CIRCUS!—Under date of June 13th, Frank Pastor, the American equestrian, writes from Pesth, Hungary, as follows:—

"FRANK QUEEN.—I left London soon after my last letter to the CLIPPER, and met the company I am now with (Mr. Ernest Renz's) at Vienna, Austria. I performed there one week, and came with the company to Pesth. We have been here two weeks, and have been crowded every night. The building will hold 2,500 people. We have a stage fifty feet wide and eighty feet deep. Mr. Renz has over one hundred horses, which are all broke for the ring. Most of them are 'School' and 'Liberty' horses. He has four splendid black horses that perform together in Liberty, and they do a fine act. There are thirty females in the company, ten of whom are equestriennes. There are eight male riders and nine clowns. We have a band of twenty-seven musicians that always travel with the company. The wardrobe and horse trappings are the best I ever saw. Mr. Renz has three large stone circus buildings, one in Vienna, one in Berlin and another in Hamburg. He erects wooden buildings in all cities he visits during the summer. This company is the largest and most complete circus in the world. We are giving a pantomime to-night, with twenty-five ladies, forty men and fifty horses. A portion of the pantomime is given on the stage, while the balance is performed in the ring. The programme is changed every night, and so well changed that if any one goes ten nights in succession, he will not see any one night four acts the same as he has seen before. Some nights the performance is given entirely by ladies; another time half is given by ladies and half by gentlemen. Another time (for a change) the whole performance is given by the trained horses. Mr. Renz has fifteen different uniforms for the performers to wear at the ring doors and while holding objects; the uniforms are changed some nights, twice during the performance, and are handsome. We came here from Vienna by the river Danube, and it required four of the largest steamers that run between here and there to bring our company. I think we go from here to Munich. Tom Neville is here with Renz. Yours, FRANK PASTOR."

BILLY HOWARD, who went to England with Buckley's Minstrels, is at present performing with Andy Merrilees, late of Christy's Minstrels, who are still in London, performing at the different music halls.

HUBERT COLLINS, comedian and pantomimist, died in London, Eng., June 11th, after a severe suffering from cancer in the stomach.

MR. BANDMANN opened a brief engagement at Theatre Royal, Glasgow, on June 1st, in "Narcisse." On the 8th he appeared in "Hamlet," followed on the 9th by Claude Melnotte.

"LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS" of M. Maillart has been produced at the Opera Comique, Paris.

"PAUL FORESTIER," by M. Emile Angier, the latest success of the Comedie, has been produced at the Theatre de Montmartre, Paris.

AMUSEMENTS.

MR. WM. HORACE LINGARD

Having met with such flattering receptions and crowded houses in his present tour, in many towns nightly turning people away, in order that nothing may be wanting on his part to ensure a continuance of his

GREAT SUCCESS,

has determined upon augmenting his company previous to his return to New York. Mr. Lingard has engaged the accomplished soubrette,

MISS LIZZIE WILLMORE,

of Niblo's, who will appear in those farces, operettas and burlesques for which she was so justly celebrated at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London.

MISS MINNIE GEARY, Soprano,
MISS LUCY EGERTON, Contralto,
MR. EDWARD R. WARD,

the celebrated Light Comedian from the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, England, who will make his first appearance in America.

PROFESSOR HILTON, Ventriloquist,
CHAS. E. PRATT, Pianist.

Mr. Lingard will this week conclude a highly successful engagement at the Eleventh Street Opera House, Philadelphia, where, at raised prices, the house has been nightly crowded, and opens at the BOSTON MUSEUM on July 6th, for five weeks.

MISS ALICE DUNNING,

one of the most fascinating and accomplished soubrettes on the English stage, and

MISS ETTIE ROMER, Comedienne,

are engaged, and will leave Liverpool for this country on board the steamship Java, the 11th of July, and will join this combination, being their first appearance in America. 13-1t

THOMPSON & RIGGS'

COSMOPOLITAN AGENCY, 189 BOWERY, N. Y.

The ladies and gentlemen of the profession wishing to make arrangements for the fall and winter season, will please send in their address. NO BOOKING FEE CHARGED, 13-1t*

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

LESSEE AND MANAGER.....WM. WHEATLEY

THE COOLEST THEATRE IN THE CITY.

Begins at 7½ o'clock. Carriages at 10:30

POSITIVELY THE LAST WEEK BUT ONE.
POSITIVELY THE LAST WEEK BUT ONE.

Mr. Wheatley respectfully announces (in consequence of arrangements previously entered into) the

LAST NIGHTS of the WHITE FAWN, LAST NIGHTS

Introducing Jarrett & Palmer's renowned PARISIENNE BALLET TROUPE.

SPLENDID SCENERY, COSTUMES, APPOINTMENTS,
NEW MUSIC, SONGS AND AN EXCELLENT DRAMATIC CAST.

GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AT 1 O'CLOCK.
SEATS SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

BEGINS AT 8. J. E. HAYES,.....Le see.
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SIXTEENTH WEEK—CROWDED EVERY NIGHT.
G. L. Fox's Spectacular Comic Pantomime,

HUMPTY	HUMPTY DUMPTY,	DUMPTY
HUMPTY	witnessed by upwards of 180,000 persons. The happiest combination of the grotesque, the graceful, and the beautiful ever exhibited in New York. The renowned pantomimist and comedian	DUMPTY
HUMPTY	MR. GEORGE L. FOX.....CLOWN.	DUMPTY
HUMPTY	The Great Danseuse, Mlle. Sangalli, A succession of marvels. Doors turn	DUMPTY
HUMPTY	into blank walls, boxes into chairs,	DUMPTY
HUMPTY	walls into tables, billiard-tables into	DUMPTY
HUMPTY	cages, puddings into heads, market-	DUMPTY
HUMPTY	stalls into yachts, and sentry-boxes	DUMPTY
HUMPTY	into steamboats, while boys grow in	DUMPTY
HUMPTY	minutes from five years old to twenty.	DUMPTY

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IN
B. A. BAKER'S ADAPTATION,
FROM OFFENBACH'S OPERA BOUFFE
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THE GRAND DUCHESS.
NIGHTLY RECEIVED WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE.
GRAND DUCHESS MATINEE ON SATURDAY.

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MR. E. EDDY AND THE GREAT COMBINATION in an entire new Sensational Drama, written by George L. Aiken, Esq., entitled

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JACK SHEPPARD.

To conclude with the new drama by John F. Poole, Esq., entitled
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JULY 4TH, TWO GRAND PERFORMANCES.
AFTERNOON, AT 2. EVENING, AT 8.

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SUMMER SEASON,
MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 29TH, 1868.
First appearance in New York of the
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TWENTY-ONE STAR PERFORMERS,
Will appear as above in an entirely
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Screams of Laughter at the Great Western Comedian,
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Great Ballet Divertissement, entitled
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TONY DENIER has concluded his arrangements for the production of
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of the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio,
who will furnish the tricks, music, costumes, pantomimists, &c., including TONY DENIER in his great impersonation of the Clown.
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Quincy Point Post Office,
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For rent or lease to responsible parties, on very favorable terms. It is in complete order, and will seat about eight hundred.
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MR. SELWYN respectfully requests those ladies and gentlemen who have honored him with applications for the ensuing season, to consider his refraining from replying not a want of courtesy, but that his company is entirely complete. 13-1t

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Is now traveling in Illinois, doing good business. In the company are JAMES T. JOHNSON,
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Double Bass, one that can play Tuba; Cornet, one to play both E and B, and one second Violinist, to play either tenor or alto. Must be good readers. Please address or telegraph immediately to
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Pink Satin Operas, $3.50. Pink Silk, $2.00. Black Kid, $1.50.
Every description of goods sent, C. O. D. 13-3m*

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OF THIS.—Parties in want of a Reliable Agent or Assistant for the Fall and Winter Season, can secure the services of a Young Man who has had five years' experience—one who keeps sober, tends promptly to business, and who will go for Moderate Salary.
Address A. JONES,
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A splendid set of Magicians' Tables, with Traps, trimmed with Velvet and Silver Fringe, with Fourteen First Class Tricks, all new and in good working order. I will sell the whole lot for $75.
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Managers and others desirous of producing this popular Spectacular Pantomime, will please take notice that the subscribers, having purchased the exclusive right to this piece, with all its Tricks, Scenes, Transformations, &c., &c., &c., are now prepared to negotiate for time. They will furnish the principal Male and Female Characters, all the Portable Tricks and Transformation Scenes, beside Premieres, Danseuses and Coryphees.
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For full particulars address
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FROM CALIFORNIA, the popular American actor,
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Miss ELIZA COULDOCK,
having concluded their highly successful engagement in the Pacific States, will arrive in New York on or about July 21. Managers can negotiate for their services by addressing their only authorized agents,
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MINSTRELS, assisted by VIVIAN, the great Comic Vocalist, and Mr. H. T. LUDOE, the popular Comedian and Clogger, will appear at the BROOKLYN ATHENÆUM for three nights,
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Now in the full tide of success. The only entertainment in the city.
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Artists of acknowledged ability can secure lucrative engagements at all times by addressing as above. 13-1t*

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"GAYEST OF THE GAY," Song and Dance.
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"SKY BLUE EYES," Banjo Song.
"GEN. GRANT'S THE MAN," Campaign Banjo Song.
"PROMENADING BROADWAY, End Song.
"KEEP YOUR AXEL GREASED," Stump Speech.
Also, a number of New Songs to Popular Airs, First Part Finishers, &c., &c. 1-1t*

WANTED.

J. B. ROBERTS' DRAMATIC COMPANY.

A Full Theatrical Company to travel. Also the good dressers and up in the business; to support the Eminent Tragedian, J. B. ROBERTS. Salaries Low, but Sure; Season Six Months. Address till July 4th, YOHE'S NEW OPERA HOUSE,
Silence a Negative. Easton, Pa.
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CANTON, OHIO.—This new and elegantly fitted up place of amusement, with a fine stage, a complete set of scenes, private boxes, and a seating capacity of 1,400, can be engaged by the night or week by first class performers only, on reasonable terms. Address its
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Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged dramatic ability desirous of negotiating engagements for the ensuing season at the above first class THEATRE, will please address communications, stating lowest terms and lines of business,
W. R. FLOYD, care
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Notice to Base Ball Dealers and Clubs.

A Beautiful Colored Engraving of Base Ball Implements, with Price List, will be sent free of charge. Base Ball and Race Web made to order. The above cut represents the Base Ball Buckle. The names of Clubs will be put on Belts at $1.50 per dozen, extra, in gold letters, with patent fasteners. Any one wishing to become Agent may do so by application, either by mail or person, to
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Independence Day at the Brewery SHADES, 343 WEST FORTY-FIRST STREET.

Three Literary Prizes, SHAKESPEARE, BURNS and MOORE, to be contended for at SKITTLES, SHUFFLE BOARD and ENGLISH BAGATELLE; players handicapped.
Come early and enter the lists. 13-1t*

Fourth of July at Cleaver's.

THE HALF-WAY HOUSE, 320 EIGHTH AVENUE.
Great attractions on Independence Day. Skittling, Bagatelle, etc. Don't fail to drop in. 13-1t

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PATENT CRYSTAL PRISMATIC GAS SIGNS,
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DESIGNS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED,
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SOLE MANUFACTURERS,
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NEW 48 BOOKS! CARTES!! PRINTS!!! ETC.—Immense Reduction in Prices to any person, (whether in the trade or not) ordering $10 worth of goods at one order. Retailing at Wholesale Prices. Orders for 25 cents worth and up promptly filled. Send red stamp with your address for my Great New Circular for 1868. JAS. S. DEXTER,
15-1t* 60 Warren street, New York.

$1 ONLY FOR BARKEEPER'S GUIDE TO MIX DRINKS. | $1 ONLY FOR SECRETS OF THE LIQUOR TRADE.
Both $1 50. Sent by mail, free of postage. Address B. C. WEST,
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30 GALLONS OF WHISKEY FOR $1. Send Ten cents to Box 14, Fort Deposit, Maryland. 12-1t*

GENUINE FALSE MOUSTACHES THAT CANNOT be told from natural ones, on wire, 50 cents; on lace, 75 cents; extra fine, $1; imperial, 50 cents; full beard, 3 50; all colors. Address BLACKIE & CO., 746 Broadway, N. Y.

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FOR SALE—SEVEN BILLIARD TABLES, with appurtenances and furniture for a first class Billiard Saloon. For particulars, address W. G. J., Baltimore, Md. 13-1t*

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WANTED—A HANDSOME YOUNG LADY about seventeen years old, to attend the Impeachers Ball next Thursday evening. No girl that eats onions need answer. Send photograph, or gentlemen twenty cents, and get the LUNCH AND WINE CARD FOR BAR ROOMS. Address Box 14, Fort Deposit, Maryland. 13-1t*

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AT THE EXPLOSION

In the Bowery
On the evening of the 18th,
Those fearful scenes
The mangled bodies,
The scalded, quivering victims,
Pleading for help, relief;
Some begging to die,
To escape the dreadful agony,
Brought to my mind forcibly
My own condition
A few months ago.
I was at work in a brewery,
A tub of boiling liquid
Above my head;
I was in the act of removing it,
When it partially upset,
And the large sleeve
About my right arm
Was filled with the hot juice.
I called for help;
It took a full minute
Before assistance came.
I had to hold the tub,
or have my whole body scalded if I relaxed my grasp. But that minute seemed an hour. I supposed my arm was ruined for life. The fearful agony I suffered no mortal tongue can describe.

My physician who was called in ordered a plut of WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT. My whole arm, although cooked, was sopped and kept constantly wet with Pain for two hours. I was relieved of all my pain in less than twenty minutes. The circulation continued perfect. Not even a blister. It seemed a miracle. The evaporating quality of the Pain Paint kept the whole limb perfectly cool, and the very next day I resumed my business as usual. The only difficulty experienced after the first day was in my wrist, where a piece of skin slipped off in removing my clothing. Knowing that the late disaster on the Bowery has produced at least a score of mangled or scalded limbs and bodies, I would most earnestly recommend Wolcott's Pain Paint as the most cooling, most efficient remedy that can be used. I know it will give relief at the very first application, and continuing its use freely, by keeping the wounds constantly wet, heal and cure those who would otherwise die or be crippled for life.
15-1t ONE WHO KNOWS THE VALUE OF PAIN PAINT.

CRICKET.

TOUR OF THE NONANTUM CLUB OF BOSTON

On the 21st inst. the Nonantum Cricket Club, one of the best organisations in the old Bay State, arrived in New York, to meet our best clubs in friendly rivalry. The visit of the Nonantums was made without previous notice to our metropolitan clubs, and in consequence their advent was unheralded and unknown except to a very few. Failing to get on a match with the St. George Club, a game was hastily arranged for the 22d inst. with the Willow Club, of Brooklyn. Owing to the short notice the Willows were unable to present as strong an eleven as they would otherwise have done, and this accounts for the signal defeat they received.

The Nonantum Club has a magnificent ground of seven acres at Newton Corners, just out of Boston. They are mostly young gentlemen of wealth, who play cricket for the love of the thing, and on this occasion presented an eleven composed of Americans, with the exception of Hammond, their professional. In style of dress and fielding they very much resemble the noted young America Club of Philadelphia, although as batters they do not approach them.

The Nonantums were first to the bat, facing the professional Crossley's bowling, with Morrison *vis-a-vis*, and though both these gentlemen were in good play, the visitors found no difficulty in hitting them away with ease. Jardine, Filmer and Anthony were also sent in as change bowlers, but it was all to no purpose. The young Americans were in fine batting trim, and before the last wicket fell, 144 had been scored. Hammond, by a succession of good hits, obtained 48, when he was neatly caught by Sleigh off Crossley. G. and W. Linder, Stearns and Bixby also scored doubles.

The Willows, when they went to the bat, found it extremely difficult to make runs of the bowling of the Linders and Mixer, supported, as they were, by good fielding. Filmer, who made the scoring a single, was prettily caught by Smallwood. Brown was bowled by W. Linder without scoring. Sleigh was fairly at work when Mixer got on his stumps and he retired for 4. Crossley was more fortunate, running up 19 very cleverly, when he was bowled by T. Linder. The tenth wicket fell for the total of 33, only 2 being for extras. The Willows followed their innings, and had lost six wickets for 31 when stumps were drawn, it having been previously arranged that the game should terminate at a certain hour.

The gentlemen of the Willow Club paid every attention to their guests, and the Bostonians departed highly pleased with their treatment. The following is the score of the first innings:—

NONANTUM.		WILLOW.	
G. Linder b Morrison	10	Filmer c Smallwood b W. Linder	1
T. Linder b w, b Crossley	4	Brown b W. Linder	0
Stearns c Rollins b Anthony	15	Sleigh b Mixer	4
Hammond c Sleigh b Crossley	48	Crossley b T. Linder	19
Bixby c Sleigh b Crossley	12	Smallwood b W. Linder	3
Smallwood b Filmer	7	Jardine b Mixer	3
Mixer c Sleigh b Crossley	5	Cowan b Mixer	1
W. Linder not out	14	Rollin, Jr., c Hammond b T. Linder	0
Parker c Sub., b Filmer	1	Anthony b T. Linder	0
Walker c Morrison b Jardine	0	Hutchings b T. Linder	0
Page c Brown b Jardine	2	Sweetland not out	0
Byes, 4; leg byes, 2; wides, 10	16	Leg bye, 1; wide, 1

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FOR THEATRICAL or other Advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, *fifteen cents per line* for each and every insertion.

FOR MISCELLANEOUS AND SPORTING Advertisements, *twenty cents per line* for each and every insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES—to be incorporated in our News Department—such as extracts from other papers, etc., *thirty cents per line;* the same not to be inserted more than once.

IN OUR LEADER OR EDITORIAL COLUMNS nothing of a paid character allowed, as we reserve that space for a free and independent expression of our own opinions.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH. Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

A LIBERAL DEDUCTION from these rates will be made for Advertisements when paid for three months or longer *in advance*.

ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent in by noon of Mondays, at latest, to ensure their appearance in that week's issue.

ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned:

FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

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BROOKLYN.

OPEN THE YEAR ROUND. NO CLOSING FOR REPAIRS.

The house has been Repainted and Redecorated, and the Company Reconstructed for 1867 and '68. The Company, as now organized, embraces a larger array of First Class Talent than has ever been concentrated in a Minstrel Troupe, embracing Comedians, Tragedians, Vocalists, Dancers and Instrumentalists, who will appear nightly in their Minstrel Illustrations. First class artists, particularly those having specialties, can always secure an opening by addressing

R. M. HOOLEY, Proprietor.
6-tf E. GREENLAND, Business Manager.

HOWARD'S OLYMPIC THEATRE,
(HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA,)

Now in the eleventh (11th) week of a most successful season, with the following

FIRST CLASS DRAMATIC COMPANY:

MR. FRANK ROCHE,
MR. JOHN DAVIS,
MR. T. H. BURNS,
MR. WM. NANNARY,
MR. S. T. PIERCE,
MR. ALLEN PARTRIDGE,
MR. C. BRAMHALL,
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MR. JOHN W. NORTON,
MR. W. H. DANVERS,
MR. T. H. SHANNON,
MR. D. F. MORRILL,
MR. GEORGE CRANE,
MR. B. F. HILLS,
MR. ALBERT NIX,
MR. T. C. HOWARD,

MRS. P. R. ALLEN,
MRS. ANNIE HAYES,
MRS. EMMA WINSLOW,
MISS BELLA HOWITT,
MISS ADA GILMAN,
MISS CARRIE LISLE.

JAMES ALDEN, Treasurer. A. W. HAYES, Leader.

Together with a
COMPLETE ORCHESTRA AND BRASS BAND.

All communications must be addressed to
5-2t* T. CHAS. HOWARD, Sole Manager.

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"OUT WEST."

"A great success."—St. Paul Dispatch.
"She looked the very queen of the drama."—St. Paul Press.
"The largest and most brilliant gathering of the flower of St. Paul society we ever saw at a lecture welcomed the beautiful and brilliant Miss Logan. Beautiful and brilliant she surely is, in the highest degree, as she stands before her audience in her silks, laces and diamonds, firing off a ceaseless fusillade of fun, epigram, anecdote and eloquence."—St. Paul Pioneer. 49-3m*

TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES THEATRE,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

R. W. WILLIAMS........................Lessee and Manager

THE ONLY LEGITIMATE PLACE OF
AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY!
WHERE PERFORMERS ARE ENGAGED FOR THE MERITS OF THEIR PERFORMANCES!
NO OUTSIDE INFLUENCE!

NOW IN THE 46TH WEEK
OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL SEASON
EVER KNOWN IN PITTSBURGH!

ALL WOULD-BE COMPETITORS QUAIL AND EXCLAIM:
IT IS A WONDER HOW THEY DOES IT, BUT THEY DOES!

The present Season will terminate on the 4th of July, and the Fall and Winter Season will commence on or about

AUGUST 15TH, 1868.

First class Performers and Sensational Stars wishing good engagements apply as above. 13-1t*

WANTED.—A first class Variety
Company, a good Property Man and Stage Carpenter, 20 Young Ladies for the Ballet. Artists of ability and sobriety will find it to their interest to address H. J., Clipper Office, stating lowest salary, business, etc. Enclose no stamp; consider silence a negative. 13-1t

RICHINGS' ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.

This celebrated troupe, now fully re-organized for the coming season of 1868 and 1869,
Commence their Fall and Winter Campaign at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, September 14th.
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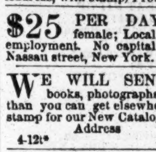

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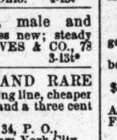

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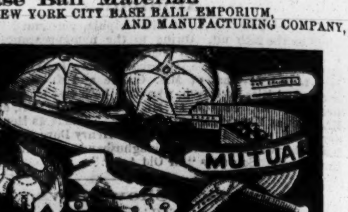

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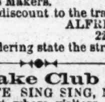
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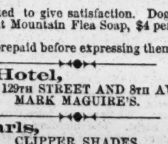
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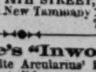
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